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The Fool=Killer

When you get hold of a Good Thing pass it around. Tote this paper in your pocket and show it to everybody you see.

Volume X. Boomer, North Carolina, January, 1920. Number 1.

Luther Was a "Heretic."

Say, you poor little pitiful pimp of a Protestant preacher—calling yourself a Protestant, but galloping around preaching the blasphemous lies of the pope and the devil—I want to ask you one question:

Do you know anything about where your "Protestantism" started from?

Do you know who started it?

If you know anything at all you certainly know that the religious movement known as "Protestantism" was started in Germany by a little heretic named Martin Luther. It was a revolt against the foolish and nonsensical beliefs and teachings of the Roman Catholic church.

And all you little pimps that go galloping around and boasting of being "Protestants" are followers of Martin Luther. Then why in the name of all that is reasonable don't you believe and teach what Luther believed and taught? Why have you turned back from the teachings of Luther and gone to peddling second-hand slobber for the pope?

I'll bet a dollar there ain't one in five hundred of you that has any idea what Luther taught, nohow. I'll bet a dollar you think he taught the Immortality of the Soul, Eternal Torment, and all the rest of your nonsense. But right there is where you have got the wrong sow by the ear, as I will now proceed to show you.

Bayle's Historical and Critical Dictionary, in its article on Luther, quotes the great reformer as follows: "The dead are insensible. They lie, not reckoning days or years, but when awakened, will seem to have slept scarcely a moment."

Archdeacon Blackburn, in the "Historical View of the Controversy Concerning an Intermediate State," edition of 1772, page 15, says: "Luther espoused the doctrine of the sleep of the soul upon a Scriptural foundation; and then he made use of it as a confutation of purgatory and saint worship, and continued in that belief to the last moment stated that "Luther denied the immortality of the soul, whence he drew an argument against praying to saints, showing that the saints hear not our prayers. Luther reckons this among the impieties of the Roman Church, that she believes in the immortality of the soul."

Now, Mister Protestant, what have you got to say to all that? These are the views of the great Protestant reformer that you pretend to be following. This is not guess-work nor madeup statements, either. You see I have given book and page for my authority in each case. If you doubt it you can go to any big library and look it up for yourseuf. Martin Luther, the father of Protestantism, certainly did NOT believe in the immortality of the soul, and you are preaching right square against Luther every time you preach it. Ain't you a purty-looking "Protestant," anyhow? If I was in your place I would get me a petticoat and a cow-chain and be a Pappycrat right. It must take a big amount of nerve, mixed with an awful sight of ignorance, for you to call yourself a "Protestant" while you go snorting around and preaching about the "immortal soul."

Be ashamed of yourself!

About Personal Letters

Dear Friends and Club-Raisers:—One of my greatest regrets in connection with this business is the fact that I cannot write each of you a personal letter in reply to each club you send me. I have the will to do it, but you know that would be an impossible task. We must be content with letting the paper itself serve as a personal letter, and I will do my best to see that nobody is overlooked in the mailing. In a business of this size a few mistakes are almost sure to occur, but I am always glad to correct them when they are called to my attention. So just let the clubs roll in here like four men a-measuring apples.

A TWO-HANDED JOB.

The great statesmen of the world think they can solve the

The Big Planetary Conjunction.

All right, honey, perhaps I just as well preach you another little sermon on the Planetary Conjunction which people are talking about. These lines are being written some time before the event, but it may be right on hand before I get the paper to you.

But anyhow, I must have my little say about it, and you will soon be able to see how it pans out.

There is something sorter peculiar about the way this thing is being regarded by different sorts of people. I reckon no astronomer denies that the planets are to be in the positions stated by Prof. Porta, but most of them do not attach any special importance to it. In fact, they are saying nothing at all about it. Albert F. Porta is the only man I know of who has made any direful predictions, and other astronomers claim that Porta is a sort of jack-leg at the business and not much reliable. He says in his noted artice that there has never been a sun-spot big enough to be visible to the naked eye. Other authorities on sun-spots say there have been great numbers of them visible to the naked eye at different times for many years past. One writer says the planets were in nearly the same position two years ago, with the exception of Mercury, which was then in opposition. We know that Mercury is very small in comparison to the other planets, and its influence could not be very great. Nothing unusual in the way of planetary disturbance happened two years ago, and if Murcery is the only additional force brought to bear this time, I am inclined to think it could not amount to much.

But, on the other hand, there are possibilities entirely beyond the scope and skill of the astronomers. I want to give you just a little snatch of my notions about it, viewed from a prophetical standpoint.

You know I contend that we are in a day of prophetical fulfillment. Things have been happening for several years which clearly indicate that we are in to the happiness of a perfect people.

And that is the kind of climate and weather we are going to have again.

It seems to me that the earth will have to change its position and climate before the Eden condition can be restored. Something will have to happen that will make it warm and pleasant at the poles and all over the earth, like it was before the flood.

So I wouldn't be at all surprised to find that the earth had moved out of its present orbit and changed its position, so that storms and blizzards and bad weather conditions could not come any more.

We must not jump at the conclusion that such radical changes cannot happen to the earth, because they certainly have happened in the past. We know that the whole earth was tropical at one time, the fossil remains of tropical vegetation and animals having been found in the frozen North. These regions did change from warm to cold, and they can change from cold to warm again.

I don't pretend to say just what will cause such a change, but if the planets have an influence over the earth it COULD easily be that. If there is to be an unusual grouping of planets they might pull the earth away from its present orbit and give it an entirely new position with reference to the sun, and it is just as reasonable to suppose that it might make the weather BETTER instead of worse.

The devil is the "prince of power of the air" and he has had charge of our weather conditions for a long time, and I suppose he has already made it just about as bad as he could. So I figure that the next radical change that comes about will result in taking the power out of the devil's hands and giving it over to the Prince of Peace, who is to rule the earth for the next thousand years.

Of course, while the change is going on it may cause some disturbance and posibly suffering, and it might scare some of the folks who do not know what to look for in the future.

But to us who believe that the happiest time of the earth's history is just now beginnig to dawn ,there is no reason to get

SERMON ON PERSECUTION

Text:

> Cursed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Tremble, and be exceeding scared, for great is your punishment in hell; for men didn't persecute the prophets that way.—Matt. 5:11,12.

With the above scripture as a text I want to preach you a little sermon on Persecution. To be sure that I got it right, let's go back and read the text again. Do you see anything wrong with it? Seems to me it don't sound exactly right. What do you think about it? I believe it would sound better this way:

> Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely ,for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad for great is your reward in heaven; for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.—Matt. 5:11-12

Yes, that's better. I thought I could get it fixed after awhile. Now we can go on with our sermon. I just tangled it up and made it read different in order to show you how ridiculous it would sound that way.

And yet, to look at the attitude of the world and the orthodox church toward persecuted people, it seems that they all think it reads like I first had it. They think if you believe and teach anything different from what they have always been used to, you are teaching dangerous heresy, and they think if you get persecuted and put in prison you are only getting what you deserve for being such a bad person. They think the mere fact of a man's being in prison is absolute proof of his guilt.

Now I don't deny that perhaps a majority of men who go to jail for various crimes deserve to go there. But I do contend that liberty of conscince ought not to be a crime in this boasted land of the free.

But it is.

I could name you dozens of good men and women—perfectly peaceable and law-abiding citizens and devoted Christians— than a dishonor in the sight of God.

Now tell me this: How many prominent orthodox preachers can you find who are in jail for their faith today? How many Baptists ? How many Methodists ? How many Presbyterians? And so on. Count 'em up. How many of such people are having all manner of evil spoken against them falsely on account of their faith? How many? You may find one, but I doubt it.

Well, then, let's sorter keep the evidence in view as we go along and see what it proves. If these big orthodox people of the leading denominations are not being persecuted any—if they are having a good easy time and no trouble at all—then it looks to me like they are MISSING some mighty good evidence that they are the true followers of Christ. Looks like they would try to do something to get a little persecution anyhow, just for the looks of it if nothing else.

I am not taking sides with anybody nor against anybody, but I tell you, according to the testimony of Jesus Christ himself, these poor old "heretics" who are having such a hard time of it—being put in jail, lied about, slandered and abused—I say they are getting the very STRONGEST evidence that they ARE the true followers of Christ and on the right track.

PARAGRAPHS.

What is the use to fret about the coal strike? There is going to be a "hot time" this winter, coal or no coal.

While the Baptists are working for 75 million dollars, let's you and me work for 75 million subs for The Fool-Killer. That's more like it.

Scarcely a week now passes without a "friend of Roosevelt" dying, says Henry 4d's paper. Which makes me sorter glad that I was not one of them.

A reporter says President

have got the wrong sow by the ear, as I will now proceed to show you.

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In Volume Two of "Luther's Works," published at Wittenburg in 1562, Luther himself says: "I perimt the Pope to make articles of faith for himself and his faithful, such as * * the Pope is the emperor of the world and king of heaven, and God upon earth, the soul is immortal, with all those monstrus opinions to be found in the Roman dunghill of credentials."

Thomas More, one of the old-time Pappycrats, objected to Luther because he held "that all souls lie and sleep till doom's day."

Archdeacon Blackburn, in his work, "Historical View," from which I have already quoted, says on page 24: "Luther, by consigning all the dead to a state of rest and sleep, left no pretence for the appearance of human souls after death." And on page 369 of the same book the author says: "Luther retained to his dying moment the idea of a total suspension of thought and consciousness during the interval between death and the resurrection."

Bayle's Historical and Critical Dictionary, Volume 3, page 2067, quotes Luther as follows: "All that is said concerning the immortality of the soul is nothing else but an invention of Antichrist to make his pot boil." And in the same volume of the same work, on page 2617, it is

send me. I have the will to do it, but you know that would be an impossible task. We must be content with letting the paper itself serve as a personal letter, and I will do my best to see that nobody is overlooked in the mailing. In a business of this size a few mistakes are almost sure to occur, but I am always glad to correct them when they are called to my attention. So just let the clubs roll in here like four men a-measuring apples.

A TWO-HANDED JOB.

The great statesmen of the world think they can solve the problem with their statesmanship.

But they can't.

The great theologians of the world think they can straighten it all out with their theology.

But they can't.

The present world tangle cannot be classified as belonging solely in the realm of either politics or religion. It is big enough to interest both. And it is so intimately connected with both politics and religion that there is no way to separate it from either.

That's why The Fool-Killer has to tote a political club in one hand and a religious gun in the other.

DON'T TELL NOBODY.

"It doesn't seem to be wrong to allow a bad condition to exist; but it is nothing short of criminal to talk about it and discover it to the world."

The above sentiment is from an editorial in a big daily newspaper. You would think that was meant for sarcasm, but it wasn't. The fool paper seems to mean it literally, and it just goes ahead and fairly ruptures its gall trying to prove it. For instance, it denounces in the most bitter terms the present wave of labor agitation, and insinuates that labor is committing a great crime by uncovering the rascality and injustice practiced against the workers by the plute element. It says, in substance, that it is no harm for these capitalistic wrongs to go on, but it is a terrible crime for the "labor agitators" to expose these evils and try to get better conditions. I admire that paper's nerve, but I don't think much of its principle.

We know that Mercury is very small in comparison to the other planets, and its influence could not be very great. Nothing unusual in the way of planetary disturbance happened two years ago, and if Murcery is the only additional force brought to bear this time, I am inclined to think it could not amount to much.

But, on the other hand, there are possibilities entirely beyond the scope and skill of the astronomers. I want to give you just a little snatch of my notions about it, viewed from a prophetical standpoint.

You know I contend that we are in a day of prophetical fulfillment. Things have been happening for several years which clearly indicate that we are in the winding-up scenes of this age. No serious-minded student can study the prophecies as I have studied them and fail to see this. The great TIME OF TROUBLE started at EXACTLY the right time, according to prophecy. I have two books in my library, both written many years before the trouble started, and both of these books give the exact year (1914) on many different pages. The writers had made their calculations from prophecy, and they hit it just exactly.

Thus the beginning of the TIME OF TROUBLE just as predicted proves that the method of calculation was right, and we may expect to see the other predictions come right along just as fast as time can move.

Now the time is here for the Golden Age of peace and happiness to start, and we may reasonably expect a good many changes in weather conditions as well as other things. But it seems to me that these changes must be for the better instead of for the worse.

When the curse of God passed upon Adam for his sins it also passed upon the whole creation, including the climate and weather conditions. Now whenever the Golden Age gets started we know that the curse will be removed and the whole earth will have better weather conditions than it has ever had since Adam's transgression.

Just imagine storms and blizzards and all kinds of bad weather in the Garden of Eden before sin entered. You know such things did not exist there. It must have been a perfect climate with every condition favorable

had charge of our weather conditions for a long time, and I suppose he has already made it just about as bad as he could. So I figure that the next radical change that comes about will result in taking the power out of the devil's hands and giving it over to the Prince of Peace, who is to rule the earth for the next thousand years.

Of course, while the change is going on it may cause some disturbance and posibly suffering, and it might scare some of the folks who do not know what to look for in the future.

But to us who believe that the happiest time of the earth's history is just now beginnig to dawn, there is no reason to get excited or to fear that God is going to let the whole thing be destroyed by Mr Porta's "sunspots."

We must remember that the earth is all the time moving rapidly in two different directions, and we never feel nor realize any movement. So we may not feel it nor know it when this other movement takes place. If the movement is regular and steady we will not know it. But on the other hand, if the movement is spasmodic, irregular, and jerky, we would be apt to feel it.

So you all just rest easy. The earth and the people are not going to be destroyed in any such a way as that. If the earth SHOULD some day begin to reel and totter like a drunken man, you just sit steady in the boat and don't get excited. It will only be moving around to a better position, so that we can have a Garden of Eden all over the earth.

SOMEBODY ELSE IS GUILTY, TOO.

There has been a whole hangtaked lot of sassy talk here lately about labor unions breaking their contracts. Now, I don't know whether the labor unions have broken any contracts or not—maybe they have. But I DO know somebody else that CERTAINLY has. There is a very prominent gentleman in Washington City who contracted to "keep us out of war" one time. And you know how he did it. He and his party also contracted to "lower the cost of living." And ain't they played smash at it? I think I WOULD talk about somebody breaking contracts.

get persecuted and put in prison you are only getting what you deserve for being such a bad person. They think the mere fact of a man's being in prison is absolute proof of his guilt.

Now I don't deny that perhaps a majority of men who go to jail for various crimes deserve to go there. But I do contend that liberty of conscince ought not to be a crime in this boasted land of the free.

But it is.

I could name you dozens of good men and women—perfectly peaceable and law-abiding citizens and devoted Christians—who are this very minute lying in jail in this free land for no other crime than holding religious views that didn't suit the bosses.

Now if persecution of that sort is such a clear proof of guilt, I want to ask—when did it become so? What about John the Baptist, and Paul, and Peter, and Stephen, and Christ Himself? What about Luther and Bunyan? What about Ridley and Lattimer? And what about thousands of other saints and martyrs who have suffered everything from death at the stake on down for the faith that was in them? Was THEIR persecution a proof of their guilt?

No, we are willing to concede now that those old-timers were good men and that they didn't deserve such treatment. But we are too cross-eyed to see that the very same class of sufferers in our own day are also good men and not deserving of such abuse.

Our text is the language of Jesus himself, and he is talking to his true followers and telling them how they must expect to be treated if they try to remain true to him. He tells them to regard such persecution as a sure sign that they are right, and he tells them to rejoice in it, for great will be their reward. He points out that the good old prophets were persecuted in the same way, and shows that such persecution is an honor rather

ARE the true followers of Christ and on the right track.

PARAGRAPHS.

What is the use to fret about the coal strike? There is going to be a "hot time" this winter, coal or no coal.

While the Baptists are working for 75 million dollars, let's you and me work for 75 million subs for The Fool-Killer. That's more like it.

Scarcely a week now passes without a "friend of Roosevelt" dying, says Henry 4d's paper. Which makes me sorter glad that I was not one of them.

A reporter says President Wilson is "disappointed." Well, I'm not. Wilson ought to read his Fool-Killer a little more carefully and he might learn something.

"The American press cannot be bought," says an exchange. That is probably true. The American press, and especially the big daily press, has been bought up by the plutes, and they refuse to sell.

A society item informs us that wearing diamonds is unhealthy. Now listen at that, you poor onegallus devils! Ain't you mighty uneasy about your health? Let's you and me quit wearing diamonds, anyhow.

In every contest between the Masters and the Slaves, the alleged Church of Christ always takes sides with the Masters. And still it wonders why the poor are drifting away from it. Great mystery, ain't it, Rube?

If you can't see NOW that the social revolution throughout the world is already upon us, and that it cannot be staved off nor side-stepped, you must be blinder than a bat. Even a bat knows when you get after it with a broom.

Comrades, I am one of the workers, and proud of it. I am a poor man, and my income from The Fool-Killer is my only chance of getting rich. And that's about like a duck's chance of becoming a steamboat. So don't be afraid of sending in the subs. You can't spoil me.

The Fool-Killer

A Monthly Mustand-Plaster for the Blood-Boils of Society, Church and State.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

James Larkin Pearson, ... Editor
BOOMER, NORTH CAROLINA.

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THE FOOL-KILLER,
Boomer, - - - - North Carolina.

SHOP TALK

Well, honey, The Fool-Killer has happened to an awful accident since it saw you last. It got its feet tangled in the whiskers of October, and in trying to get loose it fell plum kerslap-dab over into the lap of January.

In plain English, there were good and sufficient reasons why I had to omit the November and December issues and date this one for January. Each subscriber's time will be advanced accordingly, so that all will get the proper number of papers.

It might be more correct to say that no issues have really been missed, but merely the date set ahead two months. This is the identical same paper it would have been if it had been dated November, but it looks better to be up with the time instead of always dragging behind.

I am getting out issues of The Fool-Killer one right after another just as fast as I can. But I am working under such terribly unfavorable conditions that I sometimes get behind in spite of all I can do. And then it is simply impossible to catch up without skipping. But if I give you the number of papers you pay for, and you get them in regular order as fast as issued, it should not make any difference to you about the dates.

One more thought before we leave Sodom and Gomorrah. According to the best authorities, the Dead Sea now occupies the place where Sodom and Gomorrah formerly stood. Not

"A SERMON ON "SOULS."

I have heard old-fashioned preachers talk about the immortal souls that go to heaven or hell when the body dies, and I have heard them try to tell how big a soul is. I am quite sure that I have heard at least half a dozen different preachers say that a "million disembodied human souls could find standing room on the point of the finest sewing needle." That seems to be a sort of stock phrase that they use when they want to get right down to the fine mathematics of the soul business.

They say that nobody has ever seen one of these disembodied souls, but they seem to have some way of knowing just how big they are and just how many can stand on the point of a needle.

They say that a disembodied soul is an immaterial substance and has no dimensions. That is, it has no length nor breadth nor height nor depth nor width nor thickness. Begin to measure it in any direction and you find that it stops right ker-dab where it starts at.

Now you take a saw-log, for instance, and it has dimensions. You can begin at one end and measure so many feet to the other end. Then you can begin at one side and measure so many inches through to the other side. And so on.

Now if you undertook to measure a log, and if you found that it stopped right identically where it started—that it didn't have any length at all nor any width or thickness at all—you would probably come to the conclusion right away that you didn't have any log at all.

I don't know how you look at it, but it seems reasonable to me that if a log without dimensions is no log at all, then a soul without dimensions is no soul at all. It seems to me about the best way of describing NOTHING that I have ever heard tell of.

But just for argument's sake, suppose we admit that these little wee-bitsey, unseen and unseeable dots of immortal souls do exist, as the preachers say. Take the case of the rich man in hell that they love to harp on so much. Bear in mind that it wasn't the rich man's body in hell, because the scripture account says that he was buried. And orthodoxy says it was just his body that was buried. So it must have been just his soul that was in hell. And that soul, you will please remember, was so

THE THIEF ON THE CROSS.

One night recently I had the privilege of hearing a prominent preacher toot his horn on the immortal soul question, and one of his main arguments was the Thief on the Cross. He took that as conclusive evidence that souls are immortal and that they go straight to heaven as soon as the body dies.

I wanted to ask the big preacher a few questions after he got through, but he didn't give me any chance. As soon as he found out that I was in the audience he ran and hid.

I wanted to ask him what it was that the thief requested. You know how the request reads: "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom."

When?

"When thou comest into thy kingdom."

The thief didn't have any thought of being remembered previous to the time that Christ would come into his kingdom.

And so I wanted to ask the big preacher if he believed Jesus had yet come into his kingdom, and if so, when? Most of the ignorant orthodox people haven't got sense enough to distinguish between the heavenly kingdom of the Father and the earthly kingdom of Christ. They think that Jesus went right straight on to heaven that same day that he died, and that he had then come into his kingdom. And they think he took the thief with him to heaven that day. But Jesus knocks that all in the head by telling the women at the tomb three days later that he had not YET ascended to the Father.

No, Jesus did not come into his kingdom that day; and, more than that, he has not yet come into it. He is now making the preparations and will soon set up his kingdom here on earth, and then will come the time that the penitent thief had in mind when he asked to be remembered.

We have the words of Jesus himself to prove that he has not yet come into his own kingdom, and that he does not now occupy his own throne:

> To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in His throne.—Revelation 3:21.

Do you get the idea? How could it be made any plainer? You see Jesus admits that he is not on his own throne at present. He has merely set down with his Father on his throne, while waiting for the time to come when he will occupy his own throne. And of course if he is not on his throne, it natur-

There is not one syllable of Bible authority for applying the name Paradise to any other place in the universe. The heaven above where God the Father sits on His throne is never called Paradise. And even if Jesus had taken the thief right on up to God's throne the very day they died, they would not have been in Paradise.

Why can't people learn to notice the names of things a little better? I repeat that the name "Paradise" has never been applied to any place except right here on this earth, and never will be. And there was certainly not any Paradise on earth at the time Jesus died, and so he could not possibly have taken the thief to Paradise at that time, because there was no Paradise to take him to.

But when you understand that there is a difference between the Father's throne in heaven and the Son's future throne on earth, then you can get the sense of what the thief meant when he said, "Remember me when thou comest into THY kingdom"—not the Father's kingdom.

And when you understand that the establishment of Christ's kingdom on earth will result in the restoration of Paradise—the same kind of a literal earthly Paradise that Adam and Eve lost, except that it will cover the entire earth—then you can get the true sense of what Jesus meant when he promised the thief that he should be with him in Paradise.

It is all so plain and easy and reasonable that I see no excuse for anybody to misunderstand it.

But the devil has got the people blinded with that old 'immortal soul" lie, and that keeps their minds befuddled and they can't see anything right.

You can't even get some people to lay aside their prejudice and STUDY this question at all. They seem to be afraid that they MIGHT get their eyes open.

And now let me show you how all the misunderstanding of this scripture came about. In the original Greek manuscripts there was not any punctuation at all. There was not even any space between the words. The letters and words were all jammed up together, and must have been very difficult to read. Any scholar will tell you that punctuation marks were never used until after the art of printing was invented. When they began to make printed Bibles they introduced the punctuation marks. These marks, not being in the original, were not inspired, but were put in by men about the fifteenth century. By this time satan's lie was beginning to be

"THIS GENERATION."

Blake, Okla., Rt. 1, Box 62.
Mr. James Larkin Pearson,
Boomer, N. C.
Dear Sir:

I have been reading your paper for some time, and have enjoyed it very much. Of course I don't know whether you are correct in all your views and predictions or not. We will just have to wait and see.

I have read the Bible quite a bit myself, and try to learn all I can from the Book. So my purpose in writing you this letter is to get some information from you, or to learn what you think or know about certain scriptures that I have been bothered about for some time. I have pondered over them a good deal, but cannot get any satisfaction out of them. And as you are writing on the predictions of the Bible, I want to get your ideas about these scriptures. They will be found in Daniel 12:1-2 and Matthew 24:21-35.

Now here are some scriptures that speak of a time when God's people would be delivered, and a resurrection, and the second coming of Christ, and a gathering of His people. Now I understand these scriptures to both point to the same place and time. Now here is where I am troubled. The time of trouble that Daniel speaks of and the great tribulation that Christ speaks of seem to point to the same place and time for their fulfillment, and the destruction of Jerusalem seems to be the place where Christ puts their fulfillment, because He finishes his predictions by saying:

"This generation shall not pass away till all these things be fulfilled."

The destruction of Jerusalem and the coming of Christ seem to be connected together by the word "immediately," and it all was to be done in that generation; hence the time for the fulfillment is in the past, and so it looks to me like they have failed.

Now I would like to have your say on these scriptures, for they have greatly discouraged me. If you could show me that those scriptures have not failed, it would be a great satisfaction to me and strength to my faith.

Yours truly,
WILIAM MIKEMAN.

Pearson's Reply

My dear Mr. Mikeman:

You have evidently been getting your information about the book of Daniel from the Encyclopedia Britannica or some similar work gotten up by the "Higher Critics." And if such is the case, I want to tell you right now that you will have to unlearn all that stuff before you can hope

And Daniel 12-4 shows it is to be in the TIME OF THE END. And the prophet was told to shut up the words and seal the book, indicating that it should not be understood until the time of the end had arrived. And the same verse adds that "many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased." You surely can see that THAT prophecy has not failed. Look how travel has been speeded up within the last forty or fifty years. In all past ages people travelled slowly, but now they are actually RUNNING to and fro just as Daniel said they would do, and there has been a rapid increase of knowledge.

You see the time of trouble, the running to and fro, and the increase of knowledge were all to come right along together at the TIME OF THE END, and just before the second appearing of the Messiah. The fact that the running to and fro and the increase of knowledge had not come at the time Jerusalem was destroyed, and the additional fact that the HAVE come now, ought to be ample proof that the predictions have NOT failed, and that they were never intended to refer to the destruction of Jerusalem.

The passage referred to in Matthew 24 ennumerates a list of the signs that shall immediately precede the second coming. It shows that when the signs of the end BEGIN to come they will come in rapid succession, so that the generation living when these things BEGIN to happen will still be living when the King appears.

"Verily I say upto you, this generation shall not pass till all these things be fulfilled."

If we were going to say it, in our present way of talking, we would say "THAT generation (the one which is living at the BEGINNING of the signs) shall not pass till all is fulfilled."

Well, then, what generation was it that saw the running to and fro, and the increase of knowledge, and the greatest Time of Toruble that the human race has known since those words were spoken? Why, this present generation now living in 1920 A. D., of course. I am only a little over forty years old, but I have seen it all. The world today is no more like it was forty years ago than a great thundering express train is like an ox cart. Of course they had railroad trains before I was born, but they were nothing compared to what we have now.

Even my short memory goes back to the time when there was no bicycles, no automobiles, no telephones, no phonographs, no moving pictures, no wireless telegraph, no flying machines, no submarines, no type-setting that no issues have really been missed, but merely the date set ahead two months. This is the identical same paper it would have been if it had been dated November, but it looks better to be up with the time instead of always dragging behind.

I am getting out issues of The Fool-Killer one right after another just as fast as I can. But I am working under such terribly unfavorable conditions that I sometimes get behind in spite of all I can do. And then it is simply impossible to catch up without skipping. But if I give you the number of papers you pay for, and you get them in regular order as fast as issued, it should not make any difference to you about the dates.

One more thought before we leave Sodom and Gomorrah. According to the best authorities, the Dead Sea now occupies the place where Sodom and Gomorrah formerly stood. Not only has the "eternal fire" which destroyed them long ago ceased to burn, but God has covered the place with a sea of water to make the proof still more clear and convincing that there certainly cannot be any fire there now. So you see that the expression "eternal fire" does not mean that the fire burns on eternally and never goes out. The true meaning is that the thing it feeds on is ETERNALLY DESTROYED and never can exist any more. Look how nicely the Dead Sea takes care of that in the case of Sodom and Gomorrah. If the places where they stood had remained high and dry they might have been rebuilt some time, but the ground sank and became covered with water. It even sank so low that the surface of the Dead Sea is now 1300 feet below the general sea level. Even if the water should ever dry up (which is not likely) nobody would ever think of building a city in that hole. Therefore we see that they were ETERNALLY DESTROYED.

Most of our long-coated, high-collared Doctors of Divinity spend their time doctoring divinity so that the rich devils in the church will swallow it and pay for it.

They made the Peace Treaty in the form of a capsule and put the League of Nations in it, so that we couldn't get peace with Germany without getting the League, too. They may think it is a slick scheme, but about the time their heels fly up and their heads hit the ground they will wish it wasn't quite so slick.

width or thickness at all—you would probably come to the conclusion right away that you didn't have any log at all.

I don't know how you look at it, but it seems reasonable to me that if a log without dimensions is no log at all, then a soul without dimensions is no soul at all. It seems to me about the best way of describing NOTHING that I have ever heard tell of.

But just for argument's sake, suppose we admit that these little wee-bitsey, unseen and unseeable dots of immortal souls do exist, as the preachers say. Take the case of the rich man in hell that they love to harp on so much. Bear in mind that it wasn't the rich man's body in hell, because the scripture account says that he was buried. And orthodoxy says it was just his body that was buried. So it must have been just his soul that was in hell. And that soul, you will please remember, was so small that a million like it could stand on a point of a needle. And that poor little runt of a soul had a mouth with a tongue in it. Considering the extreme smallness of the entire soul, that tongue would have been rather hard for Lazarus to find if he had got there with the water. Think of putting a whole drop of water on such a soul as that! Why, man alive, don't you know one drop of water would have drowned the miserable little rascal?

And then the preachers take a fresh chaw of terbacker and start in to tell us about what a great big terrible red-hot roaring hell of fire and brimstone God has made to punish lost souls in for all eternity. I have never heard them just exactly tell how big hell is, as I remember, but the fuss they make over it indicates that it must be a very large place—at least as large as the Atlantic Ocean, I should think.

But why do they have such a big hell for such little souls? If a million souls could stand on the point of a needle, then you could take all the souls that have lived since Adam and put them in a thimble, easy enough. You might calculate, then, that nobody at all is going to be saved but that every soul that ever has lived will go to hell. You could allow plenty of room for each soul to kick around in, and then allow plenty more room to store away all the brimstone that would ever be needed, and still, at the very outside calculation, hell wouldn't need to be bigger than a quart cup.

No, Jesus did not come into his kingdom that day; and, more than that, he has not yet come into it. He is now making the preparations and will soon set up his kingdom here on earth, and then will come the time that the penitent thief had in mind when he asked to be remembered.

We have the words of Jesus himself to prove that he has not yet come into his own kingdom, and that he does not now occupy his own throne:

> To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in His throne.—Revelation 3:21.

Do you get the idea? How could it be made any plainer? You see Jesus admits that he is not on his own throne at present. He has merely set down with his Father on his throne, while waiting for the time to come when he will occupy his own throne. And of course if he is not on his throne, it naturally follows that he has not yet come into his own kingdom. And if he has not yet come into his own kingdom, then he certainly has not yet rewarded the penitent thief, for that was not to be done until the time when he should come into his kingdom.

And what did Jesus reply to thief?

Why, Orthodoxy will tell you that he promised to take him right straight on to heaven with him that very day.

No, he didn't.

Nothing of the sort.

He simply said this:

"I say unto thee to-day, thou shalt be with me in Paradise."

He merely SAID it that day—he did not say and did not mean that the promise would be fulfilled that day.

On the other hand, it was clearly NOT to be fulfilled until he should come into his Paradise Kingdom at the end of the Gospel Age.

What is Paradise, anyhow?

And where is it?

The only Paradise that we have ever had any account of was right here on this earth. Adam and Eve were in Paradise before they sinned, but on account of their sin they were driven out, and Paradise itself ceased to exist.

It fell into decay and went out of existence because the people who had been put there to keep it up and enjoy it had fallen into sin and lost the happy privilege of living in Paradise. There was no use to have a Paradise with nobody in it.

And from that day till this there has not been any Paradise.

tal soul" lie, and that keeps their minds befuddled and they can't see anything right.

You can't even get some people to lay aside their prejudice and STUDY this question at all. They seem to be afraid that they MIGHT get their eyes open.

And now let me show you how all the misunderstanding of this scripture came about. In the original Greek manuscripts there was not any punctuation at all. There was not even any space between the words. The letters and words were all jammed up together, and must have been very difficult to read. Any scholar will tell you that punctuation marks were never used until after the art of printing was invented. When they began to make printed Bibles they introduced the punctuation marks. These marks, not being in the original, were not inspired, but were put in by men about the fifteenth century. By this time satan's lie was beginning to be widely taught and believed, and the translators and printers of the Bible had fallen into the trap They belived that the soul was immortal and that it went right on to heaven or hell at the death of the body. Believing as they did, it was natural for them to put the comma before the word "to-day" instead of after it. That way of punctuating it makes Jesus say what he had no thought of saying, and makes it contradict every other passage in the Bible. So we know it is wrong. Change that one little comma by placing it AFTER the word "today" and see what a difference it makes.

I find among my reference works quite a number of different translations of this verse (Luke 23:43). William Bowyer renders it. "I say this day to you." The Curetonian Syriac reads: "Verily I say to thee today, that with me thou shalt be in the Eden's garden."

So you see that whole terrible misunderstanding started from the wrong placing of a comma by men who had no more right to put it there than I have to change it. The AUTHOR of the verse did not put in the comma at all, and the early printers jumped at a false conclusion and put it in at the wrong place. It is our duty as well as our privilege to correct it.

If a gang of sheep were given their choice of voting for fodder or saw-briars, which do you suppose they would vote for? The fodder, of course. Which proves that the average sheep has got more sense than some men.

be fulfilled."

The destruction of Jerusalem and the coming of Christ seem to be connected together by the word "immediately," and it all was to be done in that generation; hence the time for the fulfillment is in the past, and so it looks to me like they have failed.

Now I would like to have your say on these scriptures, for they have greatly discouraged me. If you could show me that those scriptures have not failed, it would be a great satisfaction to me and strength to my faith.

Yours truly,
WILIAM MIKEMAN.

Pearson's Reply

My dear Mr. Mikeman:

You have evidently been getting your information about the book of Daniel from the Encyclopedia Britannica or some similar work gotten up by the "Higher Critics." And if such is the case, I want to tell you right now that you will have to unlearn all that stuff before you can hope to get yourself straight on these matters that are bothering you.

In matters of purely historical or secular interest the Encyclopedia Britannica may be reasonably reliable; but when it comes to dealing with prophecy and the prophetical liturature of the Bible it goes plum hog-wild. It seems to make a studied effort to get just as far from the truth as possible. And I am afraid you have been getting your information from some such source as that.

No, the scriptures you mention do not refer to the destruction of Jerusalem in A. D. 70. There are people who try to teach such stuff, but there is no sense nor reason in it. In both Daniel and Matthew it is plainly stated that the Second Coming will be ushered in by a Time of Trouble such as never had been before and never would be again, and Daniel says "and at that time thy people shall be delivered, everyone that shall be found written in the book." That seems to include both the Houses of Israel—the fleshly or literal Israel and also the spiritual Israel. If it had meant the trouble that came upon the Jews at the destruction of Jerusalem it would have referred only to fleshly Israel, and it could not have been said that they were DELIVERED, for they certainly were not. It was anything else but a deliverance for them. If somebody comes and drives you out of your home and burns it down and destroys everything you've got, and then drags you off into slavery, would you call that a "deliverance?"

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Even my short memory goes back to the time when there was no bicycles, no automobiles, no telephones, no phonographs, no moving pictures, no wireless telegraph, no flying machines, no submarines, no type-setting machines, no electric light, no electric power, no sky-scraper buildings. These are all among the SIGNS that mark the end of the Age, and the generation that grew up with me has seen them all come. And Jesus Christ says this same generation will see him come back in great power and glory to set up his kingdom on the earth.

Daniel says that somebody is going to be DELIVERED during the time that he speaks of. Was anybody delivered at the fall of Jerusalem? Not that we know of. At least, if they were it was certainly not Daniel's people. That was the last kick that sent them winding into their two thousand years of scatteration and trouble.

But now look! Right here within the past three years we have seen the Holy Land delivered from the Turk and freely handed over to the Jews, with permission for them to establish their ancient and honorable nation. Great things are going on in Palestine today. The Hebrew language has already been resurrected and is to be the national language of the new Israel. The orthodox Jews are in a high state of expectancy, looking for their Messiah to come, although they do not know it will be the same one they rejected two thousand years ago. But when he appears this time they will accept him, and thus they will become the channel of deliverance and blessing for the whole world. That is the "glad tidings of great joy which shall be to ALL PEOPLE." And THIS GENERATION will see it.

CORRESPONDENCE.

J. W. HEATHERLY, Box 122, Saluda, N. C.—Enclosed find $1.25 for which send your paper to the accompanying names one year each. I am glad to note that you are getting your eyes open—but, old man, you've got a job on your hands when it comes to getting the eyes of others open. That's a man's job. Your paper will do a lot of good, and I hope you will just keep on keeping on. My experience with the human race has been a little disappointing, and yet I've learned to sympathize with them in their hard road whilst trying to get through this old world with so much against them. If a fellow is born a Democrat he generally dies a Democrat, and if he is born a Baptist he generally dies that way. This applies to all religious and political beliefs. They all secretly hate each other and work against each other every chance they get, with a few noble exceptions. The only way to ever get out of a rut is to read out, but the majority won't read anything that conflicts with their own preconceived ideas, and instead of trying to broaden out and get all the truth, they hold fast to error just because Ma and Pa taught them certain things. Just think of the honest but mistaken parents there will be in the resurrection when they wake up to learn that instead of their children being in heaven or their enemies being in that other place, they have all been asleep—awaiting the great Redeemer to restore them back to life. That will be a great surprise to the preachers, too, who know less about the Bible than any other class. I believe that the only hope for mankind, both dead and living, is centered in the doctrine of THE RANSOM—that Christ died for all and will sometime give every human being a full and fair opportunity to accept or reject salvation free from the errors taught by the creeds of man. The trouble with the preachers is, they don't know what to do with the dead. They don't know where they are. They can handle the living, but when a man dies the preacher can't tell you where he goes. They generally smooth things up at a funeral for both good and bad, and let it go at that. Jesus Christ said, "All of them who are in their GRAVES shall hear my voice and come forth." So they are in their graves where "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest," or at least that is what my Bible teaches—all the preachers to the contrary notwithstanding.

MRS. ANNA PALMER, R4,

doctor would have the trouble of sewing it up, and of course I don't want to put the doctor to any trouble.

E. WALLACE, Winona, Texas.—Enclosed find money order for $2.50 and a list of subs. If you'll send me some copies I will pick up some more subs. I see in the Chicago Herald-Examiner that a large number of pastors receiving salaries from $1400 to $10,000 have quit the pulpit for better paying jobs. If the high cost of living and low salaries don't relieve them of the pulpits, something more severe will. We may expect a fulfillment of Zech. 13:6 in the near future. God will bless the old world when the preachers with their blinding errors are out of the way, by shedding abroad the light of truth.

J. W. ROACHE, Pennington, Texas.—I have seen a copy of your paper and believe it to be one of the very best published. It teaches the truth, and I heartily agree with you on your explanations of God's divine plan. I am very anxious to get the paper each month, but am an invalid from ulcerated stomach—not able to do any kind of work to pay for your paper, unless I could get you up a club of subscribers. If you will enter my name as a subscriber and also send me some sample copies of the latest edition I will do my best to secure you some new subs. We very much need a paper like yours in this as well as every other locality to help people grasp the truth as it is.

D. G. JONES, Prairieville, Texas.—I got hold of a copy of The Fool-Killer and liked it so well I am going to subscribe. I will talk it up and see if I can send you a club later on.

DAVID DUTT, Riverdale, Mich.—A friend handed me two copies of your little (BIG) paper. I eagerly devoured it, and then brought it to a circle of friends, and this little list of eight subs is the result—the whole group subscribing, and one for a friend. All are in harmony with the general sentiments that you express. Personally, I think the people in the Church Systems need just such plain talk to wake them up and make them realize that Babylon the great IS FALLEN. I wish that your paper could go into the private study of every minister on earth.

CHAS. CANTWELL, McCall, Fla.—At last I have again caught up with the Fool-Killer. Early in 1916 a prominent Democrat called at a fish house where I was

From My Champion Club-Raiser

Bessemer City, N. C.

Mr. James Larkin Pearson,
Editor "The Fool-Killer,"
Boomer, N. C.

Dear Sir:

I herewith send you Sixty [60] subscriptions to The Fool-Killer, and Fifteen Dollars [$15.00] to pay for same. This is 527 subscriptions I have sent since I began last spring. I feel the same intense interest, zeal and appreciation for you and your efforts to spread the Truth which I had the first time I ever saw the paper. I am sorry so many people are blind to the truth and ignorant of the things now of so much importance to all. But all this is in the divine arrangement and plan of the All-Wise, and He has told us all about it in His Word, long ago, but we have been very slow to learn and understand. I feel sure that you are called in a special way to set forth the Truth to those who are to dwell on the earth in all eternity, when God shall make it all as the Garden of Eden, the sample He gave us in the beginning.

I think you are that "new sharp threshing instrument, having teeth: thou shalt thresh the mountains and beat them small, and shalt make the hills as chaff."—Isa. 41:15. But I am wondering now "who among you will give ear to this? Who will harken and hear for the time to come." — Isa. 42:23. Now we know God is going to use some one for this purpose, and that such one will be hated, envied and persecuted. Let us remember that every man's "mischief shall return upon his own head, and his violent dealing shall come down upon his own pate."—Psa. 7:16.

God bless you in your work. We need Gideons, Samsons, Davids and Joshuas these days as much as ever they were needed.

J. F. LINGERFELDT.

POWER AND SPEED.

I dunno whether you folks pay much attention to such things or not, but I am a powerful crank about noticing things of this sort. Within the past three months I have noticed three very remarkable announcements in the papers, all having to do with the question of power and speed.

The first announcement was about a young feller up north who claimed to have invented a new method of vaporizing gaso-

of fuel. The inventor says he can heat houses as well as light them with his new invention, and the coal mines can close up and go out of business. We should worry about coal strikes then.

Now, here. Listen to yer grandpap a minute. It is probable that all these inventors have stretched their blankets just a little. I don't have any idea their inventions will do all they claim for them at the present state of the game.

But here is the important point. Men are working along these lines and making progress every day. Even if these fellows ain't quite hit the combination, they or somebody else will hit it before long, and we will have a motive power so far ahead of anything we now have that you can't realize it.

Travel will be made safe and swift and cheap.

Industry will be revolutionized, so that the workers will have safe and satisfactory working and living conditions.

What do you think all these rapid strides of invention mean, anyhow?

They are simply coming in to be used in the Millennium—the Golden Age—and these very inventions and discoveries that men themselves are making and will make, will have a great deal to do with changing the earth into an Eden.

But in the meantime, there is a Higher Power at work through it all. Men should not have all the credit for it, because God is just using men to work out His plan. He has put it into the heads of men to do these things just at this time, and they could not possibly have done them sooner.

Some old fogies will say, "Oh, I think men have invented and discovered just about everything possible; they have about reached the limit and will have to stop."

No, indeed, mister! Why, the same class of old fogies made that same prediction forty years ago when we were just BEGINNING to do things. And present indications are that we haven't MORE than just begun even now. Instead of slowing up we get faster every year. There is no reason to expect any slowing up in the current of invention and discovery.

When you study these things in connection with Bible prophecy you will see that it clearly indicates where we are on the stream of time. Daniel said that in the TIME OF THE END people should "run to and fro" and "knowledge sould be increased." Nahum 2:4 gives us a per-

Club Rates.

IN CLUBS OF FOUR OR MORE, 25 CENTS A YEAR

The price of single subs to The Fool-Killer is FORTY CENTS a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of Four or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 25 cents a year each.

At the very low price we make, it is impossible to give premiums to club-raisers, but thousands of people enjoy getting up clubs for the fun of it and to help out a good cause. You will enjoy it, too, and you are hereby invited to become a regular club-raiser. If you can distribute some samples into good hands, all they will cost you is to ask for them.

In sending in clubs, be sure to write each name and address very carefully. Remember that a name which looks plain to you in your own handwriting might not look so plain to a person who is not acquainted with your handwriting. Therefore WRITE VERY CAREFULLY. If possible to have the list typewritten so much the better.

The Fool-Killer is now nearly ten years old. It has a large circulation in every state in the Union, and it also goes to several foreign countries. It has long ago passed the experimental stage and has become an established institution. Over 40,000 people are eagerly waiting for its arrival each month.

Send remittance by registered letter, express or postoffice money order, and make all orders payable to:

The Fool-Killer, Boomer, N. C.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow that works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and to keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is nearly ten years old, and getting older every month.

It preaches the truth so straight that each issue brings hundreds of old moss-backs and blind leaders of the blind to the mourner's bench in a trot.

It "gits 'em goin' an' comin'."

It retails at 40 cents a year, or 25 cents in clubs of four or more, and circulates all over the Benighted

and living, is centered in the doctrine of THE RANSOM—that Christ died for all and will sometime give every human being a full and fair opportunity to accept or reject salvation free from the errors taught by the creeds of man. The trouble with the preachers is, they don't know what to do with the dead. They don't know where they are. They can handle the living, but when a man dies the preacher can't tell you where he goes. They generally smooth things up at a funeral for both good and bad, and let it go at that. Jesus Christ said, "All of them who are in their GRAVES shall hear my voice and come forth." So they are in their graves where "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest," or at least that is what my Bible teaches—all the preachers to the contrary notwithstanding.

MRS. ANNA PALMER, R4, Bx 50, Neillsville, Wis.—I like your little paper fine. I believe about the same as you do. I never destroy any of your papers. I have not got up a club. I am a very busy farmer's wife. I have so much to do, sometimes I think it is time for the farm women to go on a strike. I don't know when my sub runs out, so I am sending in to be sure of all the copies. I wish I had a few extra copies. I believe as Rev. J. F. Lingerfeldt—the false, the wrong, the evil, are going to be destroyed and Christ's Kingdom set up. I am very much interested in the prophecies and read all that throws any light on the subject.

MRS. LIZZIE POTTER, 1015 Inca St., Denver, Colo.—Enclosed you will find a few names and the money for one year each. I sure like your paper for the message it carries and the unvarnished way it tells things. There is so much veneer and whitewash in everything now, I am so glad to see one paper that has the grit to uncover the trail of the serpent. Yours in the dear Master's service.

AUBREY O. PAINTER, R3, Roxboro, N. C.—I am sending you a few subscriptions to The Fool-Killer. I took it for two years and it did not kill me, so I thought I would try it again to see what it would do. The only thing I hate about that paper is that it makes me laugh so hard that I have the side-ache all the time I am reading it. Please don't make it too funny, because I might split my side open laughing at it, and then the poor old sheet.

will talk it up and see if I can send you a club later on.

DAVID DUTT, Riverdale, Mich.—A friend handed me two copies of your little (BIG) paper. I eagerly devoured it, and then brought it to a circle of friends and this little list of eight subs is the result—the whole group subscribing, and one for a friend. All are in harmony with the general sentiments that you express. Personally, I think the people in the Church Systems need just such plain talk to wake them up and make them realize that Babylon the great IS FALLEN. I wish that your paper could go into the private study of every minister on earth.

CHAS. CANTWELL, McCall, Fla.—At last I have again caught up with the Fool-Killer. Early in 1916 a prominent Democrat called at a fish house where I was staying, and while he was talking to another party I noticed a paper sticking in his hip pocket. I withdrew the paper and went to reading it, but before I had time to read much the P. D. asked for the paper, as he had to go, but promised that I should have it again when he had read it. Well, he had not been gone ten minutes before I had seven subs. But as the boys were sure I could get a few names at the other camp advised that I go down there, which I did, and secured eight more subs. But the time taken to go and come gave Mr. P. D. time to finish his business and vamoose. Three days later I called on the gentleman, and though he searched very carefully and thoroughly, no Fool-Killer could be found, and as it seemed it was a sample copy to him, there was no chance to get the address. This week I had the good fortune to see another sample copy which came to this office. I want six sample copies, as I hope to land that many subs here.

JOE CLEMENTS, R1, Clayton, Ala.—I have been reading your paper for eight years, and have enjoyed it all the time, but I like it better now that you have gone to spreading the truth. You have got such a nice way to get people started in, and then just keep them going. I am going to help you all I can, so just go ahead and put it to them. It will take all O. K. in time to come. I am a Free-Will Baptist, but I can begin to see the truth some now. So here I am with $1.25 again. Please send the paper to the names on another sheet.

that every man's mischief shall return upon his own head, and his violent dealing shall come down upon his own pate."—Psa. 7:16.

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The first announcement was about a young feller up north who claimed to have invented a new method of vaporizing gasoline—the electric spark vaporizer he calls it—and he claims that it will do away with the carburetor entirely and give greatly increased mileage per gallon. He promises that the average four-cylinder car will run ninety miles on a gallon of gas.

The second announcement comes from Kansas City, and it says that some genius out there has invented a new and very superior motor. It is said to be built on entirely new principles and gives promise of un-heard-of mileage per gallon. It operates on a fuel saving of sixty per cent compared with motors now in use. It will make possible the manufacture of a car selling for $250.

Now just suppose the New York man and the Kansas City man get together and combine their inventions. That is, equip the Kansas City motor with the Yankee electric spark vaporizer. Since when used separately they can go ninety miles on a gallon, if put together they would evidently go 180 miles on a gallon. That would only be ninety miles apiece, as the Irishman said.

But here comes the third announcement. A fellow by the name of Smith claims to have refused one million dollars for a new MAGNETIC MOTOR which he has invented. He says his new device will operate automobiles, trucks, street cars, railroad trains, lighting and heating plants, and in fact anything else that motive power is needed for. This machine is said to be driven by magnets, and is so simple that anyone can produce his own power, without coal, gasoline or any other kind

Some old fogies will say, "Oh, I think men have invented and discovered just about everything possible; they have about reached the limit and will have to stop."

No, indeed, mister! Why, the same class of old fogies made that same prediction forty years ago when we were just BEGINNING to do things. And present indications are that we haven't MORE than just begun even now. Instead of slowing up we get faster every year. There is no reason to expect any slowing up in the current of invention and discovery.

When you study these things in connection with Bible prophecy you will see that it clearly indicates where we are on the stream of time. Daniel said that in the TIME OF THE END people should "run to and fro" and "knowledge sould be increased." Nahum 2:4 gives us a perfect photograph of the automobiles with their gleaming headlights "raging in the streets."

I don't see how anybody can be so stupid and unobserving as not to be impressed by these things. They are TRUE, and they MEAN SOMETHING. They mean that we are right now entering the New Age. They mean that the visible Kingdom of Christ will certainly be set up here on earth in the VERY NEAR future, and then these great inventions will be made to serve and bless ALL THE PEOPLE, and not just a few of the rich as they do now.

$1,000 REWARD

I have decided to make a standing offer of One Thousand Dollars Reward to any man, woman or child who will find the term "immortal soul" or "never-dying soul" anywhere in the Bible, from the first chapter of Genesis to the last chapter of Revelation. This is an unconditional offer, without any ifs and ands about it, and it is open to any person anywhere who wants to undertake the job. All you have to do is to take a piece of paper and write on it the book, chapter and verse in the Bible where the term "immortal soul" or "never-dying soul" may be found, and send it to me by registered letter, and I will immediately mail you a cashier's check for $1,000.

If the human soul is immortal and cannot die, surely and undoubtedly the Bible somewhere mentions the fact; and if it does, then here is some mighty easy money for somebody. Address:

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON,
Boomer, North Carolina.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow that works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and to keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is nearly ten years old, and getting older every month.

It preaches the truth so straight that each issue brings hundreds of old moss-backs and blind leaders of the blind to the mourner's bench in a trot.

It "gits 'em goin' an' comin'."

It retails at 40 cents a year, or 25 cents in clubs of four or more, and circulates all over the Benighted States.

If you don't like it, there is no law to make you take it.

If you do like it, you are hereby invited to subscribe and get up a club.

I want 50,000 new subscribers to this paper inside of the next six months, and so I do.

The Fool-Killer don't crawl behind a tree to talk.

It don't bust its crupper holding back to see what somebody else is going to say.

It is just as independent as a hog on ice, as Tom Watts says.

It is written with a red-hot poker dipped in razor-soup.

It rides the devil a-straddle without a saddle, and spurs him at every lope.

It is death to fools, rascals and hypocrites.

The Fool-Killer always tries to make a man laugh right big, and then cram a truth down him while his mouth is open.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

Tote this paper around in your pocket—when you go to church, the postoffice, the store, the mill, or wherever you go—and show it to everybody you see.

Ask them if they would like to sop their mental flap-jacks in my editorial molasses for awhile.

Be a missionary for this good cause.

If you can use a few sample copies, just send a wireless postal card.

Set a resolution to send in one club every month, at least.

I want 1,000 agents who will agree to do that much.

THE FOOL-KILLER
Boomer, - North Carolina

A SNAKE IN THE GRASS!

Perfesser Nick Butler, of Columbia Varsity, has opened his gab-trap and let some mighty big-sounding words fall out. Let me throw a few of them down here and show you how they rattle:

"It is an amazing thing that after 125 years there should appear the necessity of redefining Americanism, but today we hear the hiss of a snake in the grass, and the hiss is directed at the things Americans hold most dear."

That's right! You shore did speak a parable, Mister Nick. There ain't nary bit of doubt about there being a snake in the American grass-patch, but the question is: Who is the snake? Some of you fellers are trying to make us believe that the working people are snakes because they refuse to be abject slaves any longer. It seems to be a terrible crime when the people who produce everything ask for enough of what they produce to keep them from suffering. If they do that they are snakes. **And if they show any disposition to be independent about it and demand their rights as American citizens, they are the worst kind of rattlesnakes.**

But that is all just a big empty bluff put up by you fellers to try to keep the people from finding out who the real snake is. The real snake, Mister Nick, is the big over-bearing bully who wants to deprive the American common people of the liberties set forth in the Declaration of Independence and guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States as the unalienable rights of the humblest citizen.

That is why it is necessary to re-define Americanism, and there is no better way to re-define it than to go back to the Declaration of Independence and see what sort of Americanism it talks about. In these days, since the world has been made so all-fired "safe for democracy," it is almost dangerous to quote from the Declaration of Independence, but I am going to risk it. On the 4th of July, 1776, the Representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress assembled, did solemnly attach their names to a momentous document which contained these following words:

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that

How do you like that as a definition of Americanism, Mister Nick? Sorter dangerous kind of propaganda, ain't it? I'll just bet John Hancock and all them other fellers who signed that seditious document were rank Bolshevists. I'll bet they got their ideas from Lenine and Trotsky. Why don't some of you "patriots" introduce a bill to have their cussed bones dug up and burnt? What a pity that the patriotic plutes of 1919 can't "raid" that Bolshevist Congress of 1776 and capture a few tons of its "red" literature!

Now, laying aside all irony and other mineral resources, let's try to find out who the SNAKE is that we hear hissing in the American grass-patch, and let's examine the things it is hissing at—the "things that Americans hold most dear."

The common average American holds life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness about the most dear of anything on earth. And these are the very things that the plutocrate snake is hissing at. But the plutocrats hold power, bossism, and the pursuit **of money more dear than anything else.** And in their mad scramble for these things they have disregarded and trampled under foot the very principles of liberty and justice upon which the government was founded. When we realize how far the money-madness of our bosses has led us away from the original Americanism of 1776, it isn't any wonder that there has to be a re-defining of the term.

"We hear the hiss of a snake!" We certainly do.

And when the workers get done with that snake you are going to see a good many plutes going around with their heads tied up.

RED SPOTS

The plutes of this country are getting to be very much like a bull—anything RED gets their dander up—unless it happens to be red likker.

The plutes did not object to RED when the color was produced by the blood of poor American boys on the soil of France.

The plutes are perfectly willing for the workers to be GREEN, but the fat is in the fire right now when a worker shows signs of being RED. For my part, I would rather be red than green. Which are you, Rube?

A RED thing in the shape of two towels laid across each other is not a bit dangerous; but a

GOD AND ELECTRICITY

For the past three or four years there has been an idea roosting around in the corners of my brain which I have never dared to express publicly. It looked to me like it might be a reasonable idea, but I thought I was the only person on earth who ever entertained such a thought. But I have just now discovered another man who has been thinking about the same thing. Mr. B. F. Vance, of Bristol, Tenn., writes as follows:

"The more I think on the subject the more I am convinced that God is Electricity, for where in all the universe is there and element that will come so near representing God? Nahum says the thunder is God's voice, and it is electricity that speaks the thunder. When that voice of God came from heaven to Jesus, 'some said it thundered.' Since the greatest of electricians do not know what electricity is, why, then, may it not be the Spirit of God? Jesus, the express image of his Father, says that when he comes again he will come as the lightning and will destroy the wicked with the brightness of his coming."

The writer of the above does not state anything as a fact. He merely offers a suggestion and speculates a little as to what might be. And I wonder if any other human being besides Vance and myself have ever had such a thought?

I remember very distinctly how the impression first came to me. I was out walking one moonlight night in the suburbs of a town. It was just light enough to make the electric power poles with their single cross-arms look exactly like a row of crosses, I stopped and said to myself: Out there in the dim moonlight, and reaching on around the world, are a great number of crosses. And there is a power on them that men confess they don't understand. Two thousand years ago men put on a cross a power that they didn't understand, and now they have done it again. And maybe it is the same power!

In the religious thought of the world the Cross has become an emblem of Divine Power. And if there is no special connection between the two, why has the cross again come to us as the emblem of eletcric power?

The Bible tells us that God is present everywhere, that He is all in all. The men of science tell us that electricity is present everywhere, and that every atom of matter in the whole universe is in fact composed of electrons. So if God and electricity are both omni-present and omni-potent,

500 Years From Now.

By a Twenty-fifth Century Man

I have just been reading an old history about the times and conditions away back yonder in 1915—five hundred years ago. It is really very amusing, and rather pitiful, too. The people in those days didn't seem to have much sense. Their habits and customs were very primitive, and while they boasted of being enlightened and progressive, they never made any progress toward better-living conditions. There seems to have been a nation back there known as the United States of America, or something like that. We have lost nearly all trace of it, but it probably didn't amount to very much, anyhow.

The United States was first established as a poultry yard and became famous as the promoter of the Plymouth Rock chicken. It also had something to do with the supply of catnip tea at a place called Boston.

The name of the founder of the United States has been torn off and lost, but there are various traditions bearing on the subject. One tradition is that his name was George Roosevelt, while others contend that it was Theodore Washington. He seems to have lived at a place called Mount Oyster, and was assassinated for talking too much. They had two famous rollers called the Steamroller and Woodenroller, and it seems that they both ran over George Roosevelt—I mean Theodore Washington—or maybe it may have been Theogeorge Roosington—and mashed his politics so bad that they had to be taken out and patched with Bull Moose's hide.

In those olden times there was also a country called Europe which seems to have been peopled entirely with crazy folks. You know that was back in the Dark Ages of the Twentieth Century, before the Millennium started, and the way they are said to have butchered up each other is almost beyond belief. They had a substance known as gunpowder with which they could throw heavy bullets and shells for several miles and kill each other. The called it shooting, so the history says. These crazy folks would line themselves up and shoot at each other for months at a time, until nearly all of them were killed. There is no reason given for such conduct, and the best historians agree that there wasn't any reason for it, hence we must conclude that they were all crazy, for we can't imagine

did the most hard work had the least to show for it, and suffered most from hunger and neglect. Of all the millionaires whose tracks in the sands of time have been uncovered, the most noted was Rockydee Oilyfeller, who flourished at about the time Georgadore Washvelt wrote Shakespeare's works.

IDIOTORIALS

Comfort is pleasure with the juice squeezed out.

All great truths were hooted at somewhere along the line.

Never mind the ancesters; look out for the descendants.

And it so happens that I am still alive and publishing this little old Fool-Killer.

When you stop to think about it, people are awful funny things. It tickles me.

If a motorcycle is an automobile's colt, then a pistol must be a son of a gun.

Falling in love at first sight is liike stepping into a post hole full of custard pie.

Don't give up because you are a little behind—that's where the bee's stinger is.

A heated argument has been known to cause a coolness between people.

When The Fool-Killer says it, there is no longer any doubt that it has been said.

A diplomat is a man who remembers a woman's birthday and forgets her age.

Yes, honey, a duck with legs three feet long would still be duck-legged.

Nature never makes any blunders. When she makes a fool she means it.

You still have a right to say nothing, but you must be careful who hears you say it.

Red is just as much like white as it can be, but it can't be very much like it.

The difference between a statesman and a politician is that the statesman is dead.

The man who sells his vote is almost as mean as the man who buys it, but not quite.

If the church wants to prosper spiritually it must quit hanging on to aristocracy's shirt-tail.

but its a back-track, and a mighty cold one at that.

If arming for war is the way to have peace, why wouldn't jumping in the river be a dandy way to keep dry? Huh?

Old Satan has bought him a new silk hat and paid his pew rent. He will be at church every Sunday this winter.

I asked a fellow if he was in favor of Woman Suffrage, and he replied: Yes, by gum! Let the women suffer same as the men!"

A kiss is a big mouthful of nothing that tastes like heaven and sounds like a cow pulling her foot out of the mud.

If this fool stuff makes you laugh it does you more good than if it had sense to it. Ain't you satisfied?

Did you ever read about where Jesus built a fine church, installed a pipe organ, and then charged pew rent? No, I don't think you ever did.

Save the people from a "robber tariff," and then turn right around and rob the people with a "war tax." That's Democracy's way. How do you like it?

One thing that consoles me when I remember what a fool Republican I used to be is the remembrance of the fact that I never was fool enough to be a Democrat.

Writing this "funny stuff" is a serious matter with me. The medicine it takes to make me smile is a big fat club of subscribers with a little blue money-order enclosed. Please tickle me.

People glance over other papers and throw them aside, but every feller who gets his tater-grabbers fastened onto The Fool-Killer reads it from A to Izzard before he turns it loose. That's the secret of its great success.

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"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive to these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and, accordingly, all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer while evils are sufferable than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security."

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A RED thing in the shape of two towels laid across each other is not a bit dangerous; but a RED thing in the shape of one towel is wusser than a mad-dog. Funny what a difference a little shape makes in a red thing.

Since RED has become so dangerous in the eyes of the plutes, our fashionable preachers are not saying much about salvation through the blood of Jesus. Because the blood of Jesus was RED. The plutes will not agree to be saved until somebody comes along and offers them a BLUE-BLOODED Savior.

I look for somebody to suggest that the RED be taken out of our flag and GREEN put in its place. "Hurrah for the Green, White and Blue!" How do you like that, Rube?

What a pity the plutes cannot admire a beautiful sunset any more, because there is nearly always some RED in it.

This big racket they have raised about wanting to allow the preachers more pay for their chin-music reminds me of the old nigger. Uncle Sambo was going home one evening with a peck of sweet potatoes in a poke. He met a white man who inquired, "What's that you got there Uncle?" "W'y, boss," replied Sambo, "dis am jes' some taters dat my folks gimme fer preachin' to 'em." "That's dam poor pay," said the white man. "Yas, boss, but hit wuz dam pore preachin'," said Sambo, as he waddled on.

Now just suppose that Adam, when he was naming the varmints, had called the cow a toad-frog. I bet we never would have known the difference. But just think of milking a toad.

cross-arms look exactly like a row of crosses, I stopped and said to myself: Out there in the dim moonlight, and reaching on around the world, are a great number of crosses. And there is a power on them that men confess they don't understand. Two thousand years ago men put on a cross a power that they didn't understand, and now they have done it again. And maybe it is the same power!

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I don't like to believe that God causes the storms and the evil things that come upon us. It has always seemed to me more likely that the devil does that. But what are we going to do with Nahum 1:3, which says:

"The Lord hath His way in the whirlwind and in the storm, and the clouds are the dust of His feet."

Light and power are two of the attributes of God, and the same is true of electricity. At present we must have material fixtures in order to get electric light, but the time may come when we can have the light without the fixtures, just as we can already send a message without wires. Speaking of the New Jerusalem, in Rev. 21:23, the Seer of Patmos says:

"And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."

And who knows but what that means electric light? You see we don't know but very little about electricity yet. Edison and all the other great electricians admit that they don't even know the A B C's of it yet. If that is the case, just think what wonders it may perform in the future. Men have supposed that electricity is merely a blind, unconscious force of nature, but they don't know it. They have no way of knowing. It may be a conscious, intelligent force. It may be God's way of manifesting Himeslf to us in these days.

Do some missionary work—get your friends to subscribe for The Fool-Killer.

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We are thankful indeed that the art of making gunpowder and all that explosive stuff has long ago been lost. We don't need them and wouldn't allow them to exist in this age of the world. We are living now under the glorious reign of Universal Brotherhood, and we look back with mingled scorn and pity upon those savages of the Twentieth Century.

Those crazy people had a name for that bloody butchery of each other. Lemme see—what was it? War? war? war? Yes, I believe that's the word, but you won't find it in any of our dictionaries today. It has gone out of use entirely. The thing itself passed away and the name passed with it.

But while that awful war was going on in Europe, it seems that they had something in the United States nearly as bad. Recent excavations among the ruins of one of their ancient cities called New York, or Gotham, have brought to light evidences of the existence of a powerful creature known by the name of Millionaire, or Capitalist. There is some dispute as to whether this creature was a human, a beast or a devil, but it seems to have existed in considerable numbers and it was evidently a great terror to the population. These creatures were wild and unruly, and all efforts to tame or domesticate them proved utterly futile. They never worked or did anything useful, but made a practice of stealing nearly everything the workers produced. As a result of this, the people who

members a woman's birthday and forgets her age.

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If the church wants to prosper spiritually it must quit hanging on to aristocracy's shirt-tail.

A man washes before he eats, and a cat washes after it eats. Is there any scripture for that?

If the razor-back hawg hadn't been a razor-back hawg, what do you reckon he would have been?

A woman can get most any verdict she wants from a jury if she only cries wet enough.

Did you ever hear a preacher tell his flock that the surest way to get to heaven was to "prepare for hell."

If you and I looked just alike and thought just alike, there wouldn't be any use for but one of us.

A humbug is like a bladder—not worth anything until it is blowed up, and then it still ain't worth anything.

It is human nature to cuss a fellow while he lives and throw flowers on his grave when he dies.

The rich get what the poor produce—everything. And the poor get what the rich produce—nothing.

The term, "civilized warfare" is just about on a par with "hot ice" or "truthful liar." There ain't no sich thing.

Our present day social aristocracy has cut Christ out of its creed, because He was born in a stable and had no money.

The fashionable preacher may be yelping on the devil's track,

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It seems to be the fashion for all the High-Mucks to get conveniently sick along about now. Wilson made it popular. Nearly every day now I see an account of where one of them has piled up and sent for the pill-peddler.

A sixteen-year-old boy in New York went blind from fright and humiliation on account of being arrested for violating a postal law. But there are just lots of big politicians and preachers, who are blind as a bat without even that much excuse.

Everything considered, there is no other American institution quite so corrupt and dishonest as the daily newspapers. They have been hired to lie for the plutes until they would rather lie free gratis than to tell the truth for pay.

If you tell people what they already know they think you are smart. They consider themselves smart to start with, and the fact that you can measure up to their own estimation of themselves will naturally elevate you in their estimation. But try to tell them something that they don't already know and they will set you down as an egotistical fool.

Now the government threatens to take charge of the coal mines. Well, that is what the Socialists have been advocating all these years, and the men in power in the government have cussed the Socialists in every language they know. But just let a "crisis" come, and the authorities jump right in and do the very things they have cussed the Socialists for advocating. Who is it that's crazy, anyhow?

The Fool=Killer

Volume X. Boomer, North Carolina, February, 1920. Number 2.

AN' IT'S WUSSER THAN THE FLU

Oh, the devil's been the ruler
  Of the powers of the air;
But it seems that very lately
  He's been driven down from there.
He is now on earth among us,
  An' he knows his days are few;
So he's brought an epidemic
  That is wusser than the Flu.

He's still peddling that old whopper
  That he told to Mother Eve,
An' he's got the folks a-thinkin'
  They must listen an' believe.
So "Immortal Soul" fanatics
  Think it reasonable and true—
All this Spiritism twaddle—
  But it's wusser than the Flu.

If the soul is still a-livin'
  When the body is no more,
An' a-shoutin' an' a-singin'
  Over on the Other Shore,
What's to hinder it from speakin'
  Back across to me an' you?
But it's just the devil's magic,
  An' it's wusser than the Flu.

Yes, they say the dead are livin',
  An' that no one ever dies,
An' they come back on a visit
  From their mansions in the skies—
Come with messages and greetings,
  An' try hard to get them through;
But we know it's demonism,
  An' it's wusser than the Flu.

So the witches peep an' mutter
  In a dark stuffy room,
Till the soul comes in a-ridin'
  On the handle of a broom.
Then they gather round an' listen
  For some satisfyin' clue;
But they're always disappointed,
  For it's wusser than the Flu.

Yet the tide is rising higher,
  An' the world is goin' mad,
An' wherever people gather
  It's the one an' only fad.
Ouija boards and spirit-writin',
  An' all sorts of booger-boo;
It's the masterpiece of Satan,
  An' it's wusser than the Flu.

All because the Orthodoctors
  Of Divinity have said
That a man is still a-livin'
  When we know that he is dead.
That has boomed the devil's business
  To beat all I ever knew;
Spiritism's on a rampage,
  An' it's wusser than the Flu.

Now the churches must accept it,
  Or reject the devil's lie
That the soul was made immortal
  So it couldn't ever die.
That will split the churches open,
  And destroy their doctrine, too;
It's an awful epidemic,
  An' it's wusser than the Flu.

It's a runnin' people crazy—
  Just as crazy as a loon—
And the bug-house institutions
  Will be running over soon.
Flu can hurt a person's body,
  An' that's all that it can do;
Spiritism wrecks the reason,
  So it's wusser than the Flu.

—Pack it on Pearson.

CANNED RELIGION

A Protestant conference held recently in Boston initiated the idea of "phonograph pastors." The idea comes, not as a labor-saving device, but as a measure of economy. Pulpits lack pastors because pastors are not paid enough and leave the calling of the ministry for more remunerative employment. The phonograph asks no salary, repeats the best and most approved sermons of famous preachers and can be shut off whenever a sermon taxes the endurance of the congregation. Moreover, "canned sermons" can be syndicated, so that all churches can receive the same message on the same day.—Christian Herald.

Christopher Betsey!

Just turn your head to one side and let that run in. Let it soak plum in till it greases the mainspring of your think-box.

Canned sermons!
Canned religion!
Canned faith!
Canned hope!
Canned love!
Canned prayers!
Canned obedience!
Canned humility!
Canned happiness!

Canned—oh, shucks in August! The whole bloomin' capoodle seems to be already canned in the devil's kitchen, and then fermented and got wiggletails in it.

All over the world the Churches of Babylon are having jeeminy-fits over the shortage of preachers. The young men are just not hankering after the preaching job any more.

And so the poor old meek and biddable phonograph is to be diked out in a frock coat and standing collar and have a pair of $8.00 specktacles straddled across its nose and sent out to preaching.

It isn't intended as a labor-saving device, you see, but as a matter of economy. The phonograph preacher will not have to pay house rent and support a wife and family and smoke 15-cent cigars, and therefore it can work cheap.

Great idea, to be sure!

And it is an idea that can be elaborated and enlarged upon as necessity arises. From the phonograph in the pulpit, the next logical step will be the phonograph in the pew. The dear brethren and sisterin of the Amen Corner can get them a supply of small phonographs and put on records filled with "Amen!" and "Praise the Lord!" and "That's right, Brother!" and so on. And they can leave those phonographs in the pews while the sermon is going on, and they themselves can get out on a back street and serve the devil till the cows come home.

The canned audience can be timed so as to say "Amen!" just at the proper place during the canned sermon, and some good old canned sister could bust out and shout a few rounds every little bit, and it would be just the jimdandiest sort of a service all around.

A stranger passing by that church would think an old-time revival was in progress, and he would never know the difference till be peeped inside.

And then at the Judgment Day God can take the phonograph all to heaven and let the devil have the people.

ANOTHER NEW IDEA

Here is another idea about the coming of Christ that I have never seen mentioned in any literature that I have read.

To start with we are told that Jesus is now in heaven, at the right hand of God. And we are told that heaven is located away above the stars. The preachers who use that expression, "above the stars," so glibly are evidently not even on speaking terms with astronomy, or they would know that the infinity of space is filled with an infinity of stars, and that there is not any place "above" or "beyond" the limit of the stars.

But they say heaven is "above the stars," and Jesus is coming from there. And they say he will come very suddenly and unexpectedly, with a great light shining around him, and attended by a host of shining angels making a very great display of brightness and shining.

Now let's see how all that will work out in actual practice.

Light travels at a speed of 186,000 miles per second. And you will admit that that is going some. But Alpha Centauri, which is supposed to be the nearest fixed star, is so far from the earth that it takes a ray of light from that star three years to reach the earth. And remember that is our NEAREST star neighbor. No doubt some of the visible stars are so far away that it would take hundreds or even thousands of years for a ray of light to cover the distance.

Now if Jesus is coming back with a literal body of flesh and bones like he had when he went away, he and his whole concourse of angels would have to travel at the inconceivable speed of light, and even then it would take several hundred years to get here, supposing that the starting place is "above the stars," as Walter Watts says.

I am not saying that Jesus couldn't come faster than 186,000 miles a second, but if he did he would soon leave his light behind him, for that is all the fast the light could travel.

So the result would be that the astronomers would see a new star in the east—or a point of light that would look like a star. It would appear to rise in the east and set in the west, just like the other stars, and very slowly from year to year it would get brighter as it came nearer to the earth, and in the course of a hundred or two years it would get here.

I don't suppose anybody believes that the coming of Jesus will be like that. And yet it would HAVE to be like that if the old theology were true.

If he comes from above the stars, and with a great light shining around him, and if light can only travel 186,000 miles a second, then it is a plain mathematical proposition, and you can figure it out for yourself. It would certainly take him anywhere from one hundred to two or three hundred years to get here. And all that time you would see his light in the heavens at night like an approaching comet.

It seems more reasonable to me that he would come quietly and secretly, and that nobody would know it for a good while after he got here.

Nobody took any notice of his going away, except the little bunch of disciples who were with him at the time. It was the very quietest event possible, and the world did not know nor care anything about it. And we are told that his coming back will be in like manner, which would certainly be quiet and unobserved.

Yes, my dear sheep, that is exactly what I said. The doctrine of eternal torment for the wicked is a lie and a slander against God. Many people still believe it ignorantly, and I am sorry for them. But a great many pretend to believe it who certainly do know better. And The Fool-Killer is going to make that class of hypocritical hell-spouters look mighty cheap. That slander against the Creator has been allowed to hold the center of the stage just long a-plenty.

The fact that so many deaths occur in the early morning may be explained on the theory that some people would rather die than to get up.

I know a woman who has a dimple in her cheek so deep that it looks like a gimlet hole. And it gives her an awful bored expression, too.

$1,000 REWARD

I have decided to make a standing offer of One Thousand Dollars Reward to any man, woman or child who will find the term "immortal soul" or "never-dying soul" anywhere in the Bible, from the first chapter of Genesis to the last chapter of Revelation. This is an unconditional offer, without any ifs and ands about it, and it is open to any person anywhere who wants to undertake the job. All you have to do is to take a piece of paper and write on it the book, chapter and verse in the Bible where the term "immortal soul" or "never-dying soul" may be found, and send it to me by registered letter, and I will immediately mail you a cashier's check for $1,000.

If the human soul is immortal and cannot die, surely and undoubtedly the Bible somewhere mentions the fact; and if it does, then here is some mighty easy money for somebody. Address:

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON,
  Boomer, North Carolina.

The Fool-Killer

A Monthly Mustand-Plaster for the Blood-Boils of Society, Church and State.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

James Larkin Pearson, ... Editor
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A LITTLE SERMON ON ANGELS

I discover as I jog along that a whole lot of the orthodox woodenheads are all balled up on the angel business. When I was a little barefooted rascal going to the old-fashioned meetin'-house I used to hear 'em punish a song that went something like this:

"I want to be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my fore-head,
A harp within my hand."

And then the very minute one of them would feel a little pain across the small end of his misery somebody would have to go lickety-split for the doctor, and they would try every remedy under the sun that they thought might keep them from being an angel a little while longer.

And that put me to thinking. Even then, in my boyish ignorance, I could see that the good Amen Corner tobacco-squirters didn't want to be angels one half as bad as they pretended to. That kind of sam-singing is just about one per cent religion, nineteen per cent hyprocracy, and eighty per cent pure unadulterated ignorance.

I find some people yet who actually think that dead people go to heaven and become angels as soon as they die. They think all the angels they read about in the Bilbe are dead human folks that have been sorter vamped and made over and had turkey wings grafted onto their shoulder blades.

That is all very foolish and unreasonable. There was just as many angels in heaven before Adam was made as there is now. God isn't so poor and hard-run for material that he has to hang around and wait for somebody on earth to die in order to get the scraps to make an angel out of.

Angels are entirely a different order of creation from human beings. Angels are a higher order than man, just as the animal creation is a lower order than man and these different orders will not mix at all. You can't make an angel out of a human being, any more than you could make gasoline out of branch water.

It does look like the orthodox fools would learn a little sense sometime.

ECHOES OF THE BIG BUST

And Prussianism got another black eye.

The seditious spirit of 1776 still lives.

Just call it the New York Ass-embly, and let it go at that.

Now suppose we deport Hughes, Johnson and Mann.

What it takes to make radicalism grow—Mitch Palmer has it.

Well, the masterpiece of old Tom Jefferson had a narrow escape.

I suspect Mitch Palmer feels, like the little boy the calf ran over.

And where was Senator Overman when the breech-pin blew out?

Chairman Sweet, of New York Ass-embly, is what I call a june-sweetner.

No, no, Hiram you can't improve the temperature by putting the thermometer in jail.

Whipped Kaiser Bill and then surrendered to Lenine! Moly Hoses, what a shame!

Speaking of bombs and booms and the like, ask Candidate Palmer if he didn't hear somthing bust.

The difference between blockade and blockhead was not even as much as the sound indicates.

You can't cure a man's hunger by passing a law that he shall not ask for bread.

They tried to inflate their little anti-red balloon with Prussian hot air, and that's why it busted.

The raid was going to "nip" a whole lot of revolution in the bud, but it was the raid that got "nipped."

The anti-radical gun was loaded, all right, but the fool gunners didn't know which end it was loaded at.

Well, we must admit, anyhow, that Bryan helps to keep up interest. A Bryanless world would be a mighty dull place.

It did begin to look like Democracy had scared the Kaiser out of his skin for the express purpose of crawling into it himself.

Those five Socialists at Albany were five tacks that the plutocratic government jitney ran over and if ever there was a blow-out it was right then.

You can't prevent a boiler explosion by holding down the safety-valve. That is the very surest way to have a blow-up.

Let the Republicans put up Wood or Pershing if they want to. And let the Dems put up Palmer. Then Debs wouldn't need to run—he could just walk in.

Just for an experiment they might try making the government so free and fair and honest and so good to live under that nobody would want to overthrow it. Guess they just hadn't thought about that.

The plutes have sown more seeds of revolution in a few short weeks than all the passengers of the Buford could have done in a life-time.

I hid my copy of the Declaration of Independence during the raid. I wonder if it would be safe now to bring it out?

The fool, ignorant, fanatical overbearing, bonehead tactics of the rough-neck "patriots" has almost made the very name of "patriotism" odious.

A government that can fight enemy armies on fifteen different fronts all at once, and at the same time fight enemy lies all over the world, is entitled to some respect.

The nearest approach to the "anti-red" crusade was the anti-witch crusade in New England a few generations ago. And one was just about as insane as the other.

When a pin in a baby's clothes sticks it and makes it cry, the easiest and safest way to stop the crying is to remove the pin. Tell that to Palmer.

Since it is certainly wrong for Russia to try to overthrow our government, how comes it so right and proper for us to try to overthrow Russia's government? Don't all speak at once.

WHO IS HUNGRY, ANYHOW?

At last the blockade against Russia has been lifted, so they say. But dozens of different reasons are given as to WHY it was lifted. The very fact that the move was made just on the heels of a series of great Bolshevik victories makes it look a plum sight like the Allies were just whipped and had to surrender. That is the way the Bolsheviks look at it, anyhow, and I guess they are right.

But some folks will try to make it appear that the Allies were just so magnanimous and big-hearted that they wanted a chance to feed the starving people of Russia, and they couldn't do it until the blockade was lifted. Terrible doggon good all at once! But it wouldn't have looked so suspicious if they had opened their tender, yearning hearts at a time when the Red armies were not winning victoies right and left. It is going to be mighty hard now to convince the world that the Allies were not just cleverly whipped.

But the cry will come that we got sorry for the folks we were fighting, and wanted to feed them, because they were starving to death. That has been the song for many moons now—that the Bolsheviki were letting the people starve—that they were out of food, clothing and everything else. Isn't it a strange and unaccountable thing, then, how they could still stay able to wage successful war against the Allied world?

Now I want to call your attention very briefly to some editorial extracts from different papers. First we will hear what the Washington Post has to say:

"If the Allies are willing to give FOOD, perhaps they will also furnish arms and munitions to the Bolsheviki, with which to murder Poland and Rumania. Why not? It is as foolish to FEED the Bolsheviki as it is to arm them."

There the Russians are needing FOOD, you see.

Next, the Literary Digest quotes some big capitalist as saying:

"The idea that FOOD and clothing can be supplied adequate to make any impression on the suffering Russian people is an iridescent dream."

There the Russians are still needing FOOD, you see.

Then up steps our friend Herbert Hoover and says:

"If the blockade is opened the Bolshevik government must secure the import of FOOD and clothing at onse, and thereby great suffering will be mitigated."

Poor old Russia still needing FOOD imported to save her from starvation. I have put the word FOOD in capitals to impress on your mind how bad Russia is needing to be fed by the dear, big-hearted outside world.

But now the tune changes all at once. Just listen, if you please, to this one from the New York Evening Post:

"New York business men believe that Europe's FOOD situation was an important factor in bringing about the decision. IT IS SAID THAT THE FOOD WHICH MAY BE OBTAINED FROM RUSSIA MAY BE SUFFICIENT TO RENDER MUCH LESS DIFFICULT THE PROBLEM OF FEEDING EUROPE BETWEEN NOW AND THE NEXT HARVEST."

What's that?

I thought Russia was starving and needed FOOD sent TO her.

But here is a confession that it is the rest of the European nations that are starving, and that they decided to make peace with Bolshevik Russia in the hope of getting a hand-out.

Well I do say!

If that don't beat the very Old Scratch!

POLITICAL PEPPER

A new book called "The Wisdom of Woodrow Wilson" has just been issued. It must be a very small book.

Judging by the number of presidential bees abroad in the land, somebody must have kicked over a hive.

Prohibition never could come. But it did. Seems like it is nearly always the impossible that happens these days.

A South Carolina paper thinks the dove of peace must be a blue bird. Well, if it ain't, then it must take a whole heap to give it the blues.

I wish I had thought about calling Len Wood "a booted and spurred yellow streak." But Judge Frank Carter beat me to it. Anyhow, it kivers the ground purty thoroughly.

They said Bryan could never come back. But he is back. And he has brought his knitting and come to stay awhile.

After eight years of Woodrow, it certainly is cheeky for anybody to suggest Wood. The country doesn't need any more Wooden presidents just now.

Most of the "reforms" suggested by the old party politicians remind me of a little boy riding a wooden horse. There is lots of motion, but no progress.

DEBATE

Between Orthó Dox and Herry Tick

Herry Tick—Does living forever and never dying mean the same as being immortal?

Ortho Dox—Yes.

H. T.—If Adam had not sinned would he never have died?

O. D.—No.

H. T.—Then he would have been immortal, wouldn't he?

O. D.—Yes.

H. T.—But it turned out that he did sin, and as a result of that sin he died. That proves that he was mortal, don't it?

O. D.—Yes I reckon it does.

H. T.—Well, now, you have declared that Adam was immortal, and you have admitted that he was mortal. Which is correct? Was Adam created mortal or immortal?

O. D.—Both.

H. T.—How is that?

O. D.—Why, his soul was immortal and his body was mortal.

H. T.—How do you know that his soul was *immortal*?

O. D.—Why, I just know it.

H. T.—Yes, but HOW do you know it?

O. D.—Oh, can't explain, but I just know it. Everybody knows that the soul of man is immortal.

H. T.—How did everybody find it out? Does the Bible say the soul is immortal?

O. D.—No, it isn't in the Bible. It was so well known when the Bible was written that God thought there was no use of repeating it. God just took for granted that everybody knew it anyhow.

H. T.—Do you own any real estate, Mr. Ortho Dox?

O. D.—Yes, I've got a little home.

H. T.—Haven't got any deed for it, have you?

O. D.—Of course I have. You don't think [illegible] foolish enough not to have a deed, do you?

H. T.—But of course your deed doesn't mention your name nor say anything about the land being yours, does it?

O. D.—It certainly does. What are you talking about? What has the deed to my house got to do with the immortality of the soul, I'd like to know?

H. T.—I was just thinking that if as important a matter as the immortality of the soul could just be "taken for granted" and never mentioned in the Bible, then it looks like your deed might just "take for granted" that the property was yours and say nothing about it. I think you will have to admit, Mr. Ortho Dox, that such very important matters are never "taken for granted." If it would not be safe for you in fixing up a deed, then it would not be safe for God in fixing up a Bible. Don't you reckon God is at least as good a business man as you are?

O. D.—Yah-yah-yah-yah-yah—you old mean thing!

H. T.—Well, let's get back to the subject. "Taking for granted," as you say, that Adam had an immortal soul, which was the conscious and responsible part of Adam, his soul or his body?

O. D.—Why—why, I guess his soul was the conscious and responsible part.

H. T.—Then it must have been the soul that did the sinning wasn't it?

O. D.—Yes, I suppose so.

H. T.—Then why was the innocent body punished for what the guilty soul did?

O. D.—Oh, the soul was punished too.

H. T.—How was it punished?

O. D.—It died.

H. T.—But I thought you claimed that the soul was immortal and couldn't die.

O. D.—O. it didn't die litterally—it just died spiritually.

H. T.—What do you mean by dyeing spiritually?

O. D.—I mean—I mean—well, I can't explain it, but it died somehow.

H. T.—And yet it remained alive?

O. D.—Yes.

H. T.—What was the soul made out of?

O. D.—It wasn't made, exactly. It was just a part of God.

H. T.—Can a part of God die spiritually? Will God send part of Himself to hell to torment forever?

O. D.—I—I — dunno — I hadn't thought of that.

H. T.—If the soul was the conscious and responsible part of Adam—the part that sinned—it ought to have borne all the penalty. If the body was not responsible part and had nothing to do with the sin, why did the body have to die too? Was there two separate penalties passed upon Adam, or was there just one?

O. D.—I reckon there was just one.

H. T.—All right. And does the Bible anywhere describe that penalty in plain words so that we can know exactly what it consists of?

O. D.—I don't know as it does. I don't remember any place.

H. T.—Did you ever read Genesis 3:19? There God is going into details and telling Adam exactly what kind of a death He means. In Genesis 2:17 God tells Adam that if he disobeys he must die, but God does not specify at that place just what the death consists of. But in Genesis 3:19 He does. I guess God must have been talking to the soul of Adam if that was the part that did the sinning—and He says, "For dust THOU art, and unto dust shalt THOU return." Then the immaterial immortal soul that is a part of God and can't die, and yet does die, must have been made out of DUST, wasn't it?

O. D.—Excuse me—I just now remember an engagement that I have to meet. Good-bye.

You will read in one column of your daily paper that Russia ain't got any money, and that her credit is no good, and that she is right up against it all around. And then right kerdab over in the next column you will read about how the thousands of paid Bolshevik agents in the United States are abundantly supplied with Russian money, and they are going to buy the whole United States with it. Now the question I want answered is this: If the Russian home government is financially busted, where in the name of Peet does it get so much money to supply its paid agents in this country? One statement or the other must be a slight deviation from the truth.

Any one of the numerous sedition bills that have been before Congress would have suppressed the circulation of the Holy Bible.

Postmaster General Burleson could not go to the Jack-Ass-Onion Dinner, and so he sent a letter. But his postal service was so rotten that the letter didn't get there, either.

CLUB RATES

IN CLUBS OF FOUR OR MORE, 25 CENTS A YEAR

The price of single subs to The Fool-Killer is FORTY CENTS a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of Four or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 25 cents a year each.

At the very low price we make, it is impossible to give premiums to club-raisers, but thousands of people enjoy getting up clubs for the fun of it and to help out a good cause. You will enjoy it, too, and you are hereby invited to become a regular club-raiser. If you can distribute some samples into good hands, all they will cost you is to ask for them.

The Fool-Killer is now nearly ten years old. It has a large circulation in every state in the Union, and it also goes to several foreign countries. It has long ago passed the experimental stage and has become an established institution. Over 40,000 people are eagerly waiting for its arrival each month.

Send remittance by registered letter, express or postoffice money order, and make all orders payable to:

The Fool-Killer, Boomer, N. C.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow that works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and to keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is nearly ten years old, and getting older every month.

It preaches the truth so straight that each issue brings hundreds of old moss-backs and blind leaders of the blind to the mourner's bench in a trot.

It "gits 'em goin' an' comin'."

It retails at 40 cents a year, or 25 cents in clubs of four or more, and circulates all over the Benighted States.

If you don't like it, there is no law to make you take it.

If you do like it, you are hereby invited to subscribe and get up a club.

I want 50,000 new subscribers to this paper inside of the next six months, and so I do.

The Fool-Killer don't crawl behind a tree to talk.

It don't bust its crupper holding back to see what somebody else is going to say.

It is written with a red-hot poker dipped in razor-soup.

It rides the devil a-straddle without a saddle, and spurs him at every lope.

It is death to fools, rascals and hypocrites.

The Fool-Killer always tries to make a man laugh right big, and then cram a truth down him while his mouth is open.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

Tote this paper around in your pocket—when you go to church, the postoffice, the store, the mill, or whereever you go—and show it to everybody you see.

Ask them if they would like to sop their mental flap-jacks in my editorial molasses for awhile.

Be a missionary for this good cause.

If you can use a few sample copies, just send a wireless postal card.

Set a resolution to send in one club every month, at least.

☛ I want 1,000 agents who will agree to do that much.

THE FOOL-KILLER, BOOMER, N. C.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HINTON BURSON, R3, Roopville, Ga.—Dear Mr. Pearson.—I have just finished reading The Fool-Killer, and it brought plain truths to my mind that I had never got elsewhere. And not only the last paper but all that I have received have opened my eyes to truths that are reasonable, and I got a lot of those old hide-bound fools in some close places just by using truths that I find in The Fool-Killer. Your view of an endless torment has ever been my view since I got old enough to have any sense at all. Some men with the furrows of age on their faces will laugh at me for saying the Bible does not teach that there is a place of endless misery after death. And I wish old Pearson was present to sit down on some old pine log and tell him just how it is. I can see through the thing, but I can't explain it like you can. I wish I was able to show the whole matter with fair reason as you do. I would change their laughter into studying. Let me tell you what I think of a man that believes that old lie. He has let the other fellow do his thinking, also his reading, that's what's the matter. Not long ago I was talking to a goody-goody Baptist, and I told him what I believed about that old lie. And he said: "Well, if I was you I would be careful and not talk that before my children." I asked him why, and he said: "It will cause them to be bad men and women." Then I said that I wanted my children to believe the truth about anything, and I had long ago been convinced that his kind had slandered God with that old falsehood, and I didn't want my children to be that ignorant if I could help it. Well, I just want you to keep on giving us the same kind of stuff.

FRED SCHULZ, 74 Henry St., Brooklyn N. Y.—Dear Brother:—Pardon me for calling you brother at our first introduction to each other; but I am so much in harmony with your views as expressed in your very valuable paper, The Fool-Killer, regarding your political and religious views that I cannot help shaking your hand and calling you "brother." I don't know how you got hold of my address, but it does not bother me any; enough to say that I am mighty glad you sent me some copies of The Fool-Killer, for it has amused me every time it came to me. I intended many a time to send in my subscription, but I receive so much reading matter from all directions that I hardly get through with it all, and consequently forgot to send in my sub for your paper. Received Vol. X, No. 1, today, and being a very cold day I stayed at home tonight and read it through from A to Izzard, as you express it, and I assure you I laughed more than I ever did in any good vaudeville show. Your treatise on Luther is great; so is the "Sermon on Persecution," and the "Sermon on Souls." I agree on all points with you, religious and political, for I have held the same views for many years.

R. H. DONALDSON, Watts Sub-Station, Laurens, S. C.—I am sending you one dollar for four subs to The Fool-Killer. Send all to Watts Sub-Station. Jim, I like your paper fine. I was tickled nearly to death at what you said about the Cardinals. Put it to them till they feel it. Send me a few samples.

JOHN MILTON SAMPLES, Macon, Ga.—I want you to know that I have found the last two issues of your paper very interesting. Your views are sensible and well expressed. While I like the name "Good News" best, I agree that "The Fool-Killer" is more appropriate, considering the style of expression you employ. There are those who disagree with some things you say, but every one finds your paper interesting—and that is saying a good deal. Indeed, I find much to admire in you—your fearless, bold, sincere-sounding phrases are forceful and full of good sense. Your periodical is improving, and I wish you success. (EDITOR'S NOTE:—Thank you, Brother Samples, for your kind words. I knew you were a good generous-hearted fellow, but knowing you to be entirely orthodox (and a preacher besides, I believe) I hardly expected that you could appreciate The Fool-Killer at all. Most people of your kind are too dead set against my views to even acknowledge that they are interesting. It is a hopeful sign when leaders of orthodoxy will read and consider what I say. It shows that the light of truth is gradually breaking through into the minds of the people, and it will not be many more years until you will all have to openly acknowledge that I am right. Some of the most intelligent among you (such as yourself) are "almost persuaded" right now, if you would just own it. I know all about how hard it is to break away from the old errors of orthodoxy. I have been all along the road. We are all cowards, more or less, when it comes to a thing like that. We are not afraid of the truth when we find it, but we are afraid of what somebody will say about us if we dare to get out of the old rut. People who stand high as leaders in their church find it much harder to accept the truth than do those who have no "reputation" to lose. They think they never could face the scandal and disgrace of being called a "heretic." But they may have to face a worse scandal and disdrace than that some of these days if they don't get right.—J. L. Pearson.)

AUBREY O. PAINTER, Roxboro. N. C.—Well, sir, Mr. Fool-Killer, you haven't quite killed me yet, but you are pecking at me like a chicken in a slop-barrel. I am going to let you see what you can do for three of my brothers and some of my friends that have read your paper, and I think they like it fine. I am glad to say that The Fool-Killer is certainly worth taking. It is worth so much that it even teaches sweet potatoes to act the fool. I had some Fool-Killer papers in the potato cellar, and the potatoes had such good eyes that they read The Fool-Killer and they thought their time had come, so they rotted. Our old red rooster was walking around in the yard the other day crowing, "Hurrah for Pearson!" and I asked some one what he was doing that for, and they said they guessed the rooster had been reading The Fool-Killer. (Editor's Note:—You have got it backards about the potatoes, my friend. Sweet potatoes don't have eyes ,or at least they have mighty poor ones. They couldn't see to read The Fool-Killer, and that's why they rotted. If they had read it it would have saved them.—Pearson.)

My guess is that the next president well be Hoover, Bryan or Debs.

ANOTHER BOOGER-PATCH

Some poor, pitiful polliwog of an orthodox idiot who sails under the high and mighty name of "Rev. James Douglas, M. A." has flindered away and writ a book on the subject of Spiritualism. He calls the book, "Spiritualism: a Sin and a Crime."

Now that title is all right, for Spiritualism IS a sin and a crime. But the poor old fool completely spoils the effect of his book by writing it from the orthodox standpoint and taking for granted the immortality of the soul.

I wish to goodness I could get the wooden-headed warts of orthodoxy to see that the immortality of the soul is positively the only leg that Spiritualism has to stand on. Knock that out and the whole devilish scheme falls kersmash.

But we find that the entire strength of Orthodoxy is exerted to sustain this false leg on which Spiritualism stands while at the same time it is pretending to oppose Spiritualism. It reminds me of the old nigger Mammy who whipped her son Sambo for stealing green watermelons, but gave him to understand that it would be all right for him to steal ripe ones. And then she explained to him how he could tell when they were ripe.

"Ef hit goes 'Pink!' when you thumps hit wid yer finger, dat millyun am green. But ef hit goes 'Punk!' den hit am ripe. Now, you low-down, roguish nigger ,see ef you can 'member dat nex' time you goes to steal a worter-millyun."

So it seems that the difference between Orthodoxy and Spiritualism is just the difference between "Pink!" and "Punk!" Old Mammy Orthodoxy doe not object to her son, Rev. Sambo, D. D., visiting the spiritual watermelon patch in the dark of the noon, but she wants hi mto bring home spooks that will say "Punk!"

Orthodoxy thinks the spiritual watermelon patch is full of good healthy living spirits all right, but is as mad as the Old Scratch because the Spiritualists are pulling 'em green.

It is a strange and unaccountable thing to me that anybody can be so totally devoid of sense and reason as to hang on to a theory which is not only contrary to the Bible, but contrary to all reason and common sense. But if people are determined to be crazy idiots and believe that the souls of deal people are alive, then why in the very mischief are they unwilling to accept the proof that Spiritualism offers? As Dr. Conan Doyle says, one problem that even Sherlock Holmes cannot solve is why the church should oppose Spiritualism in the face of the fact that Spiritualism is trying to establish the church's main central doctrine of the immortality of the soul. It is sorter like a starving man refusing to eat a nice, warm dinner when it is set before him. From the orthodox standpoint Spiritualism is the very richest kind of soul-gravy, and it looks to me like the churches would just fall over each other to get their snouts in it.

Try your smeller on this bokay of nonsense quoted from the above-mentioned book:

"There is no case in scripture of a human spirit being permitted to hold converse with man after death, except that of Samuel, who was sent in God's anger."

Samuel's big toe! There goes the ignorant fool trying to argue that it really WAS Samuel that the old Witch of Endor called up for Saul to talk with. And he says that Samuel was sent in that case because God was mad. What an awful conception of God! To think that God, in a fit of anger, would establish Spiritualism in the world, and then have His churches fight it all the rest of their days!

Why, you poor simpleton, God had no more to do with that case than you did. Not a bit. And the spirit that talked with Saul was no more Samuel than the daddy of Tom Watt's old mule was Samuel. The whole thing was the devil's work—the very same kind of work he is doing today in all this Spiritualist business that is going on. And old man Saul lost his life for that very act of consulting that old witch. If you don't believe it, read 1st Chronicles 10:13.

Now does anybody believe that God would have sent Samuel to talk with Saul, and then killed Saul for talking to him? No, sir, that won't work at all. When you try to admit that as ONE case where a disembodied soul was allowed to come back and commune with the living, you let down the bars for other disembodied souls to do the same. And then you have no right in the world to kick against Spiritualism, because it is only following in your footsteps—coming in through the gap you have made for it.

But if you have sense enough to put up that gap and teach the truth that dead people are DEAD, and that they CANNOT come back and communicate with the living, then Spiritualism has no place to come in at. You have slammed the door in its face and knocked the last prop from under it.

Now, Mister Smarty, which are you going to do? Are you going to keep on holding that door open for Spiritism to enter, and then cuss it after it enters? Or will you shut that door against it and give it no chance to come in at all?

The Fool=Killer

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TWO OF A KIND

And now, honey, suppose we look at old Mammy Eddy's so-called "Christian Science" just a minute and sorter compare it with Orthodoxy's Immortal-Soul-ism, and see where it all leads to.

One of the main teachings of Christian Science, if I understand it, is that Matter does not really exist. Everything is Mind, or Soul, or Spirit, or whatever you pleae to call it. There is no tangible substance anywhere Your body does not exist. The clothes you wear do not exist. The house you live in and the ground you walk on do not exist. All things are just a creation of your mind, sorter like the snakes seen by a delirium tremens expert, and in reality they have no material existence.

All that stuff is a little too tenuous and moon-shiney for my horney-handed mentality to get hold of. It sounds to me like crazy talk.

Well, the old-line theology comes along and pats me on the back and says, "That's right, Pearson! You've expressed our views on Christian Science exactly. The idea of the non-existence of matter is absurd. Why, if matter didn't exist we wouldn't be here at all, and if we were here we wouldn't know it, and if we knew it we wouldn't have any way of letting anybody else know it. Such a life as that would not be worth much."

And so the orthodox brethern just rip and rant all over the place, cussing out Christian Science a heap wusser than I ever did. It makes them fightling mad to suggest that their fine churches, their long-coated college-foundered preachers, and their swell congregations do not exist. All these fine fixtures have cost too much real money to be ignored and brushed aside like that.

Looking at it from the standard of this present life, Orthodoxy is just as doubtful as I am about how a thing can exist and at the same time not exist. The preachers will even argue that a man here in this world wouldn't be a man at all if he didn't have a literal body.

Which is all good sound sense.

But in the very next breath they turn right around and say that what they said couldn't be, really is, after all. They say that when a man dies and his body returns to dust his "immortal soul" (without any material substance about it) goes off somewhere and lives in exactly the way that Eddyism says we are all living now.

And I want to know what's the difference, if you please. If a man's body is just a prison in which the real man is confined for awhile, and if the immateria.l soul can live just as well and know and enjoy just as much without the body, then what in the Tom Walker is the use for any of us to have bodies at all? It looks to me like God has gone to a whole heap of unnecessary trouble to make so many bodies for people to live in if they can live just as well without them.

So if you accept the Immortal Soul theory as correct, I don't see what's to hinder you from swallowing Christian Science at the same mouthful.

Now throw back your head like a hen drinking water and sit right still and let that soak in awhile.

POWER OF THE FUTURE

The world got along without coal for thousands of years. And thought it was getting along very well, I guess. Didn't know anything about the advantages coal might be, and therefore didn't miss it.

But today the world depends to a large extent on coal. Just look what a storm is raised when the coal-diggers go on a strike for a few weeks. Just look at the inconvenience to business and the actual suffering among the people that results.

So you see, honey-boy, that the world today is largely at the mercy of the coal supply.

But—Christopher Betsey!—what if the coal supply should give out? As a matter of fact, it will sometime. Maybe not just yet, but the time will come. The coal supply is not inexhaustable. There was just so much coal in the earth to start with, and there can never be any more made. It was formed away back in the Carboniferous Age, millions of years ago, and was not touched until recently.

But at the rate the world is using coal it can't last forever. The time will come when the last lump will be dug and consumed.

Then what?

Will industry and transportation stop? Will the people freeze? Naw, you crazy thing.

Not a bit of it.

Before the coal gives out some new source of heat and power will be discovered that will be a vast improvement on the old smoky coal.

This new source of power is likely to be the unlocked energy of the Atom. Men of science have been working on it for years, and one of the wisest of them recently said:

"I think we are on the brink of a discovery. It may take a century, but instead of burning 1,000 tons of coal, I believe our descendants will take the same amount of energy from a few ounces of matter."

That isn't a pipe-dream, even if it does sound like it. The men of science really believe it is possible and that it will soon be a reality. And when you look at it from the standpoint of world evolution and consider some of the things that have already been done, it isn't unreasonable at all.

Startling changes are certain to come about in the world's way of living, and that pretty soon. We are now almost ready to enter the Golden Age—the Millennial Reign of Christ on earth—and we know that the curse of "sweating for daily bread" is to be removed from the human race.

And so there will be developed some power so great that all the world's work can be done with a fraction of the labor and cost it now requires.

And these things are all to come about in a perfectly natural way. There will be no more miracle about them when they come than there is about the phonograph or the X-Ray or any one of a thousand other present day marvels.

"CHAFF" AND "FIRE."

It is the strangest thing in the world to me that people who seem to have common sense about other things can't have one bit of reason nor common sense about the meaning of plain scripture statements.

For instance, you write a letter to one of these "eternal torment" fanatics and tell him that you had a big chaff pile that was very dry and it caught on fire and burned up. He will not doubt it for a minute. He will just naturally see with his mind's eye a picture of your chaff-pile being consumed away by the devouring flames until it is all gone. It will never once enter his mind that your chaff-pile is lying there burning and tormenting forever and that it never will be consumed nor grow any less in bulk. In that case his common sense teaches him that dry chaff BURNS UP and consumes away to a little handful of ashes when fire gets into it.

But you go to that same man and read to him Matthew 3:12, where it says that Christ will gather his wheat into the granery, but he will BURN UP THE CHAFF with unquenchable fire. Then what does your good orthodox brother do about that? Why, bless your gizard, he seems to forget all about the lesson he learned from your chaff-pile, and he rears up on his hind legs and swears that chaff does not burn up, but that it just burns and punishes right on through enternity and never does get consumed. That's the kind of a fool caper he will cut, and we all know there is no sense in it.

The very fact that CHAFF and FIRE are used as an illustration proves that the idea which the inspired writer wanted to convey was the idea of COMPLETE DESTRUCTION. Everybody understood that fire would burn up chaff completely. If God had been trying to convey the idea of endless existence in torment he would not have selected for his illustration a material that would burn up so quickly. Instead of chaff he would have said asbestos—something that will not burn up at all.

Building For the New Age.

Side by side throughout the world today there is moving two parellel lines of activity. One is the activity of destruction. All the old order of things with which we have long been familiar is being torn down and destroyed. Looking only at that part of the performance it seems that civilization is headed for the scrap-heap in a powerful hurry. But there is aonther side to it. There is a great work of reconstruction going on, and wherever the old out-of-date things are destroyed they will soon be replaced with something better. We are just now beginning to build for the Golden Age, but there is a great deal of tearing down yet to be done. You see the old junk just has to be gotten out of the way before the new structure can be built.

UNLUCKY TO BE WITH GOD.

The following is an extract form a patriotic oration delivered last July in a North Carolina town. The speaker, himself a war veteran, was addressing his surviving comrades in memory and in honor of the heroic dead. Which was all very nice and proper. But here is where he spoiled it.

"Comrades, they are gone; they are dead; they have made the supreme sacrifice. Their bodies sleep in their tombs of clay and their souls are at rest with God, and we know not how lucky and how fortunate we are to be here today."

Get that? He says those who have managed to stay away from God are lucky and fortunate ,which is the same as saying that those whose souls are at rest with God are unlucky and unfortunate.

That is a strange kind of talk. Why is it such a misfortune to be in heaven with God? Why are those left behind in this troublesome world so much more lucky and fortunate than those who have arrived safe in glory?

That orator didn't mean to slander God, nor to insinuate that heaven was an undesirable community; but he simply allowed his old orthodox teaching to run away with his common sense. If he had stopped long enough to consider how it sounded he never would have said it.

But that's the kind of nonsense that the "immortal soul" teaching always leads to . Why will people be such fools?

About Personal Letters.

If you have written me a personal letter and haven't received a reply, just let me remind you that there are always hundreds of such letters on my desk waiting for an answer, and many of them never get it. Goodness knows I WANT to write to every one of you, but I have so much else to do that I just can't get time. My time is all taken up with the regular mechanical work of getting out the paper, and I have mighty little chance to write letters. Remember, this is a "one-man" business and I have to do it all.

I read in a magazine a few days ago where some big stuck-up plutocrat remarked that if he could have his way he would shoot with his own revolver any man who called himself a Bolshevist. And yet his objection to Bolshevism is based on the assumption that the Bolshevist is guilty of the very same kind of lawless conduct that he himself would like to be guilty of—"if he could have his way." Yes, if that murderous-minded fool could "have his way" there would be just one more Bolshevist in the world that would need shooting, and I would advise him to try the first shot on himself. A pretended "patriot" who handles that kind of talk is a hang-taked sight more dangerous than the reddest "Red" that ever wore whiskers.

The Fool-Killer

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BOTH BLUNDER ALIKE.

The orthodox leaders of today are in just exactly the same fix as the orthodox leaders of two thousand years ago. The Jewish Big Ikes of that day were very cock-sure about everything. They had read the prophets and thought they knew exactly how the coming of the promised Messiah would be. In their minds there wasn't the least bit of doubt about it, and there was no use to argue with them—they had it all cut and dried.

But what happened?

Why, bless your grandaddy's rumatiz, their calculations and interpretations were so far wrong that when the Messiah came they did not recognize him at all. Because his coming was so different from the program they had mapped out, they rejected him and put him to death as an impostor.

Now the swell-headed churchanity of the present day thinks it is wiser and better than the Jews were. It thinks there is no chance for it to get caught in the same trap that they were caught in. And so it has figured it all out about how the Second Coming of the Messiah will be.

But I want to remind you right here that the expectations of modern Orthodoxy are just as far from the track as were the expectations of the orthodox Jews in A. D. 1: In fact, the first mistake was only a type of the second mistake.

It has always been true and always will be true that the big popular doctrine is wrong. The very fact that a doctrine becomes widely accepted and believed in by the upper-crust of society is positive proof that it is an error. God chooses the foolish and weak things to confound with wise and mighty, and this rule hardly ever fails.

The Second Coming of the Messiah will be just as different from what you have been taught to expect as his First Coming was different from what the Jews had been taught to expect. He will not only come at a TIME that he is not expected, but in a WAY that he is not expected. The very fact that the general orthodox world has its mind made up to look for him in ONE WAY is positive proof that he will come in SOME OTHER WAY.

If the Jews had calculated right the first time, then we might have reason to suppose that orthodoxy has calculated right this time. But just as the type was wrong the antitype MUST be wrong, otherwise the type would not be a type at all.

But we must remember that there is always a FEW that can see the truth, and they are generally of a class that the world looks down upon in scorn and comtempt. While the orthodox Hebrews were making that miserable blunder of rejecting the humble Nazarene, there was a little bunch of dispised "heretics" who recognized him as the True Light and followed him. And so must it be in the days of the Second Appearing. The popular theology will turn out to be absolutely mistaken at every point, while the little bunch of dispised "heretics" will prove to be on the right track.

This, also, is worth thinking about.

If natural and inherent immortality is the "Great hope" of the human race, as Orthodoxy claims, then I wish you would please tell me what sort of a "hope" it was that Jesus Christ brought to the world. Don't all speak at once.

SPIRITISM ON A BOOM.

Anybody that pretends to keep up with these times cannot be ignorant of the great boom in Spiritism that is now sweeping over the world. It is generally conceded that the war is largely responsible for it. The millions of people who have lost friends and loved ones in the great conflict are easy victims to the delusion that maybe their friends are still alive and able to send messages back to those left behind.

The old false teaching of the immortality of the soul has prepared the way for this other false teaching that the alleged "immortal souls" can talk to us. And so the war-bereaved have fallen for this shell-game of the devil to beat anything that was ever before known. It has become the universal fad, and every conceivable method of "communication" is being used. It seems that the "Ouija Board" is one of the favorite tools in this popular game of the devil. It is a very plain and innocent looking board, with the letters of the alphabet strung around over it, and some kind of a "pointer" attached to it. And the claim is that the disembodied souls use these lettered boards to spell out messages to their friends in the flesh. Ouija boards are getting to be as common as dirt. In the cities they are selling at the ten cent stores so fast that the merchants can hardly keep them in stock.

And they DO get some kind of messages from SOMEWHERE. There is no use to deny that. The dupes who dabble in this stuff believe the messages really come from their departed friends . And yet the messages never contain anything that is comforting or helpful. They are usually the very silliest sort of nonesense and entirely unlike what we would reasonably expect from people who had made the Great Adventure.

I am thankful that there are still a few people who have got sense enough to understand where and how these "spirit messages" originate. Of course they really come from the devil, simply because they COULDN'T come from anywhere else. Old Satan is smart enough to take advantage of the wide-spread belief in the immortality of the soul, and he goes ahead and impersonates the departed friend from whom a message is expected.The dead person is dead and knows nothing about what is going on, but if the devil can make people believe otherwise he has gained his point.

People who beileve in the immortality of the soul cannot consistently oppose Spiritism, for it merely claims to PROVE what they say they have always believed. How can a person hang on to the BELIEF and at the same time reject the PROOF?

Spiritism has certainly got the orthodox churches in a close place. They will either have to give up their immortality lie or swallow Spiritism whole, one or the other. And I predict that this very question is going to split the churches as wide open as a boot-jack.

Boys, there is just one plain, simple and easy way out of it, and you just as well acknowledge it and get right without any more fuss about it. Quit teaching your old lie about the immortality of the soul, and go to teaching the TRUTH that dead people are DEAD. That will put the fixins on old Mister Satan and his Spiritism racket.

"JESUS WEPT."

Another Debate Between Mr. Ortho Dox and Mr. Herry Tick.

Herry Tick—Well, Mr. Ortho Dox, we will now discuss the resurection of Lazarus at Bethany. What do you think about that case, anyhow? Do you suppose Lazarus was really dead?

Ortho Dox—Oh, yes, his body was dead.

H. T.—I didn't ask about his body—I asked about him. Do you think Lazarus HIMSELF was really dead?

O. D.—There you go, trying to tangle me up the first thing. The answer to your question depends on what we consider to be the real Lazarus HIMSELF.

H. T.—That's it exactly. That's just what I am trying to find out. What part of Lazarus do you think was his REAL SELF?

O. D.—Well, my preacher has always told me that the soul is the real person, and that the body is just the house that the person lives in.

H. T.—Well, suppose you take your preacher's word for it and consider Lazarus's soul as the REAL Lazarus, then you don't think the REAL Lazarus was dead, do you?

O. D.—No, I guess not. Of course his soul was alive in heaven.

H. T.—But didn't Jesus tell his disciples that Lazarus was dead? What did he do that for? Why didn't he tell them that Lazarus's HOUSE was dead? Don't you think Jesus left a wrong impression by saying that Lazarus was dead when he knew that he was not?

O. D.—Oh, he said it that way because that was the common manner of speech. People just SAID that a man was dead when his body died.

H. T.—But if that manner of speech was misleading—if it really wasn't true—don't you think Jesus would have known that it wasn't true?

O. D.—Yes I guess he must have known that it wasn't true.

H. T.—Do you mean to tell me that Jesus knowingly became a party to a deliberate and wilful falsehood?

O. D.—I—I—there you go again, trying to catch me in a trap.

H. T.—No, I am not trying to catch you in any trap. I am just asking plain and reasonable questions, and if you make false answers and tangle yourself, that is none of my lookout.

O. D.—Well, go on. I'll try to keep my answers straight from now on.

H. T.—All right Now tell me this. It says that "Jesus wept" when he came and found the sisters and friends of Lazarus weeping. Now if Lazarus was in heaven, alive and happy and all right, what in the world was Jesus weeping about? Why didn't he explain to Mary and Martha that their brother was alive and happy in heaven and that there was nothing to cry about? THEY evidently believed that their brother was DEAD, and that was why they were weeping. If Jesus knew that their brother was not dead, why didn't he tell them so? It seems strange that Jesus would have overlooked such a good chance to comfort the sorrowing sisters. But instead of doing that, he joined in and wept with the others. Can you give any reasonable explanation of such strange conduct?

O. D.—No, I don't believe I can. It does seem strange.

H. T.—Indeed it does. And here is another strange thing about it. Jesus asked, "Where have ye laid him?" He didn't ask where they had laid his old hull, but "Where have ye laid HIM?" Wasn't that mighty strange talk to be having about a man who was alive in heaven? And then when he got ready to restore Lazarus back to his friends, where did he go to find him?

O. D.—He—er—er—er—I reckon he went to the tomb.

H. T.—That's right—he went to the tomb. And he told them to roll the stone away from the mouth of the tomb. It seems strange that he would have done that if he knew Lazarus was not in there . And then you remember he called with a loud voice—and what did he say? Did he say, "Lazarus, come down from heaven and crawl back into your house of clay?"

O. D.—No, I have to admit that he didn't say it that way.

H. T.—You are mightly right he didn't. What he DID say was this: "Lazarus, come forth," indicating that he was to come out through the opening that had been made by rolling the stone away. There was not a word said about him coming down from heaven. It says that he came forth bound hand and foot with grave clothes. Now what was it that came forth bound in grave clothes, and where did it come from?

O. D.—I—I—I reckon it was Lazarus's body and it came out of the tomb.

H. T.—It does not say a word about either the BODY or the SOUL of Lazarus. It is talking all the time about Lazarus HIMSELF, and it shows plain enough that the entire being—all there was of him— came forth out of the tomb. If any part came from anywhere else there is nothing said about it. Can you give any good reason why Jesus would have talked so much about the old dead house that Lazarus had lived in ,and even raised it from the dead and presented it back to its family, and all that—and yet never said a word about the REAL Lazarus that was alive up in heaven? I say, can you explain it?

O. D.—Yah—yah—yah—you old mean thing!

BOTH SIDES OF IT

The old-fashioned orthodox folks have always preached to us that the home of the saved would be up in heaven—some place away from the earth—and they usually spoke of it as being away beyond the stars.

They told us that all the good people would go up to that heavenly home above the skies, and all who didn't go up to that heavenly home would go down to an everlasting burning hell of endless torment, located somewhere below.

But just how they were going to get their hell BELOW without putting it inside of the earth was never explained to my satisfaction. It is a scientific fact that the only way you can go DOWN is to go toward the center of the earth. The minute you start AWAY from the earth in any direction you are going UP.

The reason I know they didn't aim to have their endless hell down inside of the earth is because their system of theology requires the earth to be totally burned up and destroyed. And that, of course, would put an end to their hell, supposing it to be inside of the earth.

If you tell these orthodox folks that wicked people will be utterly burned up and destroyed, they will shake their fist in your face and swear it ain't so, because nothing ever can be destroyed like that. And then they will turn right around and say the earth WILL be destroyed in that very way. The which is sorter kuris to me.

Then along came the Adventists and said that nobody would ever go to heaven, but that the earth would remain forever and that the home of the saved would be right here on earth.

That sounds a little more reasonable.

But I finally made the discovery that both views are partly right and both partly wrong. The fact is that there will be two different classes of saved people, according to the scriptures, and the state or condition of these two classes will be entirely different. The go-to-heaven people are partly correct in their views in so far as the Bride Class is concerned. This Bride Class, or "little flock," WILL go to heaven in the sense of being up above the earth in the atmospheric heavens, but they will never go away off beyond the stars, as the old theology has it. They will be given spiritual bodies and will occupy the atomspheric heavens surrounding the earth. In my opinion these spiritual bodies will be capable of being made visible or invisible at will, just as the body of Christ was after his resurrection.

The only time to get into the Bride Class is during this age, before Christ begins to rule the earth. Because the Bride is to rule WITH him and must therefore be complete before he begins to rule.

Now the Bride Class was all that the old theology could see or know anything about. It was believed that all who didn't get in the Bride Class and "go to heaven" would be lost in hell and have to torment forever.

Bnt when the Second Adventists came along they saw the other side of the plan. They saw that the Bible taught the earth was to be renovated and made over into a Paradise for saved people to live in, and they jumped at the conclusion that ALL the saved people would live on the earth in the natural human state. They entirely lost sight of the Bride Class, which is just as plainly taught in the Scripture as the earth class.

And so there were two directly opposite views, and both of them true, only the old theology put its heaven too far away and sent its Bride there too soon.

And now some of us have been permitted to see both sides of the matter, and thus harmonize the conflicting views. The old theology will have the satisfaction of seeing its spiritual folks in heaven (just the atmospheric heavens, however—not away off beyond the stars, while the Adventists will have the satisfaction of seeing their earthly class of saved people living here in the earthly paradise.

And so all hands ought to be satisfied. I am afraid, however, that the old orthodox folks will raise a big fuss because they can't have their pet hell of endless torment like they expect.

But then you just can't please everybody, nohow.

Yes, my dear sheep, that is exactly what I said. The doctrine of eternal torment for the wicked is a lie and a slander against God. Many people still believe it ignorantly, and I am sorry for them. But a great many pretend to believe it who certainly do know better. And The Fool-Killer is going to make that class of hypocritical hell-spouters look mighty cheap. That slander against the Creator has been allowed to hold the center of the stage just long a-plenty.

$1,000 REWARD

I have decided to make a standing offer of One Thousand Dollars Reward to any man, woman or child who will find the term "immortal soul" or "never-dying soul" anywhere in the Bible, from the first chapter of Genesis to the last chapter of Revelation. This is an unconditional offer, without any ifs and ands about it, and it is open to any person anywhere who wants to undertake the job. All you have to do is to take a piece of paper and write on it the book, chapter and verse in the Bible where the term "immortal soul" or "never-dying soul" may be found, and send it to me by registered letter, and I will immediately mail you a cashier's check for $1,000.

If the human soul is immortal and cannot die, surely and undoubtedly the Bible somewhere mentions the fact; and if it does, then here is some mighty easy money for somebody. Address:

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON,
Boomer, North Carolina.

CLUB RATES

IN CLUBS OF FOUR OR MORE, 25 CENTS A YEAR

The price of single subs to The Fool-Killer is FORTY CENTS a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of Four or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 25 cents a year each.

At the very low price we make, it is impossible to give premiums to club-raisers, but thousands of people enjoy getting up clubs for the fun of it and to help out a good cause. You will enjoy it, too, and you are hereby invited to become a regular club-raiser. If you can distribute some samples into good hands, all they will cost you is to ask for them.

The Fool-Killer is now nearly ten years old. It has a large circulation in every state in the Union, and it also goes to several foreign countries. It has long ago passed the experimental stage and has become an established institution. Over 40,000 people are eagerly waiting for its arrival each month.

Send remittance by registered letter, express or postoffice money order, and make all orders payable to:

The Fool-Killer, Boomer, N. C.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow that works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and to keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is nearly ten years old, and getting older every month.

It preaches the truth so straight that each issue brings hundreds of old moss-backs and blind leaders of the blind to the mourner's bench in a trot.

It "gits 'em goin' an' comin'."

It retails at 40 cents a year, or 25 cents in clubs of four or more, and circulates all over the Benighted States.

If you don't like it, there is no law to make you take it.

If you do like it, you are hereby invited to subscribe and get up a club.

I want 50,000 new subscribers to this paper inside of the next six months, and so I do.

The Fool-Killer don't crawl behind a tree to talk.

It don't bust its crupper holding back to see what somebody else is going to say.

It is written with a red-hot poker dipped in razor-soup.

It rides the devil a-straddle without a saddle, and spurs him at every lope.

It is death to fools, rascals and hypocrites.

The Fool-Killer always tries to make a man laugh right big, and then cram a truth down him while his mouth is open.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

Tote this paper around in your pocket—when you go to church, the postoffice, the store, the mill, or whereever you go—and show it to everybody you see.

Ask them if they would like to sop their mental flap-jacks in my editorial molasses for awhile.

Be a missionary for this good cause.

If you can use a few sample copies, just send a wireless postal card.

Set a resolution to send in one club every month, at least.

I want 1,000 agents who will agree to do that much.

THE FOOL-KILLER, BOOMER, N. C.

CORRESPONDENCE.

J. S. BUTCHER, Blackwell, Okla.—I got my first paper a short time ago, and sure am pleased with your way of teaching the Scriptures. And the wife's page to a Brother in Babylon is sure good. So I felt it my duty to help the good work along, so I picked up a few subscribers yesterday, and will now turn them over to you. I will put their names and addresses on another sheet ,and hope you will get them all right.

G. C. BARNES, R. 7, Winston-Salem, N. C.—I have just been reading your paper called The Fool-Killer, and like it very much, and am sending you a club of four at 25 cents each. Please send us the paper for one year. You might also send me some sample copies.

WM. T. YEAGER, Export, Pa.—Enclosed find $2.25 for which you will please enter the accompanying names on your list, and extend my subscription another year. Just give them the best you have in the shop, and I will send you some more in the near future.

JOHN M. DENNY. Wirt, Okla.—Dear Sir, Comrade, Brother, Friend and Fellow Worker.—I have been reading your good paper for some time and I appreciate your efforts along the line of better things for humanity. So I am enclosing you one dollar for four yearly subscriptions. Yours for all humanity.

H. S. JACOBS, R.7, Pine Bluff. Ark.—This is the third year I am subscribing for your paper. I like your doctrine very well. I always try to get those people who have never read your paper on my clubs, so all may hear of your dope and begin to think. Enclosed find $1.50 for which send The Fool-Killer one year to each address on serapate sheet.

C. B. CLAYTON. 212 E. Bath St., Covington, W. Va.—Enclosed find check for $1.50 for which send The Fool-Killer to this list for one year. This is a group of mechanists with whom I work, and who were interested in your views on the labor question, etc., seen in a copy of The Fool-Killer and passed among them. Best wishes for your success.

B. T. WHITE, R3, Warren, Ark.—Enclosed find check for one dollar which is to pay for four subs to The Fool-Killer. I happened to have one and carried it up to the mill where I was working to let a fellow-worker see it, and the result was that those fellows began handing me the quarters saying, "Here, will you have The Fool-Killer sent to me?" I said, "I am not an agent for it, but I will send in your subs." One copy is well worth the price of a year's subscription.

G. W. CUMBUS, 720 Chase St.. Athens, Ga.—We have in Athens, Georgia, some near-fools that need to be killed, and that is why we are calling on The Fool-Killer man again. Here is a list of fools we want you to kill just as quick as you can by sending your paper to them for one year. And I want you to do the work jam-up and be sure you do not quit when it is just half done.

M. V. TANNER, Milledgeville, Ga. I have read your January issue. It is a fine paper. Just one eye open and half-thinking ought to make a smash on every reader. So I would like some sample copies. If convenient send several. I promise, the Lord willing, to place them and take them up and replace them two or thee times. Yours in the One Hope.

REV. W. J. DAVIS, Box 242, Ozark, Ark.—Check enclosed herewith for $4.00 for these 16 subs. And more to follow. I like your paper for the truth it contains, and for the Christian spirit and the unique way you say things, also the name of your paper—all these things attract attention and whet the appetite for the next issue.

G. W. MADDOX, R3, Hoschton, Ga.—Enclosed find one dollar for four subs. I have been reading your paper for some time and like it fine. Please send me a few sample copies—I want to start your paper in this country. Hurrah for you! Keep the good work going.

SALLIE ADAIR, Havana, Ark.—Enclosed find one dollar and a list of subscribers. I like your little paper fine. It is the best medicine I have found for the blues. I like the way you have of telling the truth, and there is not anything we need worse than the truth.

W. B. ANDERSON, Rt. B, Box 113. Lake City, Fla.—I like your paper fine. I think it is just full of truths. Would be glad if everybody in the whole world could get just one copy, at least. It would do the world good. Please send me a few sample copies and I think I can send some clubs.

E. N. HANEY, Gore, Okla.—Please change my paper from Spiro, Okla., to Gore, Okla,. as I don't want to miss any of that dope you peddle, as I am just like you—I don't believe in eternal torment or going to heaven when I die. I believe it means just what it says. My Bible tells me this earth will be the home of the saved, and that is what I am looking for—my King and His Kingdom—and God speed the time, is my prayer.

DR. M. S. STOUGH, Dothan, Ala.—Enclosed find check for $1.75, for which please send Fool-Killer for one year to the enclosed club of seven. You are getting better in the truth with every issue.

P. H. HOOKER, Box 146, Townley, Ala.—You will please send The Fool-Killer to the accompanying four addresses, for which you will find enclosed one dollar. Please put these names on your list at once, as they are rock-ribbed believers in your little Fool-Killer. Yours for the cause of humanity.

Slowly but steadily the world is learning a little sense about Russia. A little dribble of truth is beginning to seep through the big dam of lies that the plutes have built around Russia. Yes, honey, I know that last expression sounds sorter like "dam lie," but I didn't use it as a cuss word. So don't you go off and say that Pearson cussed.

JOSEPH AND HOOVER

I have been contending all the time that the United States of America is in some sort of sense the antitype of Joseph, the Dreamer. In fact, it seems reasonable to me that the main body of our people—although indeed a very mixed population—may be direct lineal descendants of Joseph.

If you will just read in Genesis where Jacob in his old age blessed the two sons of Joseph, and also where he spoke to all of his own sons together, telling them what would happen in the last days, you may get a new idea about Joseph.

You remember Joseph had two sons named Ephraim and Manassah, and Manassah was the firstborn. But when old man Jacob went to give them his blessing he put his right hand on the head of Ephraim, the younger, and his left hand on the head of Manasseh, the firstborn. And when Joseph called Jacob's attention to the fact that Mannasseh was the older and tried to make him change his hands, he refused to do it, saying:

"I know it, my son, I know it. He also shall become a people, and he also shall be great; but truly his younger brother shall be greater than he, and his seed shall become a multitude of nations."—Genesis 48:19.

And then a little further along in chapter 49,where Jacob is "telling the fortunes" of his boys, as you might say, we read:

"Joseph is a fruitful bough, even a fruitful bough by a well, whose branches run over the wall."—Gen. 49:22.

We see that both of Joseph's boys were to be great, but Ephraim was to be the greater, and was to become " a multitude of nations."

What about that multitude of nations? Who are they and where are they? It certainly does not mean the Jews, because they didn't come from Joseph at all—they came from Judah. And the Jews are only one nation, anyhow, and not a very big one at that. I can't get away from the notion that there must be several great nations in the world today who are of the seed of Joseph. And we would naturally expect the greatest of the Joseph nations to be the seed of Ephraim. What nation could that be except the United States, which is admittedly the greatest nation in the world today?

Remember, again, that Joseph is a fruitful bough, even a fruitful bough by a well whose brances run over the wall. A well carries with it the idea of water, and the "wall" might be the Atlantic or Pacific ocean. Anyway, Joseph's branches were to spread out—run over the wall—and produce fruit in some other part of the world.

I find so many things in the history of the United States that correspond to the history of Joseph that I am just about certain there is a connection between the two. It would make this article too long to enumerate all the similarities I have in mind. But, for one thing, Joseph was sent away into a foreign land, where he became great and was used as an agency for feeding the world in a time of great food shortage. He was the Herbert Hoover of that time.

And now, during the war and since the war, the United States has had to pracitically feed the world. And the one man in the United States who has done more than any other man to keep the world from starving is Herbert Hoover.

It may be more than just an accident that Herbert Hoover is now being looked to from all sides as the man best fitted to be our next president. And it may mean something, also, that he has no politics, so far as anybody can discover. Both Democrats and Republicans are talking about nominating him. It is even suggested that he may be nominated by both parties. which would be a new thing in American politics.

Joseph became very wealthy after he became governor of Egypt. The United States is the richest nation in the world—corresponding to the Egypt of Joseph's time— and Hoover is a multi-millionaire and a long-headed business man.

And, last of all, looky here how these words correspond as to number of letters:

DREAMER JOSEPH
HERBERT HOOVER

That fact may not mean anything, but—but—well, form your own conclusions.

TOM WATSON.

Thomas E. Watson. the red-headed cyclone of Georgia, is coming around. He is a "red" from away up the creek, although the red is now somewhat mixed with gray.

I remember a few years ago Tom used to cuss out the Socialists with every cuss-word he could lay his tongue to. But during the war he got a dose of persecution and suppression himself and learned what it tasted like, and now he knows how to sympathize with Debs and the other victims of our patriotic American Kaiserism.

Tom is now demanding in words that fairly sizzle that Debs be turned out of prison. About the next crack out of the box he will be offering to vote for him. Tom is all wool, a yard wide and a foot thick.

The Great Goggle-Eyed Elick! Here is another "rich bull" from Herbert Hoover. Still discussing the Russian situation, he contends that the Russian people have no money to buy anything with, and that nobody is going to give them credit, and he sees where the whole Soviet government is going to collapse in a few days. And then right in the next breath he says this: "One thing that needs to be guarded against in the United States is that our frontier and port officers must redouble their vigor against the export to us of Bolshevik agents, propaganda, and MONEY to create revolution." Opened his mouth and put his foot in it just as nice as you ever saw. Since I wrote my piece about "Joseph and Hoover" I am about getting ready to take it all back. I am afraid Hoover is going to turn out to be a tolerable bum sort of a Joseph, after all.

Jesus said that he came to purchase immortality for such as would believe on him. But the popular creeds say that Jesus didn't know what he was talking about, because everybody are naturally immortal anyhow and don't need any help from Jesus to keep them from dying. That is the devil's theology. He made it in his own work-shop, and if you will examine it right carefully you will find the print of his old claws on it.

The Fool-Killer

Volume X. Boomer, North Carolina, April, 1920. Number 4.

PRINT PAPER STILL CLIMBING.

The price of print paper these days is enough to just about take a feller's breath. Even roll paper for web presses is ten to twelve cents a pound in car load lots. But I've got enough to run me till August, and I aim to have some more, even if I have to pay fifteen cents for it. You can just bet your tuther breeches that The Fool-Killer ain't going to die for want of paper as long as it can be gotten at ANY price. I would have been mighty glad to hold the subscription price down to fifteen cents a year in clubs, like it used to be, but it just couldn't be done. After all, 25 cents ain't much in this day of cheap money, so tell the boys to dig it up and send it in.

COME AGAIN, MR. BODIE.

Mr. A. B. Bodie, of Wagener, S. C., has joined the ranks of those who are trying to get that thousand dollars. He refers me to the 15th chapter of First Corinthians and advises me to read verses 42 and 54, and he thinks that will convince me that we have an immortal soul.

Well, my dear Mr. Bodie, I have read that chapter more times than you have got fingers and toes, andI suspect that I understand it at least as well as you do. And, as I said to Clara in another article, the verses you mention are the very strongest sort of proof AGAINST your position. You will notice that wherever immortality is mentioned it is spoken of as something that must be obtained hereafter. Take the 53rd and 54th verses of that chapter. Those two verses alone are enough to knock the socks off of your "immortal soul" argument. The 53rd reads this way. Listen:

> For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

How in the Tom Walker do you figure it out that we are going to PUT ON something that we already had on all the time? For instance, if I say, "Mr. Bodie must put on his breeches," do I mean that Mr. Bodie already has his breeches on?

Thomas Jefferson was guilty of "sedition" when he wrote the Declaration of Indepnedence and advocated the overthrow of the then existing government in this country. Patrick Henry was a "criminal agitator" when he made that "liberty or death speech. Say, Mister Fraid-of-your-shadder, why don't you read some history and learn something?

POOR CLARA!

Dear Sir:

I saw your reward in the fool killer and wish to ask you to read the second chapter of Roman Seventh-verse. Six chapter of first Timothy sixteen and nineteen verse. If it don't mean that the soul is never dying please explain what it means in your paper. If it does I am awaiting my reward.

Your Truely,
CLARA PAINTER.

Dear Clara:

Your ignorance is profoundly refreshing. You couldn't have picked out three verses anywhere that would have been a stronger argument AGAINST the position you try to hold than the very three verses you have mentioned. Here is your first one:

> To them who by patient continuance in well doing SEEK for glory and honor and immortality, eternal life.—Romans 2:7.

There it is clearly shown that immortality is a thing that people must SEEK for, and how in the name of common sense could you SEEK for something that you already possess? This verse shows very plainly that nobody has immortality YET, and that only those who by patient continuance in well doing SEEK for it will EVER have it. A person with just sorter tolerable common sense ought to see as plain a thing as that.

Then here is your next reference, First Timothy 6:16. In order to get the true sense of what it is talking about you must go back to the 13th verse and read up. You will see that it is talking about the King of kings and Lord of lords "who only hath immortality." Now if the Deity Himself is the ONLY ONE who hath immortality, as this verse positively declares, then what becomes of your big claim that all people are naturally immortal? Huh?

And then your third reference, the nineteenth verse of that same sixth chapter. Let's turn to it and read it:

> "Laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life."

Hear that, Clara? It says that if you have laid a good foundation by living right and accepting Christ as your personal Saviour, then in the TIME TO COME you can lay hold of and GET eternal life. Which sounds to me like pretty good proof that you are not now in possession of eternal life. But if you think that you naturally have eternal life whether or not, I guess you will not put yourself to any trouble to lay a good foundation, so that you might in the time to come GET eternal lift through the merits of Jesus.

Now, Clara, there are your three verses held up to the light, and I think you will have to admit that they prove exactly the opposite of what you wanted them to prove. If that is the best you can do at putting up scripture arguments, I advise you to go a leetle bit slow next time. Do be Careful hereafter and not bite off more than you can chaw.

THE NEW YORK ASS-EMBLY.

Throw up your old hat and holler!

The country has been "saved" again!

The New York Ass-embly did it.

After several months of political bulldozing under the guise of "investigation," the political Kaisers and Czars of the New York Ass-embly have succeeded in unseating the five duly-elected Socialist representatives.

And thereby 60,000 duly qualified voters of the State of New York are disfranchised and left without representation in the Ass-embly.

What for?

Had these five men committed any crime?

Yes, they had committed the terrible and unpardonable crime of belonging to the Socialist party.

That was all.

There was absolutely nothing else proven against them.

But merely being a Socialist was crime enough in the eyes of the sanctified jackasses that boss things around Albany.

It was plainly the indictment, trial and conviction of a political party—a party whose representatives sit unmolested in the law-making bodies of every other nation in the world.

If the reactionaries of England, France, Italy, Germany, or any other nation of Europe should undertake to unseat the Socialist members there would be hell to pay in short order.

The other nations know better than to try it.

But because Socialism has never yet shown itself quite so strong in this country as it has in Europe, our hell-roarin' "champions of liberty" and "friends of representative government" think they can run over it rough-shod.

Of course they are just dense enough to not realize that such an act as that will make Socialism grow and spread faster than it ever did before.

They have given the Socialist agitators more thunder and better thunder than ever came ready-made to the hand of any party on earth.

And don't you forget to remember that the Socialists will use it.

And there are places in the South today where it is just as much disgrace to be a Republican as it is to be a Socialist.

ARE WE ALL CRAZY?

Are the American people all fools?

Or cowards?

Or have they lost confidence in the ideals of free government promulgated by the fathers?

Or what IS the matter?

Time was when our leaders believed that the hard common sense of the majority could be trusted. They believed that freedom of thought and speech for every person constituted the best safeguard against the evil schemes of vicious minorities.

They belived that every theory was entitled to a fair hearing, and that every bad or dangerous theory would be automatically rejected by the people.

They believed that the surest way to kill a mental disease germ was to let the sunlight of publicity strike it.

They believed that a pleased and humored crank was less dangerous than a snubbed and sulky one.

In short, the fathers of this Republic had an abiding faith in the ability of the people to take care of themselves.

But in these decadent days a little handful of self-appointed bosses around Washington think they must be the sole judges of what a hundred and ten million Americans may read or hear.

Mitch Palmer and his gang of rough-neck "patriots" seem to think they are the only people that have got any sense. They act as if they thought the great masses no longer capable of thinking and judging for themselves. And so these self-appointed "guardians" must see to it that we poor weak-minded people are not exposed to any "radical influence" that might lead us astray!

The shame of it!

I say, gentlemen of the jury, that if the hundred and ten million people in this country have sunk so low in the scale of moral and intellectual sanity that they have to be watched over by a gang of political pirates—I say it is time for us to shut up shop and quit trying to run a government at all.

How in the very thunder does it happen that all wisdom and virtue and sanity are confined to one or two little squads of flea-bitten flips around Washington and Albany? If all the rest of us are such blankety-blank fools that we can't take care of ourselves, reckon how come them fellers to be so thunderation wise?

There is plenty more to say on this subject, but I've got to stop right here, before I get so mad I'll have to cuss.

I admit that there are spirit beings that exist without a visible material body, but man does not belong to that order of creation.

The Fool-Killer

A Monthly Mustand-Plaster for the Blood-Boils of Society, Church and State.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

James Larkin Pearson, ..- ..- Editor
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Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

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Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Boomer, - - - - North Carolina.

LIES, LIES, LIES, O LIZA JANE!

The root of our troubles today is lying—official lying, unofficial lying, deliberate lying and imitative lying, says The New Republic.

The people of this country begin to know that.

The Supreme Council at Paris has acknowledged it.

All the hysterical intolerance of these days originated in the central lie about Russia.

The Rusian lie is the father of lies.

For lie, miserable, sneaking lie, it has been.

It was a lie that the people of Russia were calling for military intervention.

It was a lie that they believed in Kolchak and Denikin.

It was a lie that they did not prefer the Soviet government to anything offered them by he Allied generals and the monarchist cliques.

It was a lie that they had nationalized their women.

It was a lie that they had nationalized their children.

It was a lie that they proposed to invade a peaceful Europe.

It wa a lie that we remained at Archangel to guard stores.

It was a lie that Soviet Russia declined the Prinkipos proposal.

It was a lie that Soviet Russia had not offered peace with honor and with guarantees.

And because these lies were the base of a policy of lawless invasion, disgraceful intrigue, bloodshed, devastation and famine, they have had to be established by every device known to panic and credulity.

As the result of these lies about Russia the world has been filled with persecution, cowardice and distrust.

If the stupid nonsense that the mediums pretend to get from the spirit is the best chin-music that the disembodied souls can hand out, it is high time for somebody to remark, "What fools these immortals be!"

"ABSOLUTELY INIMICAL."

Legislative representation has been denied the Socialist party in New York, and 60,000 voters disfranchised, because the Jackassembly of that state has decided that the platform of the Socialist party is "absolutely inimical to the interests of both state and nation."

Just why a few dozen prejudice-blind political pap-suckers, armed with a little brief authority, are so much better qualified to say what is "absolutely inimical" than 60,000 American voters, is a mystery that has not been cleared up yet.

In the state of Michigan a huckleberry by the name of Newberry ran for the United States Senate against Henry Ford. On the face of the returns the "berry" was elected. But charges of fraud and corruption were brought up, and now the "berry" has been tried and convicted and sentenced to two years in the penitentiary.

Did the United States Senate rise up and apply the toe of its number ten to "Senator" Newberry and kick him out?

Not enough so that you would notice it.

No-sir-ee-bob!

He is a "good Republican," and the Republican majority in the Senate is uncomfortably small, and they need "Senator" Newberry in their business.

Of course it would never do to lose a perfectly good Republican Senator on account of such a little thing as his having bought the office and corrupted the electorate of a great state.

Evidently it is the sense of the Senate that wholesale election frauds and spending money to buy a seat in the Senate is not serious enough to be classed as "absolutely inimical to the interests of both state and nation."

Crime and corrupion in politics are rather honorable accomplishments when committed by Republicans or Democrats.

But just let a Socialist be guilty of something not half so bad, and he will be hung in about seventeen languages before you could say scat.

Unless Newberry has decency enough to resign he will remain a Senator in good standing. If he is brazen enough to do it he can occupy his bought seat in that august body and vote on all questions and have his vote counted.

And he will never serve a day of his two years' term in the pen.

You can just gamble on that.

But there is Berger, the Socialist, who was twice elected to Congress, and twice kicked out, although nobody disputed that he was HONESTLY elected, and he was not guilty of any crime at all except the crime of being an honest man and saying that he didn't believe in the war.

You never see Berger mentioned in the plute papers as "Congressman Berger." He is just "old Berger."

But it's "Senator Newberry" this and "Senator Newberry" that, until it's enough to make a dog sick.

And there is Debs, the great-hearted friend of humanity, the silver-tongued orator, whose shoes Newberry is not worthy to black, and Debs is dying by inches in the Atlanta Federal Penitentiary—for no crime at all except the crime of belonging to the party whose platform is "absoluely inimical."

It amount to just this:

The plutes can commit any crime they please and it is all right.

No hint of danger to our "sacred institutions."

No big scare about "overthrowing the government."

Oh, no!

But any man or party that has got backbone enough to buck up against the great plute machine—Gee Whiz! Why, that's "absolutely inimical," don't you know?

WHY WE STAYED OUT.

Well, honey, it begins to look like we-unses here in the old U. S. ain't very keen to get into the great League of Nations.

In fact, it looks like we have given it a mighty cold shoulder, considering that our own darling Woodrow went to Paris and made it and fotched it home in his vest pocket.

Most everybody thought away back then that the League of Nations was the real truck, and they all took for granted that Uncle Sam would certainly jine it in some way or other.

But now, bless yer gizzard, it seems that Uncle Sam prefers to play in his own yard, and if Europe wants a League she will have to make it and run it all by herself.

Now some folks may think it was just partisizan politics that kept us out of the League, just because the Republican Senators wanted to be contrary.

But there is a deeper reason than that. If you will dig down into your old Bible and find out what the League of Nations really is, and study the teritory that it is designed to cover, you can readily understand why the United States COULD NOT become an active member of it.

The great Image that Nebuchadnezzar saw in a dream, as recorded in the second chapter of Daniel, is universally admitted to be the Sacred Calendar of Prophecy. It represents the history of the four successive Gentile empires to which sovereign supremacy in the earth was transferred from the Jewish nation when the latter became unfaithful.

A different representation of the same four empires was given to Daniel in his vision of Four Beasts which came up out of the sea, as recorded in the seventh chapter of Daniel. You will notice that the fourth beast had ten horns, which means the same as the ten toes of the Image.

The legs and feet of the Image represent the Roman Empire. And the ten-horned fourth beast also represents the Roman Empire. That is one point on which all students of prophecy agree. So it must undoubtedly be right.

Now here we come to the point that concerns the League of Nations. The original Roman Empire has seemingly been out of existence for a long time. It has been broken up and changed so that it does not seen to be the Roman Empire any more. But many of the best Bible students contend that the nations which now exist in the old Roman territory are in reality a continuation of the Roman Empire. And some the deepest thinkers on the subject are strongly of the opinion that the Roman Empire is to be re-established on exactly the same territory that it occupied before. It will not be CALLED the Roman Empire, of course, but it will represent the final phase of the last Gentile dominion. It will consist of ten nations divided equally between the Eastern and Western divisions of the old territory of the Caesars. The legs were created during the Empire's former existence, by the division into the Eastern and Western parts, about 394 A. D. But the ten toes have never been exactly defined.

The ten toes—five on each foot—must be in existence when they are struck by the Stone cut out of the mountain. The Stone, of course, represents the Fifth Universal Empire, the Millennial Kingdom of Christ.

Now it seems reasonable to me that the present wholesale readjustment of national boundary lines in Europe—the tearing down and setting up of nations—will finally result in just exactly the right number of states within the old Roman territory. And these states must be bound together in a Federation similar to what the League of Nations would be. And any territory that lies outside of the realm of the ancient Caesars cannot be included.

That's why the Irish question is so hot just now—because Ireland is outside territory and must be separated from England.

That's why France got part of Germany—because that portion was in the Roman Empire, while the rest of Germany was not.

We see that Germany is not to be admitted as a member of the League, and this explains why.

Likewise, we see that Russia is refused admittance, and we can now see the plain prophetic reason of it—because Russia is outside of the old Roman Empire.

And the United States, we all know, is far removed from Caesear's territory, and that is the divine prophetic reason why the Senate of the United States refused to ratify the Peace Treaty with the League of Nations in it.

Now do you know?

One time about two thousand years ago it was just as big a crime to be a "Jesusite" as it is now to be a "Russellite." Did you ever let that thought roost on the front elevation of your think-box.

The legislature of North Carolina should be eternally thankful to the legislature of New York for relieving it of the disgrace of being the most wooden-headed legislative body on earth.

A BIG DOSE
For the Doctor

R. F. D. 2, Marietta, S. C.

Mr. James Larkin Pearson,
Editor The Fool-Killer,
Boomer, N. C.

Dear Sir:

Enclosed you will find remittance for a year's subscription to your paper. I like very much your religious views and am with you as far as you expressed your views in the copy some one sent me.

But I can't share with you in your Socialistic views. We all know our present Democratic government is bad enough, but I'm pretty sure a Socialistic government could not possibly be one-half as good. You have just to stop and read of Bolshevik Russia and the riots, bloodshed, rapine and murder there. Then American Socialism is bound to lead to a world revolution, and right into Bolshevism you go. Me? No Socialism for me. I understand that in your Community Government the government provides for the women and children, and men and women go together just like the brute creation. I say most emphatically no such government can exist very long in an enlightened and civilized country. Socialism is fine on the surface, but rotten at the core, if I have correct information about it. (But the trouble with you, my friend, is that you have no correct information about it.—Editor). Our Saviour never taught Socialism, as I understand it. In fact, according to the Scriptures, no Christian (and especially the overcomer) has any business in politics, nohow. And if you are running for the overcomer's place you ought to stay out of politics.

As I said above, I can heartily agree with you on your religious views. Don't worry about politics in the least. Pursue your fun, with your wit, humor and sarcasm. Wake up the benighted so-called Christians, and your paper will flourish like the green bay tree.

I believe I could get you a number of subs if it were not for your views on Socialism. Well, now, understand me rightly. I don't know you to be an out-and-out Socialist, but infer the same from your writings.

Very respectfully yours,
JOHN M. CRENSHAW, M. D.

Well, Doctor, now that you have got it out of your system I hope you feel better. And I hope you will permit me to say a few words in reply. I know you are all right, Doc, and I ain't nary bit mad at you for calling me a Socialist. The charge isn't exactly true, but so near it that I shall not take the trouble to deny it.

First, I want to call your attention to the fact that being a Socialist is not such a terribly dishonorable thing as you seem to imagine. If you will take the trouble to investigate you will find that nearly all the world's greatest thinkers and writers are Socialists. Take the poets as an example, and they are a pretty true index to the highest and best thought. The poets are indeed our modern prophets. It often seems that they really have the gift of foretelling the future. Edwin Markham's great poem, "The Man With the Hoe," written many years ago, was a prophecy of this day. And Markham is a Socialist. The late James Whitcomb Riley, the best-loved poet that America has ever had, was an ardent Socialist and a bosom friend of Eugene Debs. The late Ella Wheeler Wilcox, whose name is a household word wherever English poetry is read, was a regular firebrand of Socialism. Of the younger generation of living American poets, nearly all of them are Socialists. To name just a few: Sara Teasdale, Witter Bynner, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Edgar Lee Masters, Vachel Lindsay, Louis Untermeyer, Carl Sandburg, Max Eastman, Harry Kemp, Berton Braley, and dozens more—all Socialists. Make out a list of all the well-known poets, novelists, and purely literary people all over the world, and investigate their politics, and you will find that nine out of every ten of them are Socialists. The great Jack London, author of more than twenty masterpieces, was what you would call an extreme Socialist. So is Upton Sinclair. So is Frank Harris. The outstanding literary figure of Great Britain is George Bernard Shaw, a Socialist. The most popular British novelist, who wrote three "best sellers" during the war, is H. G. Wells, a Socialist. The great master, Tolstoy, who towered above those around him like a poke stalk in a sallet patch, was a full-blooded Socialist. Burn all the great literature of the past thirty years that has been written by Socialist writers, and you will burn it just about all.

Why is it that so many of the great thinkers and writers are Socialists? The best answer I can give is that it is BECAUSE THEY ARE THINKERS. And when a man begins to THINK it is just as natural for him to become a Socialist as it is for a duck to swim.

The civilizations and governments of men have never yet stood still in one place long enough to become "rooted to the spot," as the saying is. They are always moving on. There is a Divine Plan which overshadows and encompasses all the little plans of men. Tennyson tells us that there is

"One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation
moves."

Tennyson was in one of his prophetic moods when he wrote that. But he lived and wrote ahead of his time (as poets always do) and it took the world a good while to discover that he was a prophet. The poet has a mental vision that can penetrate into the future and get a glimpse of "that far-off divine event," which we are glad to believe is not as far off now as it was in Tennyson's day. The class of people who get this vision of a better time ahead, very naturally surge forward toward it and leave the crowd behind. These are pointed out as poets,

Continued on page 4.

CLUB RATES

IN CLUBS OF FOUR OR MORE, 25 CENTS A YEAR

The price of single subs to The Fool-Killer is FORTY CENTS a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of Four or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 25 cents a year each.

At the very low price we make, it is impossible to give premiums to club-raisers, but thousands of people enjoy getting up clubs for the fun of it and to help out a good cause. You will enjoy it, too, and you are hereby invited to become a regular club-raiser. If you can distribute some samples into good hands, all they will cost you is to ask for them.

The Fool-Killer is now nearly ten years old. It has a large circulation in every state in the Union, and it also goes to several foreign countries. It has long ago passed the experimental stage and has become an established institution. Over 40,000 people are eagerly waiting for its arrival each month.

Send remittance by registered letter, express or postoffice money order, and make all orders payable to:

The Fool-Killer, Boomer, N. C.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow that works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and to keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is nearly ten years old, and getting older every month.

It preaches the truth so straight that each issue brings hundreds of old moss-backs and blind leaders of the blind to the mourner's bench in a trot.

It "gits 'em goin' an' comin'."

It retails at 40 cents a year, or 25 cents in clubs of four or more, and circulates all over the Benighted States.

If you don't like it, there is no law to make you take it.

If you do like it, you are hereby invited to subscribe and get up a club.

I want 50,000 new subscribers to this paper inside of the next six months, and so I do.

The Fool-Killer don't crawl behind a tree to talk.

It don't bust its crupper holding back to see what somebody else is going to say.

It is written with a red-hot poker dipped in razor-soup.

It rides the devil a-straddle without a saddle, and spurs him at every lope.

It is death to fools, rascals and hypocrites.

The Fool-Killer always tries to make a man laugh right big, and then cram a truth down him while his mouth is open.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

Tote this paper around in your pocket—when you go to church, the postoffice, the store, the mill, or whereever you go—and show it to everybody you see.

Ask them if they would like to sop their mental flap-jacks in my editorial molasses for awhile.

Be a missionary for this good cause.

If you can use a few sample copies, just send a wireless postal card.

Set a resolution to send in one club every month, at least.

I want 1,000 agents who will agree to do that much.

THE FOOL-KILLER, BOOMER, N. C.

A BIG DOSE

For the Doctor.

(Continued from page 3)

dreamers, visionaries and Socialists. The big crowd that has not seen the vision and does not want the world to move at all—it swings back and hollers "Whoa!" It puts chunks under the wheels and tries to make the world stand still. But in spite of all the stand-patters can do the world continues to move. And it moves always in the direction that the poets and Socialists have gone.

The world has always let its poets and prophets starve to death, and then after a hundred years or so it builds monuments to them and worships them.

It is not a bit strange to me that Socialists are misunderstood and persecuted and lied about. It is part of the discipline that it takes to make them strong in the faith. A giant would never know how strong he was if he never had anything to lift. To be misunderstood and persecuted is the highest testimony of worth. A paper string is never heated red-hot and hammered with a sledge—but a steel chain is. A horn botton has never been through the fire—but a gold coin has. Pilate's little yaller dog was never crucified—but Jesus Christ was.

I started out to be a poet, but ended up by being a Socialist, if you are going to insist that I am one. I have known what it is to be hungry and nothing to eat. I have known what it is to be in rags and nothing to wear. I have known what it is to be in debt and nothing to pay with. I have known what it is to be an outcast and no one to take me in. And I have not forgotten. That's why I know so well how to sympathize with the "under dog."

Your pious, well-fed citizen, who has never felt the heavy hand of oppression and the pinch of poverty—he cannot understand the state of mind that breeds unrest among the submerged millions. Because he is well fixed in the world and satisfied with the present order of things, he thinks everybody else ought to be satisfied, too. He thinks the unrest is just a wrong mental attitude which can be suppressed by law and stamped out by force.

But I know better than that. I know that there is a deep-seated CAUSE for the unrest that now prevails everywhere, and I know the disease can never be cured until the CAUSE is removed.

Of course radicalism can go too far, just as conservatism can go too far in the opposite direction. Maybe the extreme revolutionary radicals in this country needed to be held in a little, but I am here to tell you that the reactionary plute forces of the government went at it in a very wrong way. That frenzied and fanatical "Anti-Red" campaign of arrest and deportation was the very best thing for the radical cause that could possibly have happened. It simply advertised the "reds" and their cause and drew to them literally millions of sympathizers that they could not have gotten in any other way.

The action of the New York Ass-embly in refusing to seat five duly elected Socialist representatives was another gun that kicked backwards harder than it shot forward. That case will go down as one of the blackest and most disgraceful chapters in the history of American plutocratic class-rule. Right there is where the plutes over-stepped themselves again, and such another storm of protest from all parties and classes has never been seen in this country. I hope you have followed the case. But if you have depended on the capitalist daily papers for your news you did not get the truth about it. The average daily paper positively WILL NOT tell the truth about anything that pertains to the great class struggle if it can possibly find a lie to tell. There may be a few exceptions, but they are about as scarce as hens' teeth. Some of them can primp up their editorial mouths and talk awful santified on the editorial page, while at the same time they are lying like the very OLD Scratch in their news columns.

That's what ails yourself in connection with Russia and the Bolsheviks. You read terrible things in the papers, and you never one time stopped to consider that very likely it was all just a big pack of lies. So you just gulped it all down for the truth and got terribly excited about it. Probably you would have acted a little differently if you had known the newspapers as well as I know them.

Of course crimes and excesses have been committed by every nation that was in the war, our own not excepted. It is always so in war. The war itself was the crime of the ages. But if the full and impartial truth about all sides could be known, I dare say there would not be any more "riots, bloodshed, rapine and murder" set down against the Russians than against some of the rest of us. Our papers were careful not to tell about the crimes that OUR side committed. And you thought, because the papers didn't tell about it, that OUR side didn't commit any crimes. But that's where you miss it. They have ALL done it just about alike. But if you had been reading German or Russian papers only, you would have read all about OUR "riots, bloodshed, rapine and murder," and nothing about theirs. So it goes, and we are all tarred with the same stick. Say, Mister, don't you ever use your head for anything except to keep your collar from slipping off? Try using it to think and reason with a little and you will have to admit that I am right.

And the only trouble about what you "understand" to be the social condition in Russia, where you say the "men and women go together just like the brute creation," is that there is not a word of truth in it. Time after time that lie has been exposed and proved to be a lie, but the plute papers keep on circulating it just the same. I have just as good PROOF about this matter as it is possible for anybody to get, without actually going there and seeing for themselves, and MY information is that family life goes on in Bolshevik Russia just as it does in other countries, and that the women are more highly honored and esteemed than ever before. And it is a fact that the Lenine-Trotsky government has dotted the land with schools where the unlearned peasantry is being educated as fast as possible. In this respect Bolshevism has done more for Russia in two years than Czarism had done in all the centuries since Ivan the Terrible.

I am not defending Bolshevism as a system of government. It has its faults, and maybe it has some purty bad ones. I don't suppose Lenine himself would claim that it was perfect. But the main big reason why it gets so much cussing from the outside is because it is "different." It represents a radical change from the old way of running governments. It is a new "wrinkle" on the horn of the world. It is one kind of Socialism, evidently; but it is not the same as American Socialism by a long shot. Under ordinary conditions the two ideas would be bitterly antagonistic. The reason there seems at present to be a thread of sympathy between them is because they are forced to fight a common enemy—Plutocratic Czarism.

Say, Doc, am I giving you too big a dose all at one time? Well, just be patient, and I will find a stopping place somewhere before long. About 50,000 other people are interested in thishere chin-music and will read every word of it whether you do or not. So just keep your shirt on and hold your tater.

Now looky here. You claim that you heartily agree with me on my religious views. Well, then, you evidently believe that these old Gentile governments (the feet and toes of old Neb's image) have about run their course. You evidently believe that the Jews are to be re-established as a nation in the Holy Land, in fulfillment of prophecy. You evidently understand that the nation thus set up will be the Fifth Universal Empire, and that it is destined to rule the world for at least the next thousand years, with Jesus Christ on the throne of his father David in Jerusalem. You evidently believe that the national resurrection which we now see going on in Palestine is a sure sign that "He whose right it is" will soon step in and take possession of the Kingdom.

Well, now, if you have got any eyes at all you can surely see that these beliefs involve the overthrow of nations; and the overthrow of nations lands us right kersmack into politics and links us up with all the political problems. I am trying to get you to see that these dispensational truths are so closely connected and so intimately associated that I can't shoot at one without hitting the other. I can't even express my views on the Millennial Reign without taking the position that all other governments must go down. And the minute I say anything like that I am in danger of being classed as a "revolutionist."

But to me the Bible plainly teaches that all these present governments must end—SOME TIME. And if the time has now come, and if I see it and tell you about it, does that make me to blame for its coming? If I don't discuss the signs that indicate to me the approaching collapse, how am I going to say anything about it at all?

If it is true, as I belive, that the Old Age is now passing out and the New Age coming in, it certainly involves some mighty sweeping changes in the world's affairs.

Well, then, let us look around and see who is ripe and ready for a change, and who is not.

Are the Republicans ready to give up our present capitalistic system of government? No indeed! They say this old skin-or-be-skinned arrangement is good enough for them. All they want is the offices, and the government can remain as it is.

Are the Democrats ready for such a change as we now see approaching? No boy! You bet they are not!

Well, then, the question arises: What political group IS ready and eager for such a change as we have in mind?

The Socialist group, of course. The poets, dreamers, visionaries and Socialists who caught a glimpse of the Better Day away back yonder and have been pressing toward it ever since?

Now can't you see how natural it is for me to lean toward the political group that has "followed the vision" and now stands ready to welcome the Better Day?

The Socialists have always made one mistake. They have entirely ignored God and overlooked the Divine Plan and tried to do it all themselves. Now they see the goal in sight, and they honestly believe they have brought it about by their own unaided efforts. But the fact is, they have been following God's plan without knowing it.

I think the Socialists are in for one more bad disappointment. They will soon have control of the governments of the world, with a free hand to carry out their plans for a man-made Millennium.

But I am sorry to say they will fail just about as bad as the capitalist governments have failed. They are trying to do the right thing in the wrong way. But even that is more commendable than not to be trying at all. The other political parties are not trying at all.

And when the Socialists also fail and have to give it up—right there is where Jesus Christ will manifest his presence as King of Kings, and he will show the world how to make a Paradise on earth. That is what we are waiting for.

—James Larkin Pearson.

The Fool-Killer

Volume X. Boomer, North Carolina, May, 1920. Number 5.

THE BONUS

There is a scheme on foot, I note,
  Among the plutocrats who own us,
To buy the soldier boy's vote
  By giving him an extra bonus.

The plutes who did not go and bleed
  But sat at home in safe protection—
They didn't think how they would need
  The soldier's vote at the election.

But now the competition's strong
  To see which gang of office slackers
Can toll the soldier boy along
  With "promise" pie and "bonus" crackers.

The carpenters who built the camps
  Got ten bucks without hardly trying;
One buck, said our official scamps,
  Was quite enough to pay for dying.

Alas, when voting time draws nigh,
  And office itch is burning hotter,
They think of that official pie,
  And all their mouths begin to water.

But if the soldier men who fought
  Are half as brave as they have shown us,
I do not think they can be bought
  With any politician's bonus.

—James Larkin Pearson.

ANOTHER STRAW VOTE

An agricultural magazine called "Farm Life" is also conducting a straw vote which begins to look interesting. All the farm papers, you know, are extremely patriotic and loyal to the administration. They have all pointed to Woodrow Wilson as a second Messiah, and they have cussed the "radicals" and "Socialists" till you could almost smell sulphur. Quite naturally, then, it would seem that the bulk of their readers would be of the same stripe. It looks like they would just fall over each other to vote for Wilson and Palmer. One would think that Palmer especially would certainly get a heavy vote among that class of readers, because of the distinguished service he has rendered the country by rounding up "reds" and by keeping that criminal Debs in prison.

But, lo and behold, the latest report on Farm Life's straw vote shows that the vote for that same criminal Debs is just equal to the combined vote of Wilson and Palmer! In other words, Wilson and Palmer are just half as popular among the farming population as the man they are keeping in prison.

Great raw-hide and bloody-bones! What are we headed for next?

I hate mighty bad to ask so many embarrassing questions, but I would just like to know if you have seen any "democracy" going around loose in your neighborhood.

"MOULDING PUBLIC OPINION."

I am a newspaper man. I have worked on daily papers, and I know something about their dirty tricks and their dishonest, lying habits. I know that nearly all of the big daily papers are just as low-down sneaking mean and dishonest as the devil wants them to be. They simply WILL NOT tell the truth in any matter that pertains to the great class struggle if they can possibly find a lie to tell.

And the big dailies set the pace for most of the big weeklies and monthlies. They all think they must trot right along in the same filthy track and tell the same sort of lies that the dailies do.

Whereever the daily press can manufacture a lie that will show up Socialism, radicalism or the labor movement in a bad light, they spread it plum across the front page in letters as big as cow-tracks. But if there ever comes up a truth so big that they can't entirely ignore it, they put a machine head on it (and a misleading one at that) and bury it among the advertisements away over at the back of the paper where nobody will ever see it.

And they call that "moulding public opinion!" For pity's sake! When will the public learn to have some opinions of its own, without having them "moulded" in such a skewter-godlin manner as that?

Now, Mister, maybe you can begin to see through some of the blood-and-thunder yarns you read about Russia. Maybe you will be able to stand it without fainting when I tell you that nine-tenths of your "riots, bloodshed, rapine and murder" never happened anywhere except in the clabbered cocoanuts of hired plutocratic newspaper writers. And your terrible jeeminy-fit about "men and women going together like the brute creation" came from the same source. There was never a word of truth in it. Time after time the independent and labor press of America have published positive proof that the charge was a lie, but the plute press never made the correction.

Adding More Horrors to Death.

The thought of dying is not pleasant to any of us, even when we believe that death is a condition of sleep and total unconsciousness. But if we had to believe that we would still be alive after we die ,and that we would have to spend eternity tapping tables, ringing bells, manipulating ouija boards, and sending fool "messages" back to earth through some fetch-taked "spirit medium"—sarn my skin if death wouldn't be a terrible thing, sure enough!

"MOVEMENTS" AND "DRIVES."

It is only about eight years ago that Mister J. Plutocrat Morgan and a few other millionaires got up a new "movement" to which they gave the hifalutin name of "The Men and Religion Forward Movement." These sanctified millionaires were going to organize the religious resources of the country on a "business" basis and just take the soul - saving job out of God's hands and run it themselves.

Their idea seemed to be that they thought God was sorter old-fashioned in His methods of saving the world, and that He was not making the headway that might be made if better business methods were applied to the work. They probably would have admitted that God was doing very well considering His chances, but because he had never been to business college, and had never had any experience in Wall street, they were sorter sorry for God and proposed to step in and show Him how to run His business.

These sanctified plutes had it all figured out on a money basis, and they could tell you exactly how many dollars and cents it would cost to save one soul. It was all a matter of money, and they were going to put their millions behind it and just "save souls" to beat the very Old Scratch.

That was Mister Morgan's "Men and Religion Forward Movement," and there was just about as much real Christianity in it as there is virtue in a public prostitute. The whole thing was an effort to pull the wool over the eyes of the common people and make it appear that the pot-bellied plutes were winged angels sent from heaven to save the world. It was an effort to lull the poor industrial slaves to sleep and make them forget the hell of their present living conditions while they dreamed of a heaven somewhere in the future.

But the scheme didn't pan out quite like Mister J. Plute Morgan and his millionaire pals thought it would. The common people didn't show much eagerness to have their souls saved by the Morgan method, and so in the course of a year or two the great "Men and Religion Forward Movement" just quietly petered out and we never heard any more about it.

But just now it seems that the plutes have decided to try their litle game of "saving the world" again. This time they have harnessed up the Babylon preachers and hitched them on in the lead, and they have named their new wool-pulling apparatus "The Interchurch World Movement." And inside of this big "movement" there are all sorts of little "movements" and "drives" to raise big piles of money. In this case, just as it was in the other case, MONEY is the whole thing. But the plutes got the idea that the preachers and the churches would make good bait, and that the poor devils would follow them into the millionaire trap.

The pretended purpose of this new "movement" is to unite all the various denominations into one big working machine—a sort of "League of Churches" like the League of Nations was going to be. And millions of good honest church people are right in for it. They don't seem to realize that they are helping to form the "Image of the Beast" spoken of in Revelation. But that is exactly what it amounts to. We all know the Church of Rome is the Beast, and the "league" of protestless Protestant churches will be the Image of the Beast, just as sure as you are a foot high. And because all the orthodox churches separately are now dominated by the devil, it is plain to see that when he gets them organized into one big "league" he can use them still more effectively.

But he will not use them very long. Did you ever read in the New Testament where it talks about "gathering the tares into bundles to burn them?" They are now tying up the tares into "bundles" and "leagues," and they will soon be burnt. Just wait and see.

GETTING THE SENSE OF IT

There is a great deal of theological stuff written these days by writers who may possibly know what they want to say, but they havent' the ability to say it so that anybody else can get the sense of it. Many papers come to this office containing articles on the disputed questions of theology, and half the time I can't tell which side of the question the writer is trying to support. The language is so tangled up and the thought so poorly expressed that there is no sense in it.

But I find one group of religious thinkers who have the Truth so well in hand that they have no difficulty in expressing it so it can be understood. These people are dangerous "heretics" in the eyes of the orthodox world, and they are not even recognized as Christians by the fashionable churches. But I am here to tell you that they will pan out more of the pure gold of Truth to the pan-full than any other theological claim that I have ever seen staked out.

The reason orthodox writers can't express themselves clearly is because they have nothing clear to express. Their whole system is befogged with too much of the devil's error. You can't build a straight fence with crooked poles. Neither can you sqeeze lemonade out of a rotten tater.

The Fool-Killer

A Monthly Mustand-Plaster for the Blood-Boils of Society, Church and State.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

James Larkin Pearson, ... Editor
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THE FOOL-KILLER,
Boomer, - - - - North Carolina.

A FEW SOUL QUESTIONS

Say, Mister, what kind of a human critter are you, anyhow?

Are you just one individual human unit, or do you consist of two yous? And if there is two of you, which one is the REAL you? Or are you so sorry that it takes you both to make one piece of a man?

If you insist on dividing yourself in two parts, called soul and body, please tell me which part it is that is the seat of your consciousness?

Which part is it that thinks, reasons and knows things?

If you say it is your soul that thinks, then it certainly must be your soul that quits thinking when you die.

"His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth; in that very day his thoughts perish."—Psalms 146:3-4.

How could the thoughts of the body perish if the body never had any thoughts?

And if it is the soul that has thoughts, then isn't it the soul's thoughts that perish?

And after the soul's thoughts have perished, how does the soul still know anything?

If you immortal soul folks would just stop and try to reason this thing out you would soon see that your theory won't work at all. It is like trying to fill up a square hole with a three-cornered block. When you get it to fit on one side it is all out of socket at the other side. Change it so it fits at that place and it is wrong somewhere else.

A truth will fit any other truth in the world; but a lie will only fit some other lie made especially for it. Evidently some of your theological lies were not made for each other.

The main reason why Bryan will not get the Democratic nomination this time is because old Bill is too decent a man. The jackass party wants a jackass candidate, and it won't be a bit of trouble to find one.

CARRANZA

In the lands that are covered with ice
and with snow
They can raise revolution sometimes;
But it don't seem to spring up and
prosper and grow
Like it does in the tropical climes.

On the face of the earth there is no
better land
For a quick revolution to sprout
Than the one lying south of the Old
Rio Grande,
Where the Greasers are planting
them out.

But the fruits of the planting are
sorry indeed—
Or at least they have been heretofore;
For each revolution just runs up to
seed,
And they plant it and raise 'em
some more.

From the time that old Diaz was ready
to quit,
Old Huerta was top of the pot,
Till Carranza and Villa just told him
to "git",
And he heeded their orders and
"got".

And now it's Carranza that goes
down and out,
With his carcass all riddled with
lead:
And nobody knows what the fuss was
about,
But they say that Carranza is dead.

So now it is time for these verses to
stop,
And thus I will finish my stanza,
By wishing good luck to the next one
on top,
And peace to His Whiskers, Carranza!

—James Larkin Pearson.

Congress is settling down to normal. They have begun to call each other dee-dee liars again.

The Republican party, in its efforts to try to find a popular issue, reminds me of an old wheezy duck trying to swim on the sidewalk.

The world is a big rat, and it is just now trying to nibble the cheese of Russian trade without springing the trap of Soviet recognition.

The very name of the "Interchurch World Movement" expresses the idea that the church and the world are so thoroughly mixed up and blended together that you can't tell tuther from which. The world has joined the church, and the church has joined the world, and the devil just winks the other eye and keeps on sawing wood. Great stuff!

The doctrine of the immortality of the soul is the railroad track which Orthodoxy had laid down for Spiritism to run its train on. And now some of them are raising a big fuss because the Spiritists are using the track. The easiest way to prevent Spiritism from running its train of error into the minds of men is to tear up the track. How about it, Rev. Genesis Three Four?

READ RUSSELL

I have talked lately with men of different kinds and callings—farmers, wage-workers, merchants and professional men—and they all agree that they have never seen or heard of a condition in the world like the present.

There have been wars before; there have been reconstructions before; there have been high prices and unrest before. But always there was some ray of light shining through the fog. Always there was some solution to the problems.

But this time there does not seem to be any solution, so far as human wisdom can see. Everybody knows that something bad is the matter with the world, but nobody knows what it is nor what to do for it.

There is plenty of food in the world—if properly distributed. Clothing the same. Plenty of work and plenty of money. Those four items have usually made good times and a satisfied world.

Why dont' they do it now?

What is the matter?

Nobody knows.

Labor blames it on capital.

Capital blames it on labor.

The people say the officials are traitors, and the officials say the people are traitors.

Everybody has some advice to give, but nobody will take it—and it wouldnt' do any good if they did.

So you see we are living in a mighty sick old world, and even our wisest doctor don't have any idea what sort of medicine it needs.

What are you going to do about it?

There is just one thing you might do.

You might study the prophecies of the Bible and find out what is God's plan and purpose for this present world, and when and how He proposes to end it and start a better one.

I think you will discover that the Gentile governments of the earth were given just a certain length of time to rule, and that time has expired. Since August, 1914, all governments of men have been running on Israel's time, just as a contrary tenant sometimes hangs on until he has to be thrown out.

There was living until recently a much-abused man who told—a long time before it happened—just exactly how it would be. He said a great time of trouble would start in 1914 and continue till all Gentile governments would be swept away. It started right on the dot, and is continuing just exactly as he said it would.

But the people in general—especially those under the thumb of the orthodox clergy—never knew what "old Russell" had written, because they refused to read his books.

But today the more intelligent part of the population is paying more attention to what "old Russell" said, because time is proving it to be correct.

None of the orthodox denominations can produce a man who wrote books from ten to thirty years ahead and hit the facts like Russell did. If they have such a man, please tell them to trot him out. We would like to see the color of his eyes.

The one out-standing and clear cut fact in all this confusion is that Charles T. Russell DID KNOW what he was talking about, and the things that have taken place in the world since August, 1914, have clearly PROVEN that he knew.

STRAW VOTES

The Literary Digest, one of the big respectable plute weeklies, is holding a "straw vote" election for president. It claims to have sent out eleven million ballots, impartially distributed among the voters of the country. It claims that the straw vote is being conducted on a strictly fair and impartial basis.

But I don't believe it. In fact, I KNOW it isn't so. On the very face of the thing it shows that somebody's corruption funds are behind it. To send out eleven million ballots, already stamped ready to return, and to pay for all that printing, and all the clerk hire for addressing, tabulating and keeping account of the vote as it comes in, will cost not less than two million dollars.

The Literary Digest is a rich concern, and COULD spend that much of its own money on a straw vote, but who believes it is doing it? Not while the Wood management has so many millions to blow in. Big Business is solidly behind Wood with all its money, and it knows that a wisely manipulated straw vote of that size might have a big influence on the convention. So the chances are ten to one that Wood money is paying for the big straw vote.

And even if that isn't the case, it is still not being conducted fairly and impartially. The very make-up of the ballot itself is just as sneakingly prejudiced and partizan as it can be. The names of Democratic candidates are printed in one column and the names of Republican candidates in another column, but there is no space set aside for the Socialist party and the Socialist candidate is not mentioned. Another dose of silent contempt, you see. There is a line at the bottom where any name may be written in by the voter, but if they had wanted to be fair about it they would have printed the name of Debs along with the rest. They probably thought that would be too much publicity for Debs. They thought that leaving him off might cause a good many people to forget him.

But in spite of all the heavy handicaps and disadvantages under which he is running, Debs is still being remembered by his friends. Even in this one-sided straw vote in which a bold attempt was made to ignore him entirely Debs is running right along with Palmer (the man who is keeping him in prison) and several of the others.

Hurrah for Debs!

EATING THEIR LIES

Our dear little sugar-coated and sweet-smelling plute press has lately been doing some marvelous acrobatic stunts. The dressed-up monkey and the trained elephant of the circus ain't a circumstance compared with the capitalist press when it takes a notion to turn a few summersets.

The right-about-flop that the newspapers have lately made in their manner of dealing with Russian news would be more than amazing if we had not seen them cut such capers so often before.

For two years now we have been deliberately, systematically and successfully lied to about conditions in Russia. The plute papers have represented Russia as a veritable hell-hole of crime and filth and outrage. Lenine and Trotsky were hoofed and horned demons and there was no language strong enough to paint the picture of their crimes. The word "Bolsheviki" was a synonym for all that was repulsive, dangerous and dreadful. The women were made public property and used like brutes. A child was no more than a calf or a pig. There was no truth, decency, virtue, honor nor anything else good within the whole vast territory of Soviet Russia. The Bolshevik leaders were the arch-enemies of the human race, and any man who dared to speak or write a word to the contrary was a depraved creature, lost to all sense of decency ,and fit only to be arrested and jailed or deported.

I say that is the way it has shown up in the prostituted papers for the past two years.

But within the last few months a remarkable change of tune is being noticed. They are now telling us in a sort of sheepish voice that the Bolshevik government isn't so thunderation bad after all. Lenine is now a great military genius—perhaps the equal of Napoleon—and Trotsky is a wise statesman. The women are not nationalized as we were formerly told. Education is being generously encouraged. Transportation is as good as could be expected, and the food supply is fairly distributed. There is good social discipline under the strong arm of the best army in Europe. There is no carnival of massacre and murder such as we have been hearing about for two years. There is even some doubt expressed as to whether those terrible tales ever were true or not. Taking it up one side and down tuther, they now admit that Russia has come through the flint mill in purty good shape, and is at least worthy of some respect from the rest of the world.

Well, I do say!

And now what is the reason for this amazing newspaper flop on the Russian question? If Russia has been an outlaw and a criminal for the past two years she is an outlaw and a criminal yet. If she is decent and respectable now she has been decent and respectable all the time. The change is not in Russia, but in the newspapers.

Again I ask—"Why?"

Here is the answer:

Because the Allied governments found out by bitter experience that they couldn't whip and crush the Bolshevik government by force of arms. They supported such little bushwhackers as Kolchak and Denikin against the Bolsheviks till they saw it was no use. They found that they had been betting on the wrong hoss every time. Seeing that they couldn't crush the Bolsheviks, they saw that they would have to come to terms with them somehow. Big Business throughout the world began to cast longing eyes toward Russian trade. Russia had vast supplies that Europe and the rest of the world needed. It wouldn't do to go on forever missing all that trade. And so international Big Business persuaded or forced the Allied governments to lift the blockade and let business start. Then the next thing on docket was to give a new set of orders to the newspaper writers. Whereas the former orders had been to cuss Russia twenty-four hours a day, with double pay for over time, they are now told to put on the soft pedal and begin to talk sorter good about the Bolsheviks. They are now encouraged to send out matter setting the Russian government in a better light. No more atrocities. No more picturing Russia as a hulking brute, drunk and disorderly. Then right away we began to read in the papers that Lenine and Trotsky were purty good fellers. Six months ago they were both monsters. The propaganda machinery has been reversed and it now grinds out praise where it formerly ground out abuse. Another crop of "public opinion" is being formed. The people are again being told what they must "think". We had to think "dammit" about Russia as long as the big rascals believed they could cash in on "dammit". But when that project fell through and the Big Bosses decided to try the sugar-and-molasses bait for catching more dollars—behold, the papers began to get mighty sweet all at once!

And that, Beloved, is our great high-toned, honest American press! As the boy said about the boil on his neck, it's a big thing, but nothing to be so doggone proud of!

The recent Southern Baptist Convention appointed a committee to devise ways and means for filling the many empty pulpits in the denomination—an open confession that it is short of preachers. Yes, and the Baptists are not by themselves in that respect. All the orthodox denominations are in the same fix. The old preachers are quitting and the young men are not beginning. The lies and fables of orthodoxy no longer appeal to sensible men. It is a good sign.

Now the next thing in order is for Mr. Sweet and Mr. Lusk to send over and get Mr. William Hohenzollern and set him up as Emperor of New York.

CLUB RATES

IN CLUBS OF FOUR OR MORE, 25 CENTS A YEAR

The price of single subs to The Fool-Killer is FORTY CENTS a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of Four or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 25 cents a year each.

At the very low price we make, it is impossible to give premiums to club-raisers, but thousands of people enjoy getting up clubs for the fun of it and to help out a good cause. You will enjoy it, too, and you are hereby invited to become a regular club-raiser. If you can distribute some samples into good hands, all they will cost you is to ask for them.

The Fool-Killer is now nearly ten years old. It has a large circulation in every state in the Union, and it also goes to several foreign countries. It has long ago passed the experimental stage and has become an established institution. Over 40,000 people are eagerly waiting for its arrival each month.

Send remittance by registered letter, express or postoffice money order, and make all orders payable to:

The Fool-Killer, Boomer, N. C.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow that works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and to keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is nearly ten years old, and getting older every month.

It preaches the truth so straight that each issue brings hundreds of old moss-backs and blind leaders of the blind to the mourner's bench in a trot.

It "gits 'em goin' an' comin'."

It retails at 40 cents a year, or 25 cents in clubs of four or more, and circulates all over the Benighted States.

If you don't like it, there is no law to make you take it.

If you do like it, you are hereby invited to subscribe and get up a club.

I want 50,000 new subscribers to this paper inside of the next six months, and so I do.

The Fool-Killer don't crawl behind a tree to talk.

It don't bust its crupper holding back to see what somebody else is going to say.

It is written with a red-hot poker dipped in razor-soup.

It rides the devil a-straddle without a saddle, and spurs him at every lope.

It is death to fools, rascals and hypocrites.

The Fool-Killer always tries to make a man laugh right big, and then cram a truth down him while his mouth is open.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

Tote this paper around in your pocket—when you go to church, the postoffice, the store, the mill, or where-ever you go—and show it to everybody you see.

Ask them if they would like to sop their mental flap-jacks in my editorial molasses for awhile.

Be a missionary for this good cause.

If you can use a few sample copies, just send a wireless postal card.

Set a resolution to send in one club every month, at least.

I want 1,000 agents who will agree to do that much.

THE FOOL-KILLER, BOOMER, N. C.

UNREST

We say that the world is moving,
And we think that to move is
best;
But whenever the speed
Begins to exceed
The "normal" gait
We have known of late,
We call the result "Unrest".

We are all in favor of Progress
Or that's what we profess;
But how shall we know
When it goes too slow?
And what shall we say
When it runs away?
How FAST may the world progress?
—James Larkin Pearson.

'Nuther Big Fuss

Augusta, Ga.,
May 1st, 1920.

My dear Mr. Pearson:

First of all, I want to ask, are you a child of God? Have you been born again, received your spiritual birth from Jesus Christ? If you have, then I know you cannot doubt the immortality of the human soul.

Will you please read some of the following references and let Jesus Christ, theSpirit of God teach you the great truths in these passages: Luke 20:28; 16:22-26; 8:55; Matt. 25:-46. Mark 9:41-48; Eccl. 12:7; I Kings 17:21-22; Gen. 35:18. This is God's Word. Though the heavens fall it shall never fall.

May God through His own Holy Spirit teach you that the immortality of the soul is not a lie, but the truth. When the human soul goes to hell there is a gulf fixed, he cannot come back; when our soul goes to God we have no desire to come back to this sinful world.

Does God get any glory out of a paper written with a red-hot poker dipped in razor-soup? Will sinners be convicted? No. The Spirit of God is here on this earth today to convict sinful men and teach them the way back to God. The Word of God is the Sword of the Spirit.

Jesus Christ is the greatest of all teachers. Try Him and see if it is not so. I will take Jesus for my Teacher. I am willing to sit at His feet and learn of Him, who died for me and you and all men and who overcame death, rose from the dead and is now at the right hand of God interceding for us all.

(MISS) EDNA VERDERY.

Pearson's Reply

My dear Miss Edna Verdery:

Your letter has been read very carefully, and all your references looked up and studied. I know you are an honest and well-meaning woman—or girl—whichever you are. I don't doubt that you are a true and faithful Christian according to the best light that you have. But you are all tangled up on the soul question, and I know by experience that it is very hard to get people of your kind to see the truth.

Yes, my dear lady, I am glad to say that I am a child of God. But instead of that furnishing any evidence that the human soul is immortal, it was the very thing that opened my eyes to the fact that the human soul is NOT immortal.

Surely you have never given very much thought nor study to the mission of Jesus Christ into this world, or you could see that the doctrine of the inherent immortality of the soul is an insult to Jesus—a flat denial of the very purpose for which He came into the world. He came into a world where all people were mortal and in a dying condition. And the express purpose of His coming was to conquer death and buy back for EVERY ONE the privilege of life which had been forfeited in Eden. Therefore the whole human race—every child of Adam—has ALREADY been redeemed. Redeemed from what? From the Adamic death, of course. "As in Adam ALL die, even so in Christ shall ALL be made alive." Did you ever read that? Did you ever think what it means? Cant' you see that the redemptive work of Christ applies automatically to every person who suffered loss as the result of Adam's sin?

Of course the redemption could not keep us from going into the Adamic death, because we had already gone into it in the persons of our ancestors, Adam and Eve. We were all IN THEM at the time they incurred the death penalty.

It is just as plain and simple as anything can be. In our present condition we are all mortal, because we have all got to die the Adamic death. But Jesus Christ has been through the door of death and left it unlocked, so that we also can get out. If it were not for that fact we would just remain dead when we die the first time, and that would be the end of us.

The life which the race in general will get in the ressurrection will be the same sort of life that Adam had before he sinned. That life COULD have been endless if he had been obedient. The death that we are all familiar with is the penalty passed upon Adam for his transgression. Therefore if he had not transgressed he would have lived forever, wouldn't he? And wouldn't that have been eternal life?

But you Orthodox people have hatched up a theory that when people die they are not really dead, but you say they are still alive and know as much as ever. That is disputing God's word, for God told Adam that if he ate the forbidden fruit he should DIE. And that word DIE simply meant that the whole man Adam—every part of him which was then alive—should cease to be alive. There was not a word said about it being some sort of "spiritual death"—an India-rubber kind of death that could be made to mean anything or nothing. Adam certainly understood that it meant literal death, and to make sure that he didn't misunderstand it, God took pains to specify that he meant a RETURNING TO DUST. "For dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return"—Gen. 3:19.

Isnt' that plain enough.

But if you deny that Adam really died, and say that it was only his old hull or house that died, while the real Adam remained alive, then you make God a liar, and you make it unnecessary for any Redeemer to come. For what would be the sense in Jesus dying to purchase life for a race that had never lost its life?

If the penalty for Adam's sin was "spiritual death", as your creeds claim, then why didn't Jesus just die a "spiritual death" to settle the bill? What was the need of his dying bodily as he did?

So much for that.

Now listen:

I repeat that the life which the race in general will get at the resurrection will be the identical same sort of life which Adam had before he sinned. And it rests entirely with us as to whether we will KEEP our new life as Adam COULD have kept his, or whether we will LOSE it again as Adam DID lose his. If we are faithful and true to Him who has redeemed us from the First Death, then we will never have to die any more. And if we live eternally and don't die, that will be eternal life. But if we continue to trample His mercies under our feet and fail to appreciate what He has done for us, then we will die the Second Death, from which there will be no resurrection.

Immortality, then, is not a thing which we have as a present posession, but something which Jesus has promised to give His followers at the resurrection. Nobody has it now, and nobody but His true saints will EVER have it.

Your references are nothing new to me. I have read them all hundreds of times, and I have explained most of them in this paper dozens of times. However, I am going to make a separate article out of some of them and explain them again for your especial benefit. I may not have room for it in this issue, but it will appear soon.

In the closing paragraph of your letter you admit that Jesus DIED, and yet you say that men do NOT die. How is that? Do you dare to say that the Son of God was more mortal than mere men? If men have immortal souls that cannot die, surely Jesus had one too, and in that case how can you say that he died? It seems that your creed makes it necessary for you to say that it was only his body that died. Well, you and your kind are saying all the time that the body is not the real person, but only the house that the real person lives in. All right—let us say, then, that the house Jesus had been living in died, but Jesus himself didn't die. Where is your Saviour? It looks to me a plum sight like you haven't got any.

CORRESPONDENCE.

D. L. Thomas, Webb, Ala.—I enclose check for $2.00 to pay for eight subs. I am glad to see the truth distributed so let it come at once.

Jake Myers, Belleville, Kans.—I have taken your little paper for a number of years now, and it sure is a dandy, and well worth the price you ask for it. In this age of the world the people certainly need an eye-opener, and The Fool-Killer sure is one. Your little paper is like a friend—it is always welcome in our home. I am sending you a club of seven.

Joe Hobbs, Mooresville, N. C.—I have received The Fool-Killer all right and was more than proud to get it. It is the best paper I ever read, and also the most truth that ever was prined. Some of my neighbors came to see me the other evening and I showed them your paper and they were just carried away with it. I am going to get you all the names I can to help you in your work.

Ben Anderson, R, 3, Pickens, S. C.—I herewith send you five subs, including my own, and $1.25 to pay for them. I want you to make your little paper as funny as you can. It does people good to laugh—or it does me. I got a sample a little while back and like it fine. So send it on to me and the four names, and if it kills us we won't want it any more.

Mrs. Florence Staley, R. 1, Edgewood, Tex.—I got one of your papers from a friend about a week ago and like it fine. I took it a good while several years ago, but somehow let my subscription run out and lost the address. Now I want it again. Here is a club of four. I was born and raised in Davidson county, N. C.

W. N. Poe, Foster, Ky.—Enclosed find one dollar for four subscriptions to The Fool-Killer. Keep the good work going. Yesterday morning was the first time I ever saw your sheet, but I am a convert after reading the one issue. I am thoroughly familiar with your theology. There is only one class of people living who know the truth and have backbone enough to tell the people about it.

Mrs. Elias Grantham, Hartsville, S. C.—Enclosed you will find one dollar for which please send The Fool-Killer to the names and addresses on separate sheet. We take a good many papers, one a daily, but I think The Fool-Killer is the best of any. One copy is well worth the price of a year's subscription. I wish you could get it out weekly. I agree with you on nearly everything. Wish you much success with the good work you are doing.

Mrs. T. J. Carroll R. 3, Joaquin, Tex.—I think your little paper will do a great deal of good. Some people will read a little paper like that who won't read anything else, because it is funny. Maybe some more of that class will get their little kitten eyes open. I believe your paper is one of the links in the chain that is to bind Satan. Here is one dollar for four subs.

W. T. Parrish, 435 Quilley St., Griffin, Ga.—You will find enclosed money order for $3.00 to pay for twelve subs to The Fool-Killer. Please send me a few copies to hand out and I think I can get some more. I would like to see The Fool-Killer grow and spread all over the country.

M. Reeves Southwick, Idaho.—I enclose forty cents for a year's subscription to The Fool-Killer. Don't be afraid—give it to us stronger and harder. The world do move and we are ready for big, red-hot doses.

J. H. Helms Box 80. East Radford, Pa.—Enclosed you will find $1.60 for subs. I just received my first copy of your little paper and enjoyed reading it very much, and have gotten these subscriptions on the strength of it.

W. B. Davenport, Roscoe, Tex.—Find enclosed money order for one dollar for four subs one year. There are lots of fools in this country that need killing—or their belief needs some work done to it—and I think The Fool-Killer is the gun to shoot them with.

The Fool-Killer

Volume X. Boomer, North Carolina, June, 1920. Number 6.

A SAD MEDLEY.

Twas a wintry day in summer,
The rain was snowing fast,
When a barefoot boy with shoes on
Sat standing on the grass.

While the organ peeled potatoes,
Lard was rendered by the choir.
While the sexton rang the dish-rag
Some one set the church afire.

"Holy smoke!" the preacher shouted,
And in the rush he lost his hair;
Now his head resembles heaven
For there is no parting there.

WHO EMPLOYS THE DEVIL TO RUN HELL?

If an endless hell of torment for the wicked is a necessary part of God's plan, and if God has to have the devil employed to run the place and keep the fire going, then there is simply no getting around the fact that God and the devil are business associates and good friends. If there is an endless hell of torment in God's scheme at all it is a very important part of the scheme. And surely God would not appoint His very worst enemy to such an important position as General Superintendent of Hell. Supposing, for the sake of argument, that God needs an endless hell of torment in His Business, and supposing that God had employed His enemy to run the place, don't you see that the enemy could take advantage of God and let the thing go smack out? Or he might go to the other extreme and waste the brimstone and burn out the flues and do lots of damage that way. Where there was so much fire there would be constant danger of getting the whole place burnt up. So you see God would need to have a man on the job that He could trust—one who could be depended on at all times to run hell in a perfectly honest and Christian manner.

Now, Buddy, I put it up to you plain and honest: If the devil is as mean and low-down and treacherous and trickly as people say he is, do you honestly believe God would keep such a character on His pay-roll throughout eternity and trust him with all the important business affairs of the Everlasting Fire-Works? Huh? What do you think about it? Looks to me like the theologians have got their hind legs so badly tangled in their fore-sight that they can't tell blue smoke from the breath of a Democratic candidate.

The safest course is to believe everything that each of the parties says about the other.

TWO BLACK PEAS IN A POD.

Well, honey, I suppose you will want to know what The Fool-Killer thinks about the plute candidates for president.

Good heavens! The whole mess is so rotten and disgusting that it makes me sick to think about it.

I knew both of the old parties were reactionary and plutocratic, but they actually went a good deal further with it than I thought possible.

I did think that one or the other would show some little sign of intelligence, just to be different from the other one, if nothing else. But it seems that the two old parties no longer have any desire to be different. On the other hand, they are trying to see which can be the most alike. They are actuated by the same motives—to serve the plutes and skin the people— and their only contention is to see which can be the most abject slave of reaction.

Before either of the conventions were held, I said the Republicans had the chance of their lives. Seven years of Wilson had so sickened the country on Democracy that Republican victory this time was a foregone conclusion—if the Republicans would act with even a small scrimption of sense.

Then came the Chicago convention. The Republicans had two or three men who could have been elected easily—Johnson, Hoover, and perhaps others.

But what did the convention do? Turned its back on all of its real men and nominated a figurehead—a nonentity— absolutely the weakest and sorriest cull it could have found.

Thus did the Republicans hand back to the Democrats the sure chance of victory.

Thinks I to myself, surely the Dems will have sense enough to appreciate the gift and make good use of it.

Then came Frisco.

And, by Joe, if it wasn't just Chicago over again!

Every crook and turn of the proceedings was absolutely under the control of the old reactionary bosses—Tammany, Taggart and Company.

They began by eliminating their strongest and best men first, and working on down toward the weakest and sorriest. Unlike the Republicans, they didn't get quite to the bottom. After they had found one weak enough and sorry enough to satisfy the plutes—behold, there was Palmer still left hanging on the vine!

Poor Palmer!

Pity they didn't go one step lower and get him!

But anyhow, the race is on.

The goal is the Dark Ages, and the worst man wins.

The Seat of Consciousness.

All consciousness, all feeling or exercise of the emotions, has its seat in the brain.

Most people seem to think that the heart is the seat of the emotions, and then in the next breath it will be the soul, and they get it so mixed up that you can't get any idea what they do believe.

Now let's see about it being the heart or the soul. For instance, some trouble befalls you —such as the sudden death of a dear friend. You say it breaks your heart. You weep and mourn and cry, and your emotions are terribly shaken with grief. You think that the part of you which is suffering and agonizing over your loss must be your immortal soul which is not dependent on the body for its existence.

But wait!

Why are your spiritual feelings so wrought up?

Why are your emotions stirred?

Because you KNOW about the trouble.

Because you are CONSCIOUS of the bereavement.

But HOW do you know about it?

HOW are you conscious of it?

By means of your BRAIN.

If you didn't have a brain to receive and transmit the consciousness of the happening, you would not weep or feel troubled at all, because you would not know anything about it.

You might have a dozen hearts in you, and you might be crammed so full of immortal souls that they stuck out at your eyes, but if you didn't have a BRAIN you would not have any emotions. You can gamble on that.

Now is the brain a part of the physical body, or a part of the un-physical soul?

All must admit that it is a part of the physical body.

Then when the body dies the brain dies with it.

And when the brain dies there is no more consciousness.

The theory that a man can be dead and alive at the same time —that he can know more after his brain is mouldered back to dust than he knew in the prime of life—it is the acme of folly. It is the superlative degree of ignorance. It is the biggest fool notion that men and devils ever hatched up.

"BIBLE PROBLEMS EXPLAINED."

I have before me a little book by Dr. James M. Gray, of the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago. The book is called "Bible Problems Explained." It is made up of a lot of questions that people have asked Dr. Gray, and his attempts to answer them. I say "attempts to answer them," because that is all it amounts to. It seems remarkable to me that a man who poses as a great Bible scholar and teacher could make such a miserable mess as Dr. Gray has made in this book.

The questions that really need an answer are not answered at all, but merely evaded or dodged around, in an effort to shield the weakness of orthodox theology. Let me give you just a few samples of his expert dodging. Somebody asks Dr. Gray this question:

"Where do children who die before the age of accountability go at death?"

And here is Dr. Gray's "answer."

"Every Christian hopes and believes that they go to heaven. But no one is able to speak positively on that point, because the scriptures do not speak positively upon it."

Now ain't that a purty "explanation?" It does not explain a thing. It simply hems and haws around the question and dodges the only answer that could possibly be true. But he has to confess that his "go-to-heaven-at-death" doctrine is not taught in the Bible. Certainly it is not. There is not a word of scripture to prove that either children or grown folks go to heaven at death, and he wilfully and deliberately lies when he says that "all Christians" believe that stuff, for millions of them do not believe it.

Another question:

"What is God's purpose in keeping a soul in misery, hopeless and useless through eternity, and how do you harmonize this with the character of God?"

That is a sensible question, but listen what a fool answer:

"It is not our business to harmonize this with the character of God. That is God's business. The same Bible that reveals God's character reveals the fact of the eternal conscious punishment of the wicked."

You see his only way of getting by such a question is to dodge it. He don't dare to give an honest explanation of the problem, because from his viewpoint it can't be done. How easy it would all be if the fool man would only confess the truth— that the Bible does NOT teach eternal torment!

The Fool-Killer

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Boomer, - - - - North Carolina.

SIR OLIVER'S "WARNINGS"

Old Man Oliver Lodge, who has been galloping around over the country lecturing on Spiritism, has at last let the cat out of the bag. He has issued a warning against what may be termed "dabbling" in the subject of Spiritism. He says that persons of weak mind may suffer lasting serious consequences as a result of such "dabbling".

Now looky here, old Whiskers, if "talking with the dead" is possible, and if it is right, and if there is no satanic influence behind it, why should it injure any one's mind to get a wireless postal card from their departed friends? Why should such a great 'truth" have such a bad influence on people as to run them crazy?

But it is a fact that in many places the insane asylums are being packed full, just on account of the Spiritism craze. Talk about weak minds! The weakest and craziest mind of all is the one which starts out to teach other people such crazy nonsense.

Another "warning" from old man Whiskers Lodge is found in his "Raymond" book, in which he says "it is necessary to be on our guard against the invasion of our will by a lower order of intelligence and morality."

The Great Goggle-Eyed Elick! In other words, the disembodied souls of the saints that have died and gone to heaven are so corrupt in morals and so depraved in mind that we must use great caution in dealing with them lest we also get corrupted. Yes, Oliver, I can easily agree with you that the "spirits" which you get your messages from are of a "lower order of morality" and that it why I don't want anything to do with them.

Yes, I Know It.

You-unses needn't to all write and tell me that this issue of The Fool-Killer is awful late. I know it. And I regret it just as much as you do, and maybe more, but it could't be helped.

But, after all, I don't see that the date needs to make much difference. The stuff I put in the paper is good to read at any time, and if it were dated twelve months ahead or twelve months back it wouldn't make it any less interesting.

However, I do want to issue the paper regularly at the first of the month it is dated for. I have always wanted to do that, but most of the time I have not been able to do it. I don't like to be always harping on my troubles, because I guess most of you have troubles of your own. So I want you to just forget about the paper being late, and try to enjoy it the best you can when it does come. Whenever it has to be behind time, like it is now, I will try to make it worth waiting for. The July and August issues will be along soon.

IDIOTORIALS

Hard and Cool!

In other words, Hardidge and Cooling!

Ding-hard and Frozen!

Cox's Army frinstance.

And do you remember Coxey's Army?

They will be Hard to elect, because the voters will give them the Cool shoulder.

Len Wood says the American people are so sound as a nut. Yes, "nut" is the right word.

Whatever we win is ours. We won the war. Therefore it is our war. Therefore we have a right to keep it. What are you fussing about?

The way they have got their tickets arranged, if both parties will change ends with themselves and back up to the voters, they will make a better showing. Both of the tail-enders would make a better head than the pimps that have been set up over them.

The funny man of the Greenville Piedmont deposes and says: "The Socialists by nominating Debs prove themselves 50 percent patriotic. They are sticking to the stripes." Yes, and their vote for Debs next November will make the other parties see stars, too.

The public is beginning to get ouija bored.

It is about time to spell it $ugar.

We are the posterity that our forefathers worried about. Can you blame them?

The Republican platform recognizes the existence of oil-wells in Mexico.

The dollar can never fall as low as the means some people adopted to get it.

It is quite impossible to tell what the war made the world safe for.

The tremendous expense of lowering the prices will have to be paid by somebody.

The average man lays down the law to his wife, and then accepts all her amendments.

Prohibition will never succeed in Wales. A sober man couldn't possibly speak the language.

Can you beat that Peace Treaty for always getting into a fight?

When a man calls his wife a duck, she may remind him that a duck is served with dressing.

Well, the theory that just any Republican could be elected this time will be put to the severest test.

Strange how a man earning $500 a day can get all het up because another man wants $5 a day.

The trouble with this law of supply and demand is that those who have the supply are doing the demanding.

The League of Nations may prevent other wars—by keeping this present one going on indefinitely.

If America's industrial problem was in Ireland or China, Congress could think of a dozen ways to solve it.

When a woman declares that there is no use talking, what she means is that there is no use in any body else talking.

Well, anyway, no country will ever again want to get into war with the United States. It takes too long to get out.

We are always railing at the politicians, but if they were not in politics we would have to support them in some other way.

The Fool-Killer is loaded to the muzzle with all kinds of good dope on religion, politics, and other things in general. It is going to be as hot as blue blazes from now on through the campaign. It will be the next thing to a crime for anybody to miss reading The Fool-Killer. Round up all your neighbors and send 'em in right quick.

DOUBLE JUDGMENT.

Orthodox people don't know the difference between soul and spirit. They read that place where it says the spirit returns to God who gave it, and they jump at the conclusion that spirit and soul are the same thing.

Therefore they say that when a sinner dies his soul goes straight to God who gave it, and God judges it right then and sends it on to hell. Then at the resurrection that soul which has been frying and roasting in hell for several thousand years will get out of hell and come back to earth and crawl into its old body, and together they will go up to heaven or whereever the judgment is to be, and there they will be judged again.

So you see the soul will get TWO judgments, while the body will get only one. I have read the Bible a good deal, but I have never seen anything like that in it.

Why will God judge a soul twice? Is it possible that He thinks maybe He has made a mistake the first time and wants to try it again?

If the man's doom is settled the first time, what is the use of judging him any more? And if his doom is NOT settled, then why is he sent to hell?

Suppose a man's soul (at its first judgment) is found guilty and sent to hell. And then suppose that in the second judgment the man (soul and body united) happens to come clear? Then what? Can't you see that the man would have a right to sue for damages? Can't you see that it would place the Great Judge in the position of having been very unjust to that man? And don't you know that God is not going to be unjust?

Don't tell me that I am talking foolishness. I know it as well as you do. But I am just feeding the popular creeds with their own spoon. I am following the immortal-soul and go-to-hell-when-you-die theory to its logical conclusion, and I am showing you the kind of foolishness that it always leads to.

I declare there is more pure ignorance and nonsense in the popular theology than anything else I ever heard tell of? For pity's sake, when will people learn to have a little sense?

You must be an awful big fool if you ain't got sense enough to see that all this rough-neck and strong-arm business of trying to suppress radical ideas by brute force is the VERY SUREST way to spread revolution. If a full-grown revolution does come in this country the reactionary plutes and old-party bosses will have themselves to thank for it. Czar Nick prepared the ground and planted the seed for the crop that is now growing in Russia. And now the Romanoff element in America is trying its doggondest to plant the same sort of a crop here.

ANOTHER DEBATE.

Between Ortho Dox and Herry Tick.

Did God make Adam and Eve?

Yes.

Where did he put them?

In the Garden of Eden.

Where was the Garden of Eden?

On the earth.

Was there a heaven at that time?

Yes.

Where was it?

Away up above the stars.

Was heaven made for Adam and Eve to go to after they had lived in the Garden of Eden on earth a certain length of time?

Yes, I guess it was.

If Adam and Eve had not sinned and disobeyed God would they ever have gone to heaven?

Yes, of course. They would have been good folks, and all good folks go to heaven.

When would they have gone to heaven?

When they died, of course. All good people go to heaven when they died.

And so you think they would have died anyhow, whether they sinned or not? What about death being the wages of sin?

I—I—lemme see, now—maybe they wouldn't. I believe it does say that death was the result of sin.

Then you must admit that if they had not sinned they would not have died, and consequently they would have gone to heaven at all.

Does seem so, sure enough, but I had not thought of it in that way.

Well, then, since it took sin and death to get the way open so that Adam and Eve could go to heaven, it must be that sin and death are good things and blessings to the race. What about that?

I don't know. That sounds sorter strange.

On top of all that, do you know for certain that Adam and Eve went to heaven anyhow? They lived and died a long time before there was any Christ to believe in. Then isn't it quite possible that they died in their sins and went to hell?

Yes, that is possible. I don't know what to think about it. You are getting me all tangled up.

Well, tell me this: Was it absolutely necessary for Adam and Eve to go to heaven or hell either? Did it ever occur to you that maybe God's original plan was for them to live right here on the earth forever?

No, I had never thought about that.

They were in Paradise here on earth. They possessed an endless life—on condition that they were obedient. They couldn't go to heaven without dying; and they couldn't die without sinning; and they couldn't sin without going to hell. So where was their chance of ever getting to heaven in any case?

Hush—you make my head swim. You've got me so bewildered that I can't see any sense in any of my old orthodox beliefs.

Well, for that matter, you couldn't see any sense in them if you were NOT bewildered. There ISN'T any sense in them. That's what I have been trying to show you all this time. Glad you see it at last.

Ya—ya—ya—you old mean thing!

THE DEVIL'S PREACHERS.

The "eternal torment" people seem to deeply resent the liberties I take in advocating a civilized theology in opposition to their brutal and uncivilized creeds. They seem to take the position that they alone have the right to disseminate their views, regardless of whether they are right or wrong, while all the rest of us who do disagree with their fool stuff must be very humble and keep our mouths shut.

But if you want to see one feller that is not going to keep his mouth shut, his name is Pearson, and his address is Boomer, North Carolina.

After long and careful study of the subject I have finally and fully made up my mind that the Bible does not teach any such stuff as eternal torment for the wicked. It is a slander against God to insinuate that He would make such a plan or allow such a thing to be done.

Just as long, therefore, as Orthodoxy continues to slander God in such a way, I shall continue to defend His holy name and character against all their devil-begotten lies.

The devil is a low-down brutal character, and I can very easily conceive how HE might like to torment people eternally if he could. But to impute such a purpose or disposition to our loving Heavenly Father, the Creator of us all, is the rankest and blackest blasphemy that ever was spawned in the diseased brain of a theological fool.

To the preachers I say this:

God has His true preachers in the world, and the devil has his false preachers. Which are you? Whose trade-mark do you bear? If you are labelled with Gen. 3:4, then you are the devil's preacher, and he is well pleased with you and your work. Grunt and squeal and squirm if you want to, but you'll have to take it, for it's the truth. No preacher that God calls and sends out is going to slander and blaspheme His name the way you fellers do.

Nothing pleases the devil so well as to have people taught that God is also a devil. Being unable to lift his shameless character to an equality with God, he is trying to pull down God's character on a level with his own. And you "eternal torment" preacher fellers are helping him to do it.

Be ashamed of yourselves, you poor miserable hypocrites, who borrow the livery of God to serve the devil in.

Get down in the dust with your fine duds and ask God to forgive you, and then get up and read The Fool-Killer till you learn a little sense.

CLUB RATES

IN CLUBS OF FOUR OR MORE, 25 CENTS A YEAR

The price of single subs to The Fool-Killer is FORTY CENTS a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of Four or more, at one time, you can all get the paper at 25 cents a year each.

At the very low price we make, it is impossible to give premiums to club-raisers, but thousands of people enjoy getting up clubs for the fun of it and to help out a good cause. You will enjoy it, too, and you are hereby invited to become a regular club-raiser. If you can distribute some samples into good hands, all they will cost you is to ask for them.

The Fool-Killer is now nearly ten years old. It has a large circulation in every state in the Union, and it also goes to several foreign countries. It has long ago passed the experimental stage and has become an established institution. Over 40,000 people are eagerly waiting for its arrival each month.

Send remittance by registered letter, express or postoffice money order, and make all orders payable to:

The Fool-Killer, Boomer, N. C.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow that works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and to keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is nearly ten years old, and getting older every month.

It preaches the truth so straight that each issue brings hundreds of old moss-backs and blind leaders of the blind to the mourner's bench in a trot.

It "gits 'em goin' an' comin'."

It retails at 40 cents a year, or 25 cents in clubs of four or more, and circulates all over the Benighted States.

If you don't like it, there is no law to make you take it.

If you do like it, you are hereby invited to subscribe and get up a club.

I want 50,000 new subscribers to this paper inside of the next six months, and so I do.

The Fool-Killer don't crawl behind a tree to talk.

It don't bust its crupper holding back to see what somebody else is going to say.

It is written with a red-hot poker dipped in razor-soup.

It rides the devil a-straddle without a saddle, and spurs him at every lope.

It is death to fools, rascals and hypocrites.

The Fool-Killer always tries to make a man laugh right big, and then cram a truth down him while his mouth is open.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

Tote this paper around in your pocket—when you go to church, the postoffice, the store, the mill, or wherever you go—and show it to everybody you see.

Ask them if they would like to sop their mental flap-jacks in my editorial molasses for awhile.

Be a missionary for this good cause.

If you can use a few sample copies, just send a wireless postal card.

Set a resolution to send in one club every month, at least.

I want 1,000 agents who will agree to do that much.

THE FOOL-KILLER, BOOMER, N. C.

THAT PARADISE

Mimosa, N. C., July 9, 1920.

The Fool-Killer,
Boomer, N. C.

Sir:

Please read 2nd. Corrinthians 12:4 and explain it to me. Where was this paradise? I am not looking for an argument. I am open for Conviction.

J. W. MURDOCK.

That's what I call the sensible attitude to take on such questions. When a man approaches me in that attitude of mind there is some satisfaction in talkink with him.

All right, Mr. Murdock. We will now proceed. You ask for an explanation of the 4th verses only, but it is necessary to notice the reading of the three preceding verses in order to get the matter straight. So let me quote the whole four verses:

> It is not expedient for me doubtless to glory. I will come to visions and revelations of the Lord. I knew a man in Christ above fourteen years ago, (whether in tha body I cannot tell; or whether out of the body I cannot tell: God knoweth); such a one caught up to the third heaven. And I knew such a man, (whether in the body or out of the body I can not tell: God knoweth); how that he was caught up into paradise, and heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter.—2nd. Cor. 12:1-4.

Now what is it that Paul says he is coming to? Listen. "I will come to VISIONS and REVELATIONS of the Lord." The first idea we get, then, is that the thing he is going to tell us about is a VISION. What is a vision? Is it the real, literal thing that it appears to be, or is it just an appearance? We all know it is just an appearance of something that is not real at the time when seen. But this vision that Paul saw, while not real at the time he saw it, was a picture of something that is to be real in the future. The vision that Paul tells about here was what you might call an exact duplicate of what John the Revelator saw on Patmos. They both saw the same things—in vision .But in neither case were the things or conditions ACTUAL at the time they saw them. They are still in the future.

Seeing, then, that the thing was only a vision, let us see what the vision was and how it all happened. Some people take this passage as proof that there is an immortal soul in man which can get out of the body and go off and live and see things independent of the body. But it proves nothing of the sort. Note carefully that it does not say a word about any soul. It is talking about a MAN. And this man that was caught up into the third heaven HEARD certain things. A man HEARS with his EARS and SEES with his EYES. And the ears and eyes are parts of the body. If a man's soul should leave the body and go to heaven, it would certainly leave the ears and eyes behind. How then could it hear or see?

It is generally agreed, of course, that Paul himself was the man he was talking about, and he says he couldn't tell whether he was in the body or out of the body. But the theologians of modern times have assumed to know more about it than Paul himself knew, and THEY say he was OUT of the body. For pity's sake, how do THEY know, if HE didn't? They simply don't. But it suits their wild-eyed theories to have him OUT of the body, and so they teach it that way.

Paul was not any more out of the body when he saw this vision than John of Patmos was out of the body when he saw the things that he tells about. In each case it was simply a MENTAL PROJECTION INTO THE FUTURE. Things far in the future were supernaturally passed in review before their mental eyes so that the APPEARANCE was very vivid. We people of today, without divine aid, cannot project our minds into the future that way, but any of us can project our minds into the past, and actually SEE things that happened a long time ago. For instance, the cabin that I lived in when I was a little boy has long been torn down and destroyed. But I can shut my eyes today and SE that cabin just as plain as I ever saw it in my childhood days when I lived in it. What do you call that? Do you think my soul gets out of my body and goes back thirty years and sees that cabin in actual existence? Oh, no! It is only my MEMORY that enables me to do that.

And what is MEMORY, and where and how does it operate? We all know that the seat of the memory is in the BRAIN, and we know that the brain is a part of the physical body. Therefore a soul separate from the body would have no brain, and as a natural consequence it would have no memory. It could not remember its own name, nor what its postoffice address was on earth, nor anything else about itself. Its past existences, if it had one, would be an absolute blank. It could not even be conscious of its own existence, because consciousness is so closely associated with memory that you can't separate them. If you couldn't remember that you were living five minutes ago you couldn't be conscious that you are living this minute. Did you ever think about that?

The thing that enabled Paul to see this wonderful vision of the future was what we might call an INVERTED MEMORY, that is, a memory turned wrong end foremost and poked out into the future. That's the way all the old prophets got their dope, and they got it straight, too, regardless of what the "higher critics" may think about it.

But you want to know about that Paradise. Wait a minute. We will get to that presently. The next point is about being "caught up" to that third heaeven. "Caught up" is not a true translation of the original. The Emphatic Diaglott renders it, "suddenly conveyed away." Wakefield puts it " carried away." Wyclif says: "ravished into paradise." Rheims' version reads, "rapt into paradise."

You see all the best authorities agree that the "caught up" idea is wrong. Paul was not "caught up", but "caught away," or words to that effect. And he was not caught away into a distant place, but rather into a distant TIME. The "third heaven" does not mean a series of heavens built up vertically one above the other like the floors in a sky-scraper. It means third in point of TIME, just as you would say the first day, the second day, or the third day.

The first heaven and the first earth, constituting " The World That Was," passed away at the Flood. The second heaven and the second earth, constituting "The World That Now Is," reaches from the Flood to the end of the Gospel Dispensation. The third heaven and the third earth will start when Christ begins his Millennial Reign on earth, and they will reach on through the Endless Ages. That will be what we speak of as "The World to Come," and that was what Paul saw in his vision. You can't find a syllable of Scripture to indicate that there ever was or ever will be a Paradise anywhere else except right here on this earth. Here is where paradise was first established; here is where it was swapped off for an apple and lost; and here is where it will be re-established in the future.

The word "paradeisos" is not properly either Greek or Hebrew, but appears to have been imported from a more eastern tongue, probably the Persian. In Gesenius and Robinson's Hebrew Lexicon it is defined thus: "A paradise, an orchard, an arboretum, particularly of pomegranates, a park, a fruit-garden; a name common to several Oriental languages and especially current among the Persians." Josephus calls the gardens of Solomon paradises and Berosus (quoted by Josephus) says that the lofty gardens erected by Nebuchadnezzar were called the "Suspended Paradise."

So you see the word "paradise" means something like a beautiful park or garden filled with fruits and flowers. The Garden of Eden was just that kind of a place—it was a paradise and in due course of time that paradise is going to be restored and enlarged to cover the whole earth. That was the paradise that Paul saw in his vision. With his "inverted memory" he saw this earth with the curse of sin removed—saw it renewed and beautified, and prepared as the final home of the redeemed.

When we learn something about the TIME features of the Bible, and how to calculate in terms of ages and dispensations, a lot of things that had puzzled us are made plain and easy.

SPIRITIST LITERATURE

I get many book catalogues and announcements of new books as they come from the press. I am not able to buy all of them—and no human being could possibly read half of them—but by studying these lists I can keep pretty close track of the trend of present-day literature.

Well, one thing I notice is that there is now being turned loose on the world a regular flood of new books on Spiritualism—nearly all advocating or defending it. The big publishers seem to be mostly on the devil's side, and if a book exposing Spiritualism were offered for publication it would almost certainly be rejected. I could write a scorcher on that subject myself, but what would be the use? No publisher would touch it.

Five or six new books of Spiritist propaganda appear each month, and because the people have been brought up on the Immortal Soul lie, they are falling into this new trap by the millions. There seems to be no way to stop it. Men of reputation like Oliver Lodge and Conan Doyle have lent the prestige of their names to it, and the world is going raving bekussed over "talking with the dead."

In spite of the fact that it is against all reason, all science and all Scripture, they will still cling to it like a puppy to a root and refuse to listen when I offer to tell them the truth about it. Nobody can answer my questions nor explain how the dead can be alive, but they insist on believing it—because the devil says it is so.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Lee Gill, 1304 Fourth Street., Wichita Falls, Tex.—I got The Fool-Killer yesterday and when I had read it I felt so good I just turned out and nabbed a few subs. Though I have not been guilty of it before I am in it now. So send the Fool-Killer to these seventeen names for which I enclose $4.25. Hurry it along to these names, and please do not miss any of them. I will send my renewal soon.

T. M. Littleton, Salem, S. C.,—I am sending you a club of five, and please send the paper to the enclosed names. I am paying for them myself, because I want them to hear the truth. I can say to you that I have been fighting this blasphemous doctrine of Eternal Torment for ten years, and I am getting some of their eyes open on the matter. I tell them that the Bible doesn't teach anything of the sort, and I proved it by the pure World of God. So I'll stand by you in the truth.

J. C. Simpson, Wellsvlile, Ohio.—I am sending in a small club to the greatest little paper on earth. I have been a constant reader for a long time, and the only fault is we don't get it often enough. Keep her booming.

W. R. Calloway, Haworth, Okla.—I like your little paper. It hits along the line that I have been thinking on for some time, and I am glad to know that such thoughts are being put in print so they will reach the people. I enclose herewith a club of five.

The Fool=Killer

Volume X. Boomer, North Carolina, September, 1920. Number 7.

THE HELL QUESTION

There is no such place as hell,
No ever-burning lake of fire,
Where hoofed and horned devils dwell,
And tortured souls cannot expire.

The God that made us out of clay
And gave to us our human breath,
Has said, as plain as words can say,
That sin's sure penalty is death.

If death is what a man must pay
For leading here a life of sin,
Will God then trade some other way?
Where does the endless hell come in?

Eternal death is bad enough;
Eternal torment would be worse.
Where do men get that silly stuff
That they have added to the cruse?

If death is life, then bad is good,
And black is white, and cold is hot.
How then can words be understood?
And how much meaning have they got?

When God declared that saints should be
Alive while sinners should be dead,
I'm fool enough to think that He
Meant just exactly what He said.
—James Larkin Pearson.

GUESS WHO.

You couldn't guess in a month of Sundays who is the author of the following quotation:

"If there is one thing we love more than another in the United States, it is that every man should have the privilege unmolested to utter the convictions of his mind."

Who did you say?

Wrong!

Guess again!

Gene Debs?

No-sir-ee!

Oh, you couldn't guess it in a thousand years. The man who daddied that beautiful American sentiment is a well-known monarch by the name of Woodrow Wilson—the very same Woodrow please yer onner, who is keeping Gene Debs in prison for daring "to utter the convictions of his mind."

Now if that ain't consistency with a vengeance, I just want you to hush, as Tom Watts says. How can the brazen-faced hypocrites expect anybody to have confidence in them, when they talk like a saint and act like a devil all in the same breath?

If the troubles that have come to The Fool-Killer had befallen any other paper in the world it would have been dead, buried and forgotten a long time ago. But The Fool-Killer is made out of "sterner stuff," as Postle Paul says. No matter what happens, it just grits its teeth and lives right on.

ADAM SMITH, EVE SMITH, AND OLD MAN SATAN BROWN.

I am a millionaire for a little while. I own a thousand acres of the finest level and fertile land in the State. I lay me out a beautiful estate—spend enough money on it to make a veritable paridise for beauty. I have orchards and flowers and fruits and everything lovely to the eye. A little sparkling stream of pure water runs through it. In fact, nothing has been omitted that money can do to make it beautiful.

Then when I get my beautiful estate to the point of perfection, I look around over the country and pick out a man and woman to live there and keep it up for me. The people I happen to select are named Adam Smith and his wife, Eve Smith.

I establish Mr. and Mrs. Smith in my paradise and give them orders to take care of it and keep everything in perfect shape. I promise them a permanent home there as long as they live, and they shall have plenty of everything they need to make them happy.

Among other things, I have a great many colonies of honey bees, and I tell the Smiths to be careful about the bees. I warn them not to kick over the gums nor poke their heads into them. And not try to steal out any of the honey to eat. Make free with everything else, but let the bees alone. Those are my orders to my tenants. And so I leave them there.

But old man Satan Brown comes along and says:

"Looky here, Smith, why don't you and your wife eat some of Pearson's honey?"

"Why," replies Smith, "Pearson told us the bees would sting us if we bothered them. He said we musn't eat any of the honey."

"The very idea!" says Satan Brown. "Not eat any of that good honey? Afraid of bee-stings? Huh! Why, Pearson don't know what he is talking about. The bees won't sting and the honey is awfully good. Please get out some and try it."

Well, Mrs. Eve Smith sorter liked the idea and she WAS getting pretty hungry for some honey, anyhow. So she slipped around and turned over a gum and grabbed out both hands full of comb dripping with sweet nectar, and she ran to Adam with it and throwed half of it in his lap.

About that time the bees, which had got thoroughly stirred up, just literally covered both of them. Old Satan Brown was peeping around the corner of the hen house and just fairly busting his sides laughing.

Well, Smith and his wife began to yell and bounce around there something awful, and in the time of it they ran over six other gums and turned them over. Then they split out through the flower garden and just naturaly laid everything flat as they went. Bolting into the house, they left the north door open, and the wind blew the fire out on the carpet, and the house was soon in flames. The Smiths were scared half to death, and their faces were swelled so they couldn't see. So they bounced up and down and screamed until the house, barn and everything was in ashes. Then they ran off and hid on the bank of the creek.

I came back and saw what had happened. I hunted them up and demanded an explanation. They said:

"Well, Mr. Pearson, we are awful sorry, but we couldn't help it. Old Satan Brown is to blame. He told us that the bees wouldn't sting, and that the honey was good to eat and he insisted that we try it once. Honest to goodness, he is to blame for all this."

Then I went and hunted up Satan Brown and said:

"Looky here, Brown, you've butted in over at my place and caused my tenants to get nearly killed with bee stings and on top of that caused everything to get burnt up and destroyed. And now, because of what you have done I am going to give you a position of authority over my tenants. I now authorize you to get a big supply of brimstone and old boot legs and go to that swag just below the cherry orchard and build a hell there. I want you to build good strong furnaces and fix it to last forever for I am going to turn over to you that Smith family and all their descendants and I want you to torment them in hell forever and ever. I know you are a heap more guilty than they are, but in spite of that I am going to employ you to punish them for what you caused them to do. It won't hurt you a bit. You'll enjoy it. But you must make it hot for them Smiths."

And Satan Brown thanked me and went off whistling down the creek to fix his hell.

The Literary Digest recently printed a picture of Millionaire Cox's home, and it looks like just about such a shack as the White House at Washington. Must have cost several millions. But the owner of the mansion is going around making speeches to the one-gallus Rubes and telling them how he loves them! Yes, yes! Just like a cat loves the mice!

BACK TO THEIR VOMIT.

The Fool-Killer does not enjoy using nasty words, but sometimes there is just no way of getting around it. The world is so full of nasty evils that need to be exposed, and it can't be done without using words that may sorter shock some of you.

There is a class of political jumping jacks in this country who are just like the Biblical dog—sooner or later they always return to their vomit. And they are about the most sickening and disgusting critters in the whole political pasture.

There is Hi Johnson.

And there is Borah.

And there is LaFollette.

You remember how they ripped and raved and tore their hair all up and down the land for several months. They were the leaders of the Anti-League crusade on the Republican side, and they were "progressive" and "radical" till you couldn't rest. They couldn't find words ugly enough to express their contempt for the old reactionary gang, and any man who favored a league of nations had just as well prepare to die.

Great reformers were Johnson, Borah and LaFollete!

Great champions of liberty!

Oh, how their hearts did bleed for the poor and oppressed!

And, oh, how their two-edged tongues did peel the hide from the Old Gang!

Debs himself was never more bitter against the plutes.

But that was before the Chicago shindig.

That was before the Old Gang quietly applied the toe of its $20 shoe to that part of Johnson's person which the law and my good manners will not allow me to mention.

That was before a little bunch of millionaire senators got together and nominated a suit of clothes for president, and adopted the most brazenly reactionary platform ever hatched on these shores.

Then what?

Why, simply this:

Our great "reformers" suddenly lost their zeal. Johnson, Borah, LaFolette and the rest were no longer "progressive" or radical." The need for all that was past. They must be "regular." They must get down on their knees before the suit of clothes which their party had nominated and swear it was just what they wanted. The must support it with all their strength and advise all other fools to do the same.

And so that is what they did.

Johnson and his followers were either liars and hypocrites

(Continued on page 2, col. 1.)

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A Monthly Mustard-Plaster for the Blood-Boils of Society, Church and State.

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Ralph Swanson - - - - Publisher
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THE FOOL-KILLER,
Boomer, - - - - North Carolina.

BACK TO THEIR VOMIT.

(Continued from page 1.)

before the convention, or they are liars and hypocries now. If the great reforms which they preached for so vehemently were needed then they are still needed. If they are not needed now they were never needed.

In either case, the Johnsonites have proved themselves to be two-faced hypocrites and contemptible quitters, and they are no longer worthy of the respect and confidence of decent people.

In the Democratic camp Tom Watson of Georgia has cut exactly the same caper.

He ripped and he ranted and he roared.

He fumed and he foamed and he fizzed.

And then he turned right around and declared that he would support Cox—support the millionaire, the plutocrat, the reactionary, the enemy of every progressive idea that Tom Watson has pretended to advocate.

Thus do the political dogs return to their vomit.

I heard a funeral sermon recently, and the preacher said that the dead person was in heaven walking the golden streets and praising the Lord. But David says in Psalms 115: 17: "The dead praise not the Lord." It seems to me sorter like that preacher must have lied. What do you think about it, Tom?

The labor forces in England and France showed the war-jingoes where to head in. When we suffer as much on this side as they have suffered over there, maybe we will have a little sense, too.

The Allies have put their money on the wrong hoss in Russia every time. They can't pick a winner till it runs over them, and then it is too late.

THE NEW PUBLISHER.

Let me introduce you to Mr. Ralph Swanson, the new publisher of The Fool-Killer. Mr. Swanson is a young man of splendid character and very marked ability in several different lines. As writer, artist, musician, printer, teacher and soldier he has made good. He went through hell in France for the benefit of the plutes, and he has no delusions as to the character of the plute propaganda that we were fed on during the war. And now he is back here with his sleeves rolled up and has tackled the job of publishing the Fool-Killer. As soon as he has had time to get up steam I predict that there will be something didding around this shop. My job from now on will be to operate the gab-mill. I'm going to pick up this old typewriter by the hind leg and just frail the tan-bark plum off of everything. And you-unses must all pitch in and help Ralph cover creation with this-here gospel-truck.

GIZZARD-TO-GIZZARD.

Well, Rastus, you just sit down on that-thar stump, and I'll sit down on this one, and we'll just naturally have one of our good old confabs about things in general and about The Fool-Killer in particular.

I've been pumping my chin music through the columns of this-here paper for nearly eleven years. I have greatly enjoyed doing the gab-work, and if that had been all there was to do I would have had a regular picnic all the time. But lawsakes, honey, it takes a whole lot of something else besides gab to run a paper.

I have been handicapped with sickness and other troubles, so that the mechanical work of getting out the paper has been a continual burden.

It has never been done right.

What I have always needed was a partner to take charge of the printing and mailing, so that I would have nothing else to bother about but the chin-music.

Ever since I got big enough to sop bread and 'lasses out of a tin plate I have been writing jim-dandy truck to print in the papers, but I never did have sense enough to run the mechanical and business end of a paper like it ought to be run.

And that's another reason why I needed a partner.

Well, I THINK I've got him.

I've turned the whole shebang over to him except this-here old Oliver that I write the chin-music on, and he seems to be starting out fine. I think you will stand a better chance now of getting your paper regularly and on time.

And I think maybe the "goody" will be gooder.

The plute world is now building great hopes on General Wrangel. My stars alive, what an appropriate name! The plutes always have depended on a general wrangle, and I hope they'll get their belly full of it now.

IDIOTORIALS

The world isn't safe for anything but war and millionaires.

It takes more than a big name tied to a mule's tail to make even a vice-president.

Many Mexicans are named Jesus, but I'm afraid most of them took the name in vain.

Every time Harding speaks you can see the vocal cords moving in the throat of the Senate.

Don't take your preacher's word for it. Don't even take my word for it. Think a little for yourself.

Trying to wrap up Franklin D. Roosevelt in the Roosevelt fame is like wrapping up a turnip seed in a bed quilt.

Does anybody know when "Senator" Newberry is to start serving his two years in the pen? Don't all speak at once.

Now, Mr. 'Fraid-of-the-Wimmen, you can just rear back and howl till your howler splits wide open. Wow!

Bainbridge Colby trying to act as Secretary of State reminds me of a one-legged clothes-pin trying to straddle a saw-log.

Now, Madam, you've got it—what are you going to do with it? We want to see some results along about corn-shuckin' time.

If the League of Nations can't manage Russia, it might try something easier—telling the wind how to blow, for instance.

If anybody wants an Interchurch World Movement right cheap, now is the time to buy. Address 26 Broadway.

The reason Candidate Hardwad is staying at home is because nobody wants to see him except the millionaires, and they are able to go to him.

Any working man who can vote for Hardidge and Cooling could pour ham gravy over a saddle blanket and eat it for breakfast.

The plutes are all going to vote for Coxing and Hard—excuse me, I mean Hoxing and Card—no, hang-take it, I mean Carding and Hox!

The first time an opportunity came along for the League of Nations to do something it fell down on the job and flattened out like a pancake.

Cox is running for the presidency, but Harding is sitting for it. Warren thinks Jim will drive it by his front porch and he'll grab it.

Wearing a Cox or Harding button is just another way of saying that you haven't got knowledege enough to be decently ashamed of yourself.

If Cox becomes president he will be commander-in-chief of army. Then it will be Cox's Army. Somehow that seems to have a mighty familiar sound and a mighty soupy smell.

If T. R. could know that the name "Roosevelt" was on a Democratic ticket, he would kick the lid off of his coffin and turn over six times and think some awful bad words.

Why all this fuss about Harding's front porch? The back porch, or even the wood box behind the stove in the kitchen, would be more appropriate for "McKinley's shadder."

Now, by grannies, if the women don't do a better job of voting than the men have been in the habit of doing, I move that the whole human race be disfranchised and let the hosses vote.

Without being able to get his own country to join it, Willrow Woodson still acts as president of the Leegonashuns. Sorter like catching out a hoss to ride, and then fastening the saddle on the gate post.

All this big talk among the Allies and the United States about refusing to "recognize" the Soviet Republic of Russia reminds me of the little boy who refused to "recognize" the calf that stepped on him.

The readers of the Fool-Killer send in many good letters and articles that I would be glad to print if I had room for them. But the space is so limited, and there is such a demand for my own fool gab, that I can't print much else.

This is the first time in the history of the country, so far as I know, that both of the old-party candidates for president have been millionaires. Oh, how the Redemocans do love the poor man! Say, Rube, why don't you get out and yell some for Carding and Hox?

When God had finished making the Roosevelt family He swept up the scraps and shavings and made Franklin D. Roosevelt. Because it was the sorriest job he had turned out, God dumped it into the sorriest party, and now that party has nominated it for Vice-President.

The Republican spell-binders are busting their belly bands trying to make us believe that Harding is another McKinley. Mighty apt he is. Just about as much like McKinley as a stuffed owl is like two acres of cabbage. But even a man of the McKinley type is not what this country needs now. If McKinley were alive today he would be just as unable to cope with present conditions as Wilrow Woodson has been. We need a man who can comprehend the fact that a New Age is upon us—a man who will not try to patch up the Nineteenth Century's old breeches for the Twentieth Century to wear.

CONCERNING THE KINGDOM

Kimberly, Idaho.

Mr. James Larkin Pearson,
Boomer, N. C.

Dear Sir:

Many people believe that the time is at hand for the setting up of Christ's Kingdom on earth. Some of the best Bible students in the world believe with Pastor Russell that the dawn of Christ's earthly reign began (the organizing and construction work ofthe same) in the year 1914, as predicted by Pastor Russell in 1890.There is much evidence that Pastor Russell was right. The Jews are returning and organizing as a nation. The Great War started in 1914, opening the way for the fulfilling of prophecy by the return and organizing of Israel in the land of their fathers. The "Times of the Gentiles" have evidently expired. This is the day of restitution—the gathering and blessing of of the whole house of Israel. Then, if we are entering the reign of Christ, the question comes to our minds, how will he reign, what form of government, and how officered? Will he rule as an Emperor with a great army by force, or by common consent under a Theocratic government, after having established just and righteous laws? Will he organize his kingdom with the same officers, gifts, powers and blessings that he put into his Church or Kingdom in the beginning of the Gospel Dispensation? If so, may we look for a government by the power of the priesthood as in the day when a lie to God's High Priest would cause instant death? The above is written for information only. Will the editor of The Fool-Killer please give us an article on the above question when convenient?

M. E. EDEN.

Dear Friend Eden:

Your questions are very reasonable and very interesting, but I am afraid there is not anybody living who can answer them for certain just yet. As is always the case concerning any great question, there are different opinions about it, and perhaps one is about as liable to be right as another. Bible students have just lately begun to realize with any sort of clearness that there is to be a Messianic Reign at all, and it is perhaps too early to get all the details yet. These things come in their "due time," and we will have to wait patiently until the Plan unfolds a litte further. It is unfolding very rapidly these days, and we shall soon see more clearly.

Pastor Russell was a great and good man, and a very wise interpreter of the hidden things, but he didn't get everything exactly right. As I see it, he made a few rather astounding blunders. When he says that the entire human and physical part of Christ was given as a ransom for sinners AND NOT TAKEN BACK—that the Man Jesus was not raised from the dead at all—he involves himself in a tangle that is hard to get out of. As clear-sighted a man as he was should have been able to see that it was only the BLOOD OF Christ that was given and not taken back.The orthodox preachers have always preached this truth without even knowing it. We have heard it from childhood—about being "washed in the Blood," and "redeemed by the Blood." But we have never heard anything about being "washed in the Flesh and Bones" or redeemed by the Flesh and Bones." It is always just the Blood and nothing else.

This may be a new thought to some of you, but it is a fact that the resurrected body of Christ did not have any blood in it, but it did have flesh and bones, for he says so himself. When he came to the disciples in the closed room they thought he was a spirit, and to prove to them that he did have a literal body, he said, "Touch me and see, for a spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see me have."

He also asked for something to eat, and actually ate it in their presence. And all this was done to prove to them that he DID have a body. Of course it was a spiritual body (capable of appearing or disappearing at will), but it was more than a mere spirit. If it wasn't literal flesh and bones, then Jesus certainly did sorter stretch his blanket, as the saying is. I have great respect for Pastor Russell's opinion on most things, but somehow it is easier for me to believe Christ's own statement that he DID have a body of flesh and bones than to believe Pastor Russell's statement that he didn't. He certainly left the impression with those disciples that he had a literal body of flesh and bones, and it is a rather daring assumption to say that he was deliberately trying to deceive them.

Just how Christ will reign and in what manner he will govern his Messianic Kingdom I am unable to say. It is certain that the saints (comprising the Bride Class) will assist him in the work, but he will evidently be on hand himself as the chief ruler. Possibly he will be visible at times and invisible at other times.

All through the prophecies it is stated of Jesus that he will "reign on the throne of his father David." Now David was just a human being—a mere man—and his throne was a literal throne here on earth. And Jesus, on the side of his human nature, was a direct lineal descendant of David. Now please get this: It was the HUMAN element in Jesus that made him an heir to David's throne. And I contend that the very minute he lays aside his human body right then he forfeits his right to the throne of his father David. Again, Jesus is sometimes called "The Lion of the tribe of Judah." But the tribe of Judah is human. Therefore if Jesus has given up all of his human nature, then he is no longer the "Lion of the Tribe of Judah."

This is worth thinking about.

Since the United States as a nation is not connected with the Leegonashuns, how does it happen that our President has a right to be an official in it? Would an old broke-down bicycle be allowed to preside at a convention of airplanes?

CLUB RATES

IN CLUBS OF FOUR OR MORE, 25 CENTS A YEAR

The price of single subs to The Fool-Killer is FORTY CENTS a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of Four or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 25 cents a year each.

At the very low price we make, it is impossible to give premiums to club-raisers, but thousands of people enjoy getting up clubs for the fun of it and to help out a good cause. You will enjoy it, too, and you are hereby invited to become a regular club-raiser. If you can distribute some samples into good hands, all they will cost you is to ask for them.

The Fool-Killer is now nearly ten years old. It has a large circulation in every state in the Union, and it also goes to several foreign countries. It has long ago passed the experimental stage and has become an established institution. Over 40,000 people are eagerly waiting for its arrival each month.

Send remittance by registered letter, express or postoffice money order, and make all orders payable to:

The Fool-Killer, Boomer, N. C.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow that works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and to keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is nearly ten years old, and getting older every month.

It preaches the truth so straight that each issue brings hundreds of old moss-backs and blind leaders of the blind to the mourner's bench in a trot.

It "gits 'em goin' an' comin'."

It retails at 40 cents a year, or 25 cents in clubs of four or more, and circulates all over the Benighted States.

If you don't like it, there is no law to make you take it.

If you do like it, you are hereby invited to subscribe and get up a club.

I want 50,000 new subscribers to this paper inside of the next six months, and so I do.

The Fool-Killer don't crawl behind a tree to talk.

It don't bust its crupper holding back to see what somebody else is going to say.

It is written with a red-hot poker dipped in razor-soup.

It rides the devil a-straddle without a saddle, and spurs him at every lope.

It is death to fools, rascals and hypocrites.

The Fool-Killer always tries to make a man laugh right big, and then cram a truth down him while his mouth is open.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

Tote this paper around in your pocket—when you go to church, the postoffice, the store, the mill, or where-ever you go—and show it to everybody you see.

Ask them if they would like to sop their mental flap-jacks in my editorial molasses for awhile.

Be a missionary for this good cause.

If you can use a few sample copies, just send a wireless postal card.

Set a resolution to send in one club every month, at least.

I want 1,000 agents who will agree to do that much.

THE FOOL-KILLER, BOOMER, N. C.

THE "DOCTORS" DISAGREE

I have asserted time and again that the orthodox people who claim to believe in a hell of endless torment are utterly unable to agree among themselves as to what sort of hell they actually do believe in. One has it a lake of fire, another has it a furnace, and still others say it isn't literal fire at all, but some sort of a spiritual fire that hurts just as bad.

But I am going to give you in this article a few extracts from the recognized writings of some of the old-fashioned hell-fire preachers of the past. My object in doing this is to show you to what ridiculous extremes they went, and how utterly unreasonable and even blasphemous their so-called theology appears in the light of common sense.

The Rev. Jonathan Edwards was one of the very biggest of the "hell-fire" preachers of his day. And his writings are still read and believed in by a great many of the theologically blind of our own time. In the second volume of "Sermons" by Jonathan Edwards we find the following:

> "Those wicked men who died many years ago, their souls went to hell, and there they are still. Those who went to hell in former ages of the world have been in hell ever since, all the while suffering torment. They have nothing else to spend their time in there but to suffer torment. They are kept in being for no other purpose."

Then here is another terrible picture of hell taken from the writings of the Rev. Isaac Ambrose:

> "The damned shall be packed like brick in a kiln, and be so bound that they cannot move a limb, nor even an eye-lid; and while thus fixed, the Almighty shall blow the fires of hell through them forever."

Some people claim that the devil is the proprietor of hell and that he is the one who will chunk up the fires and pile on the brimstone and see to it that the wicked get properly roasted. But Preacher Ambrose says the Almighty God is going to do it Himself. The plain inference is that God will leave heaven in charge of the pope or some other deputy-God, while He goes down and gives His personal attention to the other place. Could blasphemy go further? Note carefully and remember that the above-quoted "authority" says the wicked will be packed into hell like bricks in a kiln, and will not even have room to move a limb nor bat an eye. And then look at this next picture, which is found in the seventh volume of "Sermons" by the Rev. Jonathan Edwards:

> "The world will probably be converted into a great lake or liquid globe of fire—a vast ocean of fire, in which the wicked shall be overwhelmed, which will always be in tempest in which they will be tossed to and fro, having no rest day nor night."

There we see that they are going to be continually moving and tossing to and fro, which does not agree at all with Rev. Ambrose's statement that they cannot even move an eye-lid. Now, if these two great preachers can't get any nearer together than that, what right have we to believe either one of them? For my part I simply don't. They didn't either one know any more about it than a toad frog knows about arithmetic.

Next we will hear the testimony of the Rev. William Davidson, another of the highly respectable orthodox preachers of the past. He says:

> "Upon such an assembly (as the lost in hell) God cannot look but with utter detestation. His face shall be red in His anger, His eyes shall not pity, nor His soul spare for their crying. The day of vengeance is in His heart. It is what His heart is set upon. He will delight in it."

If that isn't doubled-and-twisted blasphemy I don't know what to call it. Actually charging God with being more of a beast than the old heathen Romans were when they used to watch the bulls and lions tear the people to pieces.

One would naturally think that the limit of blasphemy and unreasonableness had already been reached. But no, that isn't the worst yet. The following quotation is taken from pages 457 and 458 of the "Works of Samuel Hopkins," and I think you will all agree with me that Sam is entitled to the prize for pure unredeemable sacrilege in its most hopeless form. Listen:

> "The smoke of their torment shall ascend up in the sight of the blessed forever and serve as a most clear glass always before their eyes, to give them a constant, bright and most affecting view. This display of the divine character and glory will be in favor of the redeemed, and most entertaining, and give the highest pleasure to those who love God, and raise their happiness to ineffable heights. Should this eternal punishment and this fire be extinguished, it would in a great measure obscure the light of heaven, and put an end to a great part of the happiness and glory of the blessed."

Go back and read that again. Read it slowly, carefully, and let it soak in. Here we have one of the greatest preachers of America solemnly stating it as his honest opinion that the torment of the wicked throughout eternity will constitute the entertainment of the righteous and that it is the fires of hell which will furnish the light for heaven, and that if hell were brought to an end, heaven would be in darkness.

Imagine such revolting blasphemy and sacrilege as that coming from the lips of a man who posed as a follower of Jesus Christ and a preacher of His gospel! And yet the world has built its theology on just that sort of foundation. It is no wonder that the thinking people of this enlightened age are turning away from the creeds and theories of Jonathan Edwards and Samuel Hopkins and all of their God-dishonoring crew.

In this age of the world our towns and cities are lighted by electricty, but according to Rev. Samuel Hopkins, D. D., the blessed city of the redeemed is going to be lighted by the flames of hell. Our modern towns are pretty bad, but they are a credit to such a heaven as that. If I believed that heaven was going to be that sort of a place I certainly would not want to go there.

But somebody will say, "Oh them ducks belonged to a past generation. Nobody believes or teaches that kind of stuff these days."

Sure enough, they don't say it in exactly that language now. They have to tone it down a little and rub off some of the sharp corners. But still the accepted theology is based on the identical same old errors and leads to the same unreasonable end. If we are getting intelligent enough to modify and tone down our theological mistakes, why can't we be intelligent enough to discard them altogether? Instead of cutting off the devil's tail a little at a time, why not whack it off right behind the ears and throw the whole blamed thing away?

A SERMON TO THE ADVENTISTS.

I have a large number of Adventists on my list, and many of them are among my best friends and club-raises. They are all mighty good people, and I don't like to disagree with them, but I must try to stick to the truth as I see it, regardless of who it pleases or displeases.

The Adventists have got some of the great vital truths down pat. They are everlastingly right on the Immortality of the Soul, Eternal Torment, and all that. They have got a sort of half-way view of the paradise on earth, but haven't caught on to the gradual steps by which it will be established. They think it will all be done very suddenly when Jesus comes—changed from a wicked world to a paradise in one night, as it were.

They think that nobody can be saved after Jesus comes, losing sight of the fact that the very object and purpose of the Messianic Kingdom is to convert and save the world.

The Adventists do not at all understand the position of the Jew in the divine plan. They have always taught that the Jew was permanently cast off and would never be taken back into God's favor any more. But I am glad to see that some of their leaders are coming around to the truth here of late. When they get the Jew properly placed in the scheme of things and learn how to interpret the events that are happening right before our eyes every day, they will then be in a position to make progress.

The Adventists have so much of the truth that it is a pity they don't get the rest of it. And I think they will before long. The trouble with them is that they still have some of the strings of old Babylon tied to them. Hurry up, you Adventist friends, and cut loose from old Babylon and come out into the glorious light of the Whole Truth.

CORRESPONDENCE.

E. L. Blount, Paris, Miss.—I am sending renewal for The Fool-Killer, also four others who want it a year. I don't want to ever be without The Fool-Killer in my home.

S. C. BURROUGHS, 309 Crenshaw St., Bedford, Va.—Enclosed find $1.50 for a club of six. Some people think you are a little too rough, but I say hit them harder.

J. B. GOODE, R2, Sturgis, Miss.—Find enclosed money order for one dollar for a club of four. I like your paper fine. People are getting their eyes open to a certain extent. I find your doctrine with the Bible. Be sure and send me a few sample copies.

MRS. M. G. COOK, Wagener, S. C.—I gave the extra copy of The Fool-Killer that you sent me to a friend, and after reading it a few minutes he gave me the subscription price and requested me to have it sent to him. I am enclosing same with his name and address. I sure do enjoy reading your paper, though the Truth you publish is not real new to me, as I have read Studies in the Scriptures. I believe your paper will spread the Truth to people who refuse to learn elsewhere.

J. I. TAYLOR, Sikes, La.—The last two numbers of your paper "just fit my crook," as the old lady said about the side-saddle. And I think they will fit other crooks, so I want you to send me a few sample copies of the last issue if you have any left. I want to put them in the hands of some of our hell-scared preachers. Find one dollar enclosed to pay for subs to some preachers and deacons. I want to get their eyes open. So just give us a broadside every once in a while on anything that you think will wake them up.

A. C. DILL, R4, Olustee, Okla.—Enclosed you will find one dollar for which please send your paper to the accompanying list. Now we are not quite dead, but I am gapeing my last gape, as I will be 65 years old the 13th of this month. But we all like your paper. We know that the time has come when one and all have got to take their position and stand up and be men, or be brushed aside. We have got to look the world square in the face. We have no use for a man that don't come clean and let us know which side he is on. I notice that yout quote Tom Watson of Georgia, a man whose political views I think more of than any other man in the South. Best wishes to your paper—and Tom's. (Yes, honey, but the thunder of it is that Tom has returned to his vomit along with the rest of the dogs. I haven't been seeing his paper for a little while, but I understand he has declared his intention to support Millionaire Cox. Lord help us—is there ANYBODY we can trust?)

The Fool=Killer

Volume X. Boomer, North Carolina, October, 1920. Number 8.

RUN HERE WITH THE CAMPHOR.

Now, folkses, I am going to make a statement that may scare some of you just about plum to death. So you had better get a long breath and hold on to yourself with both hands. And if you are much inclined to be faintified, you had better have the camphor bottle handy.

Ready?

All right.

This great booger-boo known as the Bolshevist movement, which started in Russia and is now spreading rapidly all over the world, is in all probability the beginning of the Kingdom of Christ on earth.

I will now wait till you get your breath again.

There, now, honey!

Sorry to frighten you so.

I didn't expect you to believe it right on the jump-go. but I will give you some of the reasons why I think it must be so.

The history of the world has been divided into different ages, and one of these is the Gentile Age. You will find a complete diagram of it in the second chapter of Daniel. The great image that old Neb saw represented the whole course of the Times of the Gentiles. We are told that old Neb himself was the head of gold, therefore the Age started with him, at the time when he conquered Israel in 606 B. C.

We are very plainly shown that the length of the Gentile Times was to be 2,520 years. Beginning in 606 B. C., that would bring us to 1914, A. D. There was to be just four great world-empires during that time—Babylon, Medo-Persia, Greece and Rome. They have all been, and the time is out. The next world-empire is to be the kingdom of Christ. It says that a little stone was to strike the image on the feet and break it to pieces, and then the stone would grow and fill the whole earth. Kaiser Bill tried to establish the fifth world empire, but he made a miserable failure. So it seems certain that Germany was not the predicted stone that was to crush the image. The German empire would have been only a continuation of the image if the Kaiser had succeeded.

The stone was to be cut out of a mountain. In prophecy the word mountain generally signifies a nation or a government. And the stone that strikes the Gentile image must not be any entire government, but something cut out of a government.

Now listen!

Bolshevism, when it started, was not the whole of Russia, but something cut out of Russia. And if we believe even a tenth of what the newspapers said about it, Bolshevism was a hard wad—a stone, if you please. But it was small, and nobody had any idea that it could crush the great Gentile governments of the world.

But look how Bolshevism has grown. Look how it has spread over the world and taken root among the workers of all nations. The capitalists hate it because it threatens their power, but the workers are taking to it like a duck to water. In view of what it has accomplished in two or three years, it wouldn't be surprising now to see it fill the whole earth.

And listen again!

The Jews are to be the leaders of the new kingdom, and we would naturally expect it to start among them.

Well, it did.

More Jews live in Russia than anywhere else.

Keronsky, the leader of the first Russian Revolution, is a Jew.

Lenine is a Jew.

Trotsky is a Jew.

But somebody will say, "Surely a movement that is so bitterly hated and denounced by all of the "best people" of the world—the rich and respectable class—surely such a movement could not be the beginning of the Kingdom of Christ."

Why not?

Wasn't Jesus Christ himself hated and denounced in the very same manner by the "best people" of his day? Wasn't he dragged into court and condemned and crucified by that very same class of rich and respectable people? Didn't the poor and the humble flock to him and recognize him as their friend? Wasn't he hated by the ruling class and loved by the poor?

Then why should we think it strange if the first beginnings of his government should be met in the same spirit?

Governments of men do not last always. Some come to their end in one manner and some in another, but they must all end some time. And the present Gentile governments of the world will not be any exception to the rule. We need not expect them to willingly lay down the reins of power and say, "Here, somebody, come and get this world—we don't want to play with it any longer." No sir, they will never do that. They will try to hang on just as long as possible. And no matter what power it may be that finally chokes them loose and destroys their capitalist grip on the world, they will not greet it with open arms and accept it as a good thing. No-sir-ee-Bob! They will cuss it and denounce it and tell lies about it just as long as they can get a breath. No matter how good a power it really is, it will not LOOK good to the fellows who have to turn loose their sugar-tits.

NAKED GIRLS FOR BAIT.

I saw a picture in one of the "patriotic" plute papers the other day that just about capped anything I ever heard tell of. It showed a scene at one of the navy recruiting station, and it showed two girls with just about enough clothes on to tie up a sore thumb. They called them bathing suits, but they must have been made for young ducks, and then thrown away because they were too little.

These girls, wearing a broad smile and about six inches of "bathing suit," had appeared at the recruiting station and volunteered to stand there in that garb and kiss every young buck who would join the navy.

The reading under the picture said there was a terrible rush to sign up, until the police got a whiff of it and drove the young Eves away. Hang-taked old mean police! What did they do that for? The navy needed the boys, and the boys needed the kisses, and the girls had 'em to spare, and the whole show was so "patriotic" that it just naturally stunk.

THE NEGRO'S SOUL.

A correspondent wants to know if the negro has a soul.

No, buddy, the negro has no soul.

Neither has the white man.

Nor the red man.

No human being, of whatever color, has a soul.

But every human being, regardless of color, IS a soul.

It takes the whole person to make a soul.

Therefore you do not possess a soul.

You ARE a soul.

And so is the negro.

And so is the horse.

Or the dog.

People can ask such fool questions, anyhow!

Why dont' they THINK a little?

The plutes have tried three times now to start a big "Movement" and show God how to save the world, and they have all failed. First we had the Men and Religion Forward Movement, then the Laymen's Missionary Movement, and recently the Interchurch World Movement, and they all died in infancy. Have the plutes learned their lesson, or will they try to hatch up some other raw scheme to bribe God with money and make the church safe for the devil? I just wonder.

A WORD TO CORRESPONDENTS.

One of the greatest regrets I have is that I am unable to answer all the good letters that I get from my friends all over these Benighted States. Right now I have perhaps a hundred letters on my desk that ought by all means to have an answer, but many of them will never get it. These friends no doubt think I am a poor business man or I would answer their letters. Well, I admit it. But what can a fellow do when he CAN'T do? There is only one of me, and I have so much else to do that my correspondence has to be neglected. So if you have written and don't get a reply, please understand that this is the reason—I just don't have time. But I appreciate your letters just the same, so let them come right along.

WE MUST SUFFER SOME MORE.

The working people of Europe are getting their dander up. It seems very clear now that they have endured capitalism just about as long as they intend to.

One after another the governments are falling into labor's hands.

In England labor has made its voice heard and heeded.

The same in Italy.

France is the only one of the big group that still makes any show of maintaining its capitalistic power.

And France's time will come.

The bosses used to laugh at Socialism in Europe, just as they still laugh here.

But they don't laugh any more

They listen and tremble.

The workers of Europe have paid for freedom—paid heavily in blood and tears—and now they are going to have it.

And there is no use for Mister Plute to get excited about it.

He might just as well argue with the force of gravitation.

But in these Benighted States of America it is different.

We have not suffered enough yet.

We must pay a little more tribute to the profiteer.

We must get a little hungrier.

We must go down and fight Mexico to make the Mexican oil fields safe for the American millionaires.

We must let our wisest and best men stay in jail a little longer for the crime of having opinions.

We learn very slowly.

But a four-year course under Harding will graduate us.

We have not suffered enough yet.

The Fool-Killer

A Monthly Mustard-Plaster for the Blood-Boils of Society, Church and State.

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THE FOOL-KILLER,
Boomer, - - - - North Carolina.

PARAGRAPHS.

What beautiful dime novels Palmer will be able to write when he goes into retirement!

A few more years of shilly-shallying, and Germany will demand an indemnity from the Allied and Associated Powers.

The tallest man in the world, about nine feet high, has just arrived in this country. Now maybe he can reach up and pull the prices down.

Something awful happened in Marion, Ohio, tuther day. Millionaire Candidate Harding, alias McKinley's Shadder, eluded the watchful eye of his guardian and got off the front porch and halfway across the lawn before he was discovered. Now wasn't that a plum sight?

The Democratic Revaluation Law in North Carolina has got the Farmer's Union up in arms. At their meeting in Greensboro recently the farmers indulged in some regular "red" talk, and about next November there is liable to be some "red" voting.

We crossed the seas to fight for England; we profess great loyalty and friendship for England. But we have welcomed and applauded the "President" of Ireland, who is in open rebellion against England. Are we just hypocrites, or are we just plain fools?

Edison's latest edition of the talking machine is so perfect that an expert can't distinguish it from the human voice. And they say Edison has gone to work now to make it better than the human voice. And that puts new hope in my breast. Maybe the talking machine will get smart enough to tell us when the Redemocans are going to quit their meanness.

IDIOTORIALS

Tennessee burnt the bridge, and then tried to cross back on it.

Woodrow Wilson is not as great a man as he used to be. He never was.

The slowest way to become a millionaire is to work for the money.

The Dems are saying that Cox grows stronger every day. So does a dead hoss.

Even in these prohibition days they still open their campaigns with a corkscrew.

A farmer-labor party with a lawyer candidate! Don't that beat a hen a-rootin', as Shakespeare says?

As November approaches, the people should remember what party it was that "kept us out of war."

If you haven't anything to say, just talk all the bigger, so the folks will be impressed with the noise you make.

A woman called her husband a "worm," and then asked him to hook up her dress. Must have thought he was a hookworm.

It is better to act the Christian without professing to be one than it is to profess to be a Christian and then act the rascal.

Any of this fall's crop of babies that are so unfortunate as to be named Harding or Cox will never live to be weaned. They will die of humiliation and disgrace before they get into short dresses.

Yes, honey, you can swap one error for another error and still be unsettled and dissatisfied. But when you finally get hold of the Truth you know it, and you don't have any more temptation to go galloping around after something else.

What has become of the great "patriotic" snorting machine that used to be called the "American Legion"? Seems to be about as dead as all the rest of the big "movements" that start out to "save the world." Fize them I'd quit.

Of all the men now running for President in these Connected States, the only one who is nationally and internationally known is Eugene Debs. Every intelligent person on the face of the earth knows Debs—the great hearted, true-hearted, faithful friend of the common people. But Carding and Hox and the rest were practically unheard of before they were nominated. It is like running a handful of green gooseberries against an Elberta peach. But the people are so blind to their own interests that one of the gooseberries is certain to be elected.

Gov. Dorsey, of Georgia, wanted his State to endorse him for U. S. Senator, but Georgia did not feel very en-Dorsey.

The foolishness I print in this-here fool paper ain't like the cheap stuff you get elsewhere. This is good sensible foolishness.

"Self-determination" is a very adaptable term. Uncle Sam seems to believe in it for himself, but not for Russia, nor Mexico, nor Santo Domingo.

When a "movement" refuses to move, what would you call it? I am just trying to think up a name for the next plute world-saving jeemimy-fit. I suggest "Fizz Number Four" as the name of the next one.

When people have to live on canned hope and cold sliced atmosphere two-thirds of the time they naturally get sore and rebellious. That's what's the matter with these Benighted States.

France is showing just about as little sense as Germany showed in 1914. And she will come to the same end, and she will not be long about it. Write that on your cuff and remember it.

If you refuse to tell an important truth that needs to be told, you are just as big a liar as if you had told something that wasn't so.

What would you think of a man who would help a lady across a mud-puddle, and then try to jerk her back into it? That's Tennessee.

To hear the present-day Republican outfit spoken of as the "Grand Old Party" is enough to make a wooden Indian laugh till he got a "ketch" in his belly.

The laboring man who votes either of the old party tickets will certainly never have brain fever—he ain't got any place to have it.

Hooray! I am tickled just about fit to bust over Tom Watson's victory. Now the millionaire's club in the north end of the capitol will have in it one friend of the common people.

In every contest between the masters and the slaves, the alleged Church of Christ always takes sides with the masters. And still it wonders why the poor are drifting away from the church. Great mystery, ain't it Rube?

The average daily newspaper can tell just seven times more lies than the average weekly of the same size. But they both do their durnedest, as Shakespeare says.

"Not a microbe exists in mountain air above 2,000 feet," says a scientific writer. Well, now if mountain air will kill the microbes of meanness that infest the Redemocan politicians, I move that they all be herded together and colonized on the Alps.

"BLUETS AND BUTTERCUPS"

A Little Book of Verses by Cora Wallace Pearson.

We love the rose, and all the favorite cultivated blossoms—yet the modest little bluets and buttercups, and other wild flowers of the woodland, also please us. Beautiful thoughts expressed in rhythmical rime and musical meter are the word-flowers God has given us for the enjoyment and recreation of our minds and hearts, just as the color and fragrance of the rose and other flowers were given for the enjoyment of our physical senses.

Real poets, like James Whitcomb Riley (or your own James Larkin Pearson, for instance) are capable of producing poetical "posies" of the rose type—but I lay no claim to such capabilities. But you will be pleased with my "Bluets and Buttercups," and I will be pleased to get your order for a copy. Price 25 cents coin.

Mrs. Cora Wallace Pearson,
Boomer, N. C.

It is said that thousands of believers in the "immortal soul" and "eternal torment" are going crazy over Spiritism. But that isn't exactly correct. People who believe in those things cannot go crazy—they are already there. Crazy is their normal condition.

"Weejamania" is the latest disease. It is a germ disease, and the scientific name of the fatal germ is "immortal soul." Better have yourself examined to see that there are no "immortal soul" germs roosting under your hide.

The money wasted in the Great War, if it had been wisely expended in agricultural and scientific development, would have been sufficient to turn the earth into a literal Garden of Eden. But our bosses don't want any Eden.

$1,000 REWARD

I have decided to make a standing offer of One Thousand Dollars Reward to any man, woman or child who will find the term "immortal soul" or "never-dying soul" anywhere in the Bible, from the first chapter of Genesis to the last chapter of Revelation. This is an unconditional offer, without any ifs and ands about it, and it is open to any person anywhere who wants to undertake the job. All you have to do is to take a piece of paper and write on it the book, chapter and verse in the Bible where the term "immortal soul" or "never-dying soul" may be found, and send it to me by registered letter, and I will immediately mail you a cashier's check for $1,000.

If the human soul is immortal and cannot die, surely and undoubtedly the Bible somewhere mentions the fact; and if it does, then here is some mighty easy money for somebody. Address:

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON,
Boomer, North Carolina.

LOOK OUT, EDNA!

The following is written as a further answer to Miss Edna Verdery, of Augusta, Ga., whose letter defending the Devil's Lie appeared in this paper a few months ago.

Every time you can show me ONE scripture verse that you think can be made to support eternal torment, I will show you TEN verses that teach that the wicked shall be "burned up," "destroyed," "blotted out," "consumed," "be as though they had not been," and so forth. Why will people put so much tress on a few questionable verses and ignore so many plain and positive ones?

Luke 8:55. The word "spirit" in this verse comes from the Greek word "pneuma," which means breath, air, wind. Our common English word "pneumatic," applied to air-filled rubber tires, comes from the same Greek word "pneuma." And as used in this verse it can't mean anything except just the breath or the air that a person breathes. That was what came again into the daughter of Jairus, and that was all that came.

Matthew 25:46. "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal." Please take note that there is nothing said in this verse about conscious torment. It is only punishment. TheBible plainly teaches that the punishment of the wicked will continue as long as the life of the righteous. But the question people are divided on is this: What IS that punishment? Is it conscious life in endless torment, or is it just death—a cutting off from existence?

Let's see. The Greek word which is here rendered "punishment" is "kolasis," from "kolazo," which means "to cut off." The Emphatic Diaglott, which lies open before me as I write, renders the passage thus: 'And shall go away these into a cutting-off age-lasting, and the just ones into life age-lasting."

Now if the punishment of the wicked is to be a "cutting off" what are they to be cut off from? From LIFE, of course. Jesus says: "Ye will not come to me that ye may have life,,—John 5:40. This agrees perfectly with the statement, "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life."—Rom. 6:23.

There are just two things set before us—LIFE and DEATH—and we are perfectly well acquainted with both of them. There need be no mistake about what they mean. They are direct opposites, and if Life is the reward of the righteous, then Death must be the punishment of the wicked. And of course the death of the wicked will be just as everlasting as the life of the righteous. So there is your "everlasting punishment," and there is no eternal torment about it; neither is there any proof of the immortality of the soul. It proves just the opposite.

Mark 9:41-48. The old creeds always rely on this passage to prove that there is an everlasting burning hell. But it does not prove anything of the sort. The word hell, which occurs several times in this passage, is translated from the Greek word, "gehenna," which is the Greek form of the Hebrew "Ge-Hinnom," or "Valley of Hinnom," This was a deep valley to the southwest of Jerusalem where the refuse of the city was cast, and fires were kept burning there to consume the filth. Sometimes dead carcasses were cast in there to be consumed and gotten out of the way. Living bodies were never thrown there, and the dead bodies did not remain there—they were entirely consumed. Christ was talking to the people who were well acquainted with that place in Jerusalem, and he used that word "gehenna" to illustrate to them how the wicked would be completely burned into ashes and destroyed, just as they had seen the filth of the city destroyed. He had no thought of teaching endless existence in torment, but the very opposite—total annihilation.

Eccl. 12:7. The word "spirit" in this verse is translated from the Hebrew word "ruach," which means breath, air or wind—just the same as it Greek equivalent "pneuma." The same word "ruach" is used in Eccl. 3:19, and there it is translated "breath."

By the way, why are you orthodox people so enthusiastic about Eccl. 12:7, but try to ignore Eccl, 3:19-20? Because you think you can twist one to fit your creed, and you know you can't twist the other one. That's why. But let's look at Eccl. 3:19-20 before we pass on:

> "For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts; even one thing befalleth them; as the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath, so that a man hath no pre-eminence above a beast: for all is vanity. All go unto one place; all are of the dust, and all return to dust again."

Now, if Ecclesiastes is not reliable at this point, why in the name of all that is reasonable do you put so much faith in it at the other point? The same man wrote it all. And here is some more from the same writer:

> "For the living know that they shall die, but the dead know not anything. Also their love and their hatred and their envy is now perished."—Eccl. 9:5-6.

Try that tune on your immortal soul fiddle and see how it sounds. If their love and their hatred and their envy and all their knowledge of everything is perished, it looks to me like they are pretty tolerable dead. I say, Miss, if you are trying to prove the immortality of the soul, you had better keep out of Ecclesiastes.

The Jews constitute just about one per cent of the population of the world. But it is a strange fact that they hold the balance of power both in capital and labor. With both of these great powers in their hands, can't you see how easy it will be for them to take control of the earth's affairs?

CLUB RATES

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The price of single subs to The Fool-Killer is FORTY CENTS a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of Four or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 25 cents a year each.

At the very low price we make, it is impossible to give premiums to club-raisers, but thousands of people enjoy getting up clubs for the fun of it and to help out a good cause. You will enjoy it, too, and you are hereby invited to become a regular club-raiser. If you can distribute some samples into good hands, all they will cost you is to ask for them.

The Fool-Killer is now nearly ten years old. It has a large circulation in every state in the Union, and it also goes to several foreign countries. It has long ago passed the experimental stage and has become an established institution. Over 40,000 people are eagerly waiting for its arrival each month.

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The Fool-Killer, Boomer, N. C.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow that works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and to keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is nearly ten years old, and getting older every month.

It preaches the truth so straight that each issue brings hundreds of old moss-backs and blind leaders of the blind to the mourner's bench in a trot.

It "gits 'em goin' an' comin'."

It retails at 40 cents a year, or 25 cents in clubs of four or more, and circulates all over the Benighted States.

If you don't like it, there is no law to make you take it.

If you do like it, you are hereby invited to subscribe and get up a club.

I want 50,000 new subscribers to this paper inside of the next six months, and so I do.

The Fool-Killer don't crawl behind a tree to talk.

It don't bust its crupper holding back to see what somebody else is going to say.

It is written with a red-hot poker dipped in razor-soup.

It rides the devil a-straddle without a saddle, and spurs him at every lope.

It is death to fools, rascals and hypocrites.

The Fool-Killer always tries to make a man laugh right big, and then cram a truth down him while his mouth is open.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

Tote this paper around in your pocket—when you go to church, the postoffice, the store, the mill, or where-ever you go—and show it to everybody you see.

Ask them if they would like to sop their mental flap-jacks in my editorial molasses for awhile.

Be a missionary for this good cause.

If you can use a few sample copies, just send a wireless postal card.

Set a resolution to send in one club every month, at least.

I want 1,000 agents who will agree to do that much.

THE FOOL-KILLER, BOOMER, N. C.

"THE LAW OF OPPOSITES."

A subscriber in Alabama sends me a copy of the Gospel Trumpet, a Holiness paper, and calls my attention to an article on "Hell and Everlasting Punishment," that he wants me to answer in The Fool-Killer.

The article starts out just like all the rest of them—by assuming the immortality of the soul to be a fact—and then trying to bend every Scripture passage to fit that theory. The references given are the same old threadbare things that the "eternal torment advocates have tried to use ever since that fool notion got started. Every one of them have been explained and answered in these columns time after time and it seems unnecessary to repeat so often, hence I will pass on to the last part of the article where I find an "argument" that hasn't been used and answered quite so often. It is called the "Law of Opposites," and I will quote that part of the article here and follow it with my answer:

> "There is a fixed law which teaches that to all things there must be an opposite. This no intelligent person will deny. We have in the physical realm sorrow and joy, sickness and health, cold and heat, light and darkness, life and death, male and female, etc. This same law holds good in the spiritual realm. There we have good and evil, saint and sinner, spiritual death and spiritual life, Satan and God, heaven and hell. The disputer of the doctrine of hell says there is a place called heaven where the righteous shall dwell forever, where sorrow, pain and tears are unknown; a land where sickness and death are strangers, and everlasting bliss and happiness reign supreme; yet he fails to see that if there is such a place, it must of necessity have its opposite. To deny one is to deny both. This law declares in unmistakable terms that there can be no heaven unless there is a hell—that if everlasting happiness and joy are to be the reward of the righteous, then everlasting torment and punishment will be the reward of the wicked. Men may, and do, reject Scripture with the shallow excuse of mistranslation, but here they meet their Waterloo, for there is no possible way under heaven to overthrow or dodge this law of opposites. I consider this to be one of the strongest arguments in favor of hell and everlasting punishment that can be produced."—Gospel Trumpet.

Now just watch me.

In about ten minutes there won't be enough of Mister Trumpet's great argument left to make a greasy spot where I mash it. If that is the strongest argument, then I pity the weakest.

Mister Trumpet couples off a lot of well-known "opposites" such as life and death, health and sickness, joy and sorrow, good and evil, saint and sinner, and so forth. And then he takes the position that all these things have always existed and always must exist.

Let's see about that.

Didn't God look over His work of creation and pronounce it all very good? So if it was all very good there couldn't have been any evil mixed up with it.

Where was your "law of opposites" at that time?

Mister Trumpet says that we must have saints and sinners. But when the first pair were placed in Eden they were not sinners—not until Satan came along and persuaded them to commit sin. Then after they had sinned they were both sinners, and there was not a saint in all creation.

Where was your "law of opposites" at that time?

Mister Trumpet says there must be both joy and sorrow, or else there can't be either.

What an unreasonable statement!

There was joy in Eden before sin entered, but there was no sorrow. There was health in Eden then, but there was no sickness. There was life in Eden then, but there was no death.

Where was your "law of opposites" at that time.

And if God was able to fix it ONE TIME so that there could be life, health and joy without their opposites, don't you suppose God is able to have that condition again?

Your great "law of opposites" certainly did not hold good in Eden before the fall. But when Satan sneaked in with his evil work, then all the bad things were introduced as the result of sin. They had not existed before. And God did not consider the evil things necessary in order that His good things might exist. Not a bit of it. In fact, these very evil things (sin, sorrow, sickness and death) which you say are necessary and must always exist in order to support your "law of opposites"—they are the very things that Christ came to destroy. He has promised to restore the creation back to the condition it was in before any sin existed. And that will certainly play smash with your "law of opposites,"

The Bible says: "The soul that sinneth, it shall die."

Mister Trumpet says: "No, the soul that sinneth shall live forever, in order to support my law of opposites,"

The Bible says: "Yet a little while and the wicked shall not be."

Mister Trumpet says: "Yes, they shall be. They jist GOT to be, in order to support my law of opposites."

The Bible says: "There shall be no more sorrow."

Mister Trumpet says: "Yes, there shall be sorrow right on and on. There's jist GOT to be sorrow, in order to support my law of opposites."

But looky here, Mister Trumpet, if you are really trying to argue for a "law of opposites," why in the Tom Walker don't you be consistent? You say that the reward of the righteous will be eternal life in happiness, and then the best "opposite" that you can think of is eternal life in misery. Life in both cases, but just a different kind or condition of life. So long as the two classes both have LIFE (no matter how different the condition under which they live) you cannot set them up as opposites. Now, if you have got any sense at all, why can't you see that the REAL opposite of LIFE is DEATH? And why can't you see that the most extreme opposite of ETERNAL LIFE that anybody could conceive of would be ETERNAL DEATH? Let the wicked remain dead as long as the righteous remain alive, and then you have the real opposites. But your way of granting endless life to both, and only changing the CONDITIONS under which they live—that does not make opposites at all. Life and death are opposites, but two different kinds of life are not. They are extremes, not opposites. You can have two extremes of the same thing, but you can't have opposites of the same thing. Git me?

Mister Trumpet says there can't be any heaven of endless joy for the righteous unless there is also a hell of endless torment for the wicked. Well, well! If the devil and his alleged hot place are as important and necessary as all that, seems like we ought to treat the devil with great respect and look upon him as a friend and benefactor, because it is really the devil that makes it possible for us to have a heaven to go to. It seems, according to Mister Trumpet, that God would be perfectly helpless without the devil to help him. And just think, what a calamity it would be to the saints if the devil should decide to put out his fires and retire from the hell business! He could thus wipe heaven plum off the map, because heaven, you see, couldn't exist nary minute without a hell for its "opposite." Speaking of slick ways for the devil to get ahead of God and wreck all of His divine plans, what is the matter with that one? I'll bet a purty the devil has never thought about that.

Seriously now, Mister Trumpet, ain't you ashamed of your fool self?

You remind me of the man in a city hotel who was aroused one night by the fire alarm. He jumped out of bed and jerked on his breeches wrong side in front and then leaped out at a high window. Somebody, seeing him fall, ran to him and asked if he was nearly killed. He looked down at the bulging seat of his pants in front and replied, "No, but I am awfully twisted,"

An error believed by every person on earth remains an error. Multiplying a lie never makes a truth.—Dr. J. H. Tilden, of Denver. The above is SO true and so well said that I just must pass it along.

The critics are still quarreling over who wrote Shakespeare's works. Now looky here, if that ain't never going to be settled—if the honor of writing Shakespeare is always going to be in doubt—I might as well claim some of it as anybody else. And so, by George, this is to inform a waiting world that I writ Shakespeare myself. Now is your pain eased?

CORRESPONDENCE.

William Kropp, Mattoon, Ill.—Enclosed find money order for $1.00 for four subs. The sample copy you sent me has been read by quite a few people, and it is almost worn out. All who read it say it is a good paper. I may get more subs—at least, I will do my best for you.

Mrs. O. R. Amick, 3555 Juni St., Denver, Colo.—I am pleased to tell you that after having read one issue of The Fool-Killer, I was so glad for its many truths expressed—together with the manner of expression—that I began to hunt up a list of subscribers. I am enclosing money order for $1.75.

W. Coppenger, Kimberly, Idaho.—Enclosed find one dollar for a club of four. I think every issue gets better. Perhaps you will never know how many blind eyes you have opened until the Times of Restitution are in full swing, and then many that have opposed you will be ashamed. Already the great wolves in sheeps' clothing are gnawing their tongues for pain.

J. W. Stevenson, 305 N. Arlington Ave., Baltimore, Md.—Enclosed you will find money order for $2.00, and I hope you will sen me The Fool-Killer as often as you get to print it, as I am yet among the many fools, but dying daily to many foolish ideas, especially in religion and capitalism. And if I live long enough I hope to be completely dead to all Mammonized creeds and politics.

D. M. Elliott, Carlton, Ga.—I must say that you are some person. I like your stuff so well that I am trying to get others to read it, and that is not hard to do. Was talking about your paper yesterday, and got four subs before I got up. Thank you for the samples you sent em. I am sending two subs for each sample. I tell them I will do the writing and pay the postage, and if they are not satisfied when they read the first paper I will refund their money.

S. W. Stewart, R9, Bx 228, Charlotte, N. C.—I have been a subscriber to your paper, The Fool-Killer, for some time and prize it very highly. I certainly enjoy and endorse your exposure of the false doctrines of the so-called Christian churches of today. My greatest regret is that your paper is not issued as a daily. I am sending you a club of five subs at 25 cents each. Will send more soon, as it is a pleasure to me to assist in turning on the true light. Send me some samples for distribution.

Mrs. E. E. Burril, 38 Carroll St., Worcster, Mass.—I picked up one of your Fool-Killers (the first one I ever saw) among a lot of waste papers, and on account of the peculiar name I started to read it, and because so interested did I become I did not stop until I had read the entire paper. Must say it is something quite out of the ordinary and quite different from anything I ever read before, and I enjoyed it very much—so much, in fact, that I am sending money order for forty cents for a year's subscription. I am very much interested in the truth, and believe I can learn a great deal by reading your paper, as you are so sincere and outspoken. I am a little like that myself. The truth is the truth, no matter who it hits.

The Fool-Killer

Volume X. Boomer, North Carolina, November, 1920. Number 9.

STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!

For several years now I have been trying to tell the people, through the columns of this paper, that something new and very different was coming in the world. But many of the people seem too dense and dull-headed to grasp the idea. The standpatters are expecting the world to go on just like it has always been and the thought of any change whatever is foreign to their minds.

Now it is the purpose of this article to call your attention once more to the rapidly accumulating evidence that a complete turn-over of everything is just ahead of us. If you pretend to be an intelligent person you cannot afford to ignore these things.

Change is the one universal law of nature. Sometimes the changes are very slow, and some times they are more rapid. Some insects are born and die in a day. Men live for a period of years. Nations often endure for several centuries. But be the periods long or short, the change always comes. One living creature dies and another takes its place. One sytem of government wears out and another is introduced.

The old nations that are now a dim memory once believed that they were here to stay. They had just as much right to believe it as we have to believe that our present order is here to stay. But when the Law of Change said to those old nations "Move on!" they moved. And the same law has its hand on our door-knobs today.

Did you ever stand on the bank of a great river just above the rapids and watch the current? Try it. If you are not in reach of a big stream a small one will do. Throw a stick into the water some distance up, and watch it. Notice how it glides along very slowly and deliberately until it begins to approach the brink of the falls, and then notice how it picks up speed and dashes along like it was getting in a great hurry.

Now can you think of anything that my illustration fits? Just think a minute. The stream represents the River of Time; the stick represents the present generation and indicates its position on the river. It shows beyond any shadow of doubt that we have reached the rapids, and we are just ready to take the final plunge into the unseen and the unknown.

The human race got into the stream of time way back yonder. Just how far back doesn't matter. We know it has been six thousand years at least, and science puts it a good deal further back. But anyhow, the point is this: The human race has drifted along with the sleepy current all these thousands of years. Just gliding along at a snail's pace, as if it had started nowhere and had forever to get there in. No rush, no hurry. At the end of six thousand years the world was not much ahead of where it was in Adam's day. To be sure, there had been great thinkers all along the line, but their thinking had not run in the direction of speed. A writer could take a life time to write a book. A traveller could spend years on a little trip that can now be made in as many days. No effort was made to speed up production or to shorten distance.

That was the history of the world, you might say, on down to about 1870.

Then all at once—zip!

Things began to happen.

From that time on the new inventions and discoveries have followed one another so fast that you can't count them. With one or two exceptions, all the great modern wonders have come since that date. Make a list of all the great inventions that came before 1870 and it will be a very short list. Then make another list of those that have come since 1870, and it will take your breath. It will include:

- Electric light
- Electric power
- Telephone
- Automobiles
- Flying machine
- Submarine
- Wireless telegraph
- Wireless telephone
- Modern photography
- Moving pictures
- X-ray
- Radium
- Phonograph
- Typewriter
- Type-setting machine
- Web printing press

And others too numerous to mention, such as machinery of all conceivable kinds for doing the world's work, and doing it at a speed never before dreamed of.

Why did all these things wait till just a few years ago, and then come all at once?

Can anybody answer?

There must be a reason.

And here it is:

This little ball of earth, floating down the stream of time, had then reached the rapids. The speeding-up couldn't have happened sooner, and since then it cannot be prevented. We are in the current that is pulling us on into a new kind of existence.

In coming on down the stream of time the human race has passed through lots of changes, but it passed through them very slowly. The change from one condition of society to another was so gradual that it didn't attract much attention.

But the change that we are in now is different.

It is rapid, and getting rapider every day.

The number of patents on new inventions each year is rapidly on the increase. This thing is not going to stop where it is, nor go back to "normal," as they call it, and stay there. All reason and all common sense teaches that it will go on, and just like the stick that you threw into the river, it will get faster and faster. And any fool knows that a few more years of such a gait as we have been going is bound to make this an absolutely different world.

Mr. Carding and Mr. Hox may think that if they get elected they can stop us and chain us to a post and make us stay there, but they are badly mistaken. Their chains of "conservatism" and "reaction" will snap like paper strings, an d the world will spin right on to its glorious destiny.

Just below the rapids lies the rich green valley of the Golden Age, and we will soon be there. And when we get there we will have all these great inventions and discoveries ready to use under the new conditions where everybody will get the benefit of them.

THIS IS MY JOB.

Just now a letter sailed into my sanctum wanting to know a few things. But the main thing it wants to know is this:

"Why do you make The Fool-Killer such a weapon of wrath and vengeance? Why do you knock so much and never boost?

Well, honey, it's like this, perzackly. Knocking things that need knocking is my job. It's a job that needs doing, and my talents run in that direction, and so there you are. Boosting is all right in its place, and I like it as well as anybody, but I can't do everything. I am a better knocker than the other fellow, and the other fellow is a better booster than I am. So it's right and proper for us both to stick to our jobs. Then both jobs will be done right.

The very name of this paper indicates what kind of work it is designed to do. Men don't shave with a hand-saw nor cut off planks with a razor. Every tool to its job, is the idea. If I had intended to run a cream-puff paper and fill my columns with goody-goody mush, I would have called it "The Sunday Hypocrite," or some appropriate name like that.

DR. FRANK CRANE.

There is a sort of "literary feller" in these Benighted States who answers to the name of Dr. Frank Crane. He is one of these-here "inspirational" writers and the doggondest "uplifter" that you ever saw.

For the past ten or twelve years Dr. Frank has been pumping his soap-suds through the columns of the public press, and he has got a certain class of the mushy-minded "patriots" so that they are plum fools over him.

Well, it is kuris to me what silly kinds of literature people can take on about. Of course I have read Crane's doodle-juice, and if I hadn't been trained to know what is true and genuine I might think it was great stuff. But I am able to comprehend a few things, and I know plute propaganda when I see it. This Crane person's literature is nothing but hypocrisy boiled down to a jelly and sweetened with over-ripe optimism. It's just a new kind of sleeping powders that the plutes are using to keep the under dogs satisfied with being under dogs. It's just a sort of mental jag that makes the poor down-and-out Rube talk big about "our country" and tell what big things "we" are doing in the world. When as a matter of fact the poor fool ain't got a decent shirt to his back and don't know where the next meal is coming from. But if the plutes can keep Mister Rube doped with Crane's Big Bluff for Little Minds he will never become class-conscious and start trouble in their camp. See? The idea is to keep on telling Rube that he is rich and happy, and the poor idiot will sit down to his bare table and swallow his meat-skin with a string to it, and pull it back, and go off whistling to slave some more for Mister Plute. Happy? Rich? I just want you to hush, as Tom Watts says.

If Thomas Jefferson or Patrick Henry were alive today they would not be allowed to sit in the New York Ass-embly. Neither would George Washington. Them fellers were too "revolutionary" to suit our "patriotic" reactionaries of 1920.

One woman wrote me a long letter last week disputing everything I say along theological lines and just simply skinning me alive for being such a dangerous heretic. Then she wound up by begging me not to mention her name in the paper, as she did not believe in arguing on Scripture, nohow. Then what in all creation did she butt in for? She might have saved her breath by just keeping her mouth shut.

The Fool-Killer

A Monthly Mustard-Plaster for the Blood-Boils of Society, Church and State.

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A WORD TO CORRESPOND-

One of the greatest regrets I have is that I am unable to answer all the good letters that I get from my friends all over these Benighted States. Right now I have perhaps a hundred letters on my desk that ought by all means to have an answer, but many of them will never get it. These friends no doubt think I am a poor business man or I would answer their letters. Well, I admit it. But what can a fellow do when he CAN'T do? There is only one of me, and I have so much else to do that my correspondence has to be neglected. So if you have written and don't get a reply, please understand that this is the reason—I just don't have time. But I appreciate your letters just the same, so let them come right along.

MORE IMITATORS.

Since Adam and Eve edited "The Fig Leaf" in the Garden of Eden, there never has been a paper that had as many imitators as this-here Fool-Killer of mine. Two or three have swiped the actual name and tried to start something, while others have taken part of the name or selected words that sounded like it, in an effort to benefit by my paper's popularity. Some have tried to imitate my style of writing, but no one has ever succeeded, and no one ever will. I don't quite understand it myself, but there seems to be something about my fool gab that just can't be imitated. The people are quick to detect the difference between the real thing and a cheap imitation. Therefore none of the pretenders have succeeded. They just naturally peter out in a few weeks, and then some other two-legged monkey bobs up and tries it again. The latest to reach this office is "The Sin Killer," which comes from Hemphill, W. Va. It is a very Orthodox Methodist sheet and don't know the war of 1861 is ended.

IDIOTORIALS

Bryan is a Democrat still—very still.

There are still a few good people in the churches, but they must feel mighty lonesome.

Thinking is hard work. That's why so many people let their brains get rusty and hire somebody else to think for them.

What would George Washington have said about the Albany outrage? Poor old George! He is a back number now.

Read the history of John Wilkes in England and you will know how the Albany case will finally stand in history.

It isn't a question of how much you know, but how much of it is true. It's better to know a little truth than a whole heap of lies.

Jevver read any of Amy Lowell's poetry? It sounds to me just like a glass door-knob and a green turnip calling each other liars.

They are going to "save the country" again on Nov. 2. Yes, just about like common. We are getting so used to having the country "saved" that we don't mind it much any more.

People are still allowed to vote in New York—provided they vote the way Sweet, Sour & Co. want them to. Other wise they are disfranchised. Is this America? Or is it Rome under Nero?

North Carolina has decided to honor Eugene Debs by making his birthday (Nov. 5) a State holiday. Only they are going to call it Arbor Day. Well, that will help some.

There has never been a proposition so foolish that you can't find somebody who will believe it. And generally the crazier a thing is the more people will flock to it. That's why orthodox churchanity is so popular.

For some months past there has been published in New York a monthly magazine answering to the very blunt and ugly name of "Damn." I am now informed that "Damn" has suspended publication. Well, I don't suppose it was worth one, anyhow.

If Sweet, Sour & Co. know so much more about who ought to represent those five districts than the voters know, why in the thunder did they go to the trouble of holding an election? Why didn't they just appoint five of their toe-lickers and let that end it?

A big headline in the Literary Digest asks: "Are Good or Bad Times Ahead?" Both, mister, The bad times that we have have been in for several years will continue for a while yet, and probably get worse. But when the Good Time does get here it will make up for all the time lost in waiting for it.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

No, my dear Sallie, this is not an essay on Shakespeare. But read it, and then call it whatever you please.

The big plute magazine called the Woman's Home Companion is just busting its belly-band trying to be nice and accommodating to the woman voters. It has established a "bureau of information" and offers to send on request the literature of either of the two plute parties.

If a woman thinks she wants to be a Republican fool and vote for Harding, the Companion will very obligingly send her a ton or two of Harding literature showing that "McKinley's shadder" is a right smart better than Jesus and that the Democrats are meaner than the devil. But if the woman voter is naturally inclined to be a Democratic fool, then the Companion will very politely change ends with itself and send her a few tons of the Democratic dope, praising Cox to the skies and cussing out the whole Republican shebang.

It reminds me of the school teacher who advertised that he would teach that the earth was round or flat, whichver the patrons of the school desired.

Now please tell me this:

If all that the Republicans say about the Democrats is true, how can a magazine that has any conscience send out Democratic literature? On the other hand. if all that the Democrats say about the Republicans is true, how can it afford to send out the Republican slop? If they are both telling the truth on each other they are both as mean as the devil; and if they are both telling lies on each other they are as mean as the devil anyhow. And so I want to know how an honest magazine can take a hand in helping either of them?

The answer is plain and easy:

The Woman's Home Companion knows perfectly well that Harding and Cox both represent the identical same thing—they both endorse the present capitalistic system which has brought the world to the brink of ruin—and that is exactly what the Woman's Home Companion and all of its kind are in favor of. They WANT this hell-on-earth to continue. And they know that it makes no difference which of the two is elected, because Big Business will rule the roost and the poor will suffer just the same.

But I notice that there is nothing said about any Debs literature in this plute magazine's offer. No mam! That side of it is ignored just as completely as if it didn't exist. They simply give you your choice of two political roads that both lead to the devil, and if you are contrary enough to want to go some other way—well, you will just have to find the road for yourself and get there any way you can.

It is reported that they have had another presidential election in Mexico. And now I suppose it is all over but the shooting.

"BLUETS AND BUTTERCUPS"

A Little Book of Verses by Cora Wallace Pearson.

We love the rose, and all the favorite cultivated blossoms—yet the modest little bluets and buttercups, and other wild flowers of the woodland, also please us. Beautiful thoughts expressed in rhythmical rime and musical meter are the word-flowers God has given us for the enjoyment and recreation of our minds and hearts, just as the color and fragrance of the rose and other flowers were given for the enjoyment of our physical senses.

Real poets, like James Whitcomb Riley (or your own James Larkin Pearson, for instance) are capable of producing poetical "posies" of the rose type—but I lay no claim to such capabilities. But you will be pleased with my "Bluets and Buttercups," and I will be pleased to get your order for a copy. Price 25 cents coin.

Mrs. Cora Wallace Pearson,
Boomer, N. C.

BREAKING AND MENDING.

No doubt you have read in the papers and magazines a great deal about the wonder-working surgery that was developed during the war. You have read about how the doctors could take a man whose face had been entirely shot away, and how they would graft in new flesh and bone and build him a new face just as good as his old one—if not better. Something like that has actually been done in thousands of cases. It is a great achievement of science, to be sure, and it ought to be useful in cases of accident or unavoidable injury.

But, law sakes, honey, that isn't what they want it for. The surgeons and scientists are developing this new science of face-grafting for use in future wars.

All right. Now turn around and look tuther way. Over yonder is another bunch of scientists, and they are hard at work, too. What are they doing? Why, bless yer gizzard, they are inventing new explosives and studying out new ways of blowing men's faces off, to say nothing of heads, arms, legs, stomachs, and so forth. You see, they are afraid the doctors will not have any mutilated men to practice their grafting skill on unless the fine art of blowing men to pieces continues to advance. Therefore they must invent newer and better methods of breaking men to pieces in order to keep the surgeons busy mending them.

Now I would just like to know what all that big carrying-on amounts to anyhow? What good does it do? Why wouldn't it be cheaper and better to just let the men keep their own original heads, faces and limbs while they've got them? That is the way it will be managed if the world ever gets civilized.

EDISON GONE SPOOKY.

Holy cat-fish!

Jeeminy crickets!

Another one of my pet idols has fallen over and broken its nose.

I had thought that Thomas A. Edison was too smart to be taken in by the Spiritualism humbug.

But I was mistaken.

The spooks have got him.

It appears from the evidence that Edison has invented everything he can think of pertaining to this present life on earth, and now he is rambling off into the swamps of Spiritualism looking for new worlds to conquer.

An article in the American Magazine for October lets the cat out of the bag, and spills the beans, and takes the rag off the bush, as Postle Paul says.

Mr. Satan Devil seems to have taken Inventor Edison by the flap of the ear and led him around to the view that people are somehow alive after they are dead—the very same lie that he has used to befuddle orthodox churchanity. Tom don't profess to know just how it is, but he has confidence enough in the devil to believe that he wouldn't tell a lie about it.

And so, taking for granted that the air all around us is working alive with the living spirits of dead people, Tom reasons that there ought to be some way for them to communicate with the living. But he says that all methods that have yet been devised for spirit communication (such as the weejy board, etc.) are so crude, clumsy and childish that he don't take any stock in them. He is therefore working on an invention of his own which he hopes will bring results.

Tom thinks it is ridiculous to suppose that a disembodied spirit could kick tables around or push weejy boards and do all the other fool things attributed to them. He thinks a spirit might have intellectual knowledge of things, but he doesn't think it would have physical strength enough to tote in wood or turn a grindstone. But he thinks that if an instrument of sufficient fineness and delicacy were constructed there might be a possibility that the spirits would learn to operate it.

And so that's the task that Inventor Edison has set for himself—to make a recording instrument that will be easy enough on trigger for the spirits to operate with their little moonshine fingers. He don't exactly say, but he rather implies that it is going to be an electrical instrument, and he thinks it probable that the spirits of telegraph operators or people who have been familiar with electrical apparatus will be the first to be heard from. They are expected to come and squat down over the little instrument and click off their message in the Morse code, and there will be nothing more to do except for the Ass-ociated Press to send it broadcast over the world, and the papers can print daily dispaches from Heaven, Hell, Purgatory, and all the rest of the spiritual towns.

Bull's foot!

Such nonsense is sickening!

The devil always tries to get hold of smart men, and I guess he can afford to pay Edison a purty big price for his services.

Edison's machine will work when he gets it done.

Messages will be received on it.

And Tom and all the rest of the blind ones will think the messages come from the spirits of dead people.

But those of us who have got our eyes open will know that Old Man Satan himself is operating the machine. Satan is an expert electrician and understands the Morse code perfectly. He is also a perfect actor and can impersonate anybody he wants to.

But somebody will say:

"Looky here, Pearson, why do you insist that it is Satan sending all the 'spirit mesages' that are now so common? If the spirits of dead people are still living, as the preachers say, why couldn't they communicate with us?"

Why, sakes alive, honey, they COULD.

That's the whole trouble.

THEY ARE NOT ALIVE.

IF they were alive they COULD.

Why, sure!

And IF the Milky Way had tits, and IF we had arms long enough to reach 'em, we wouldn't need to keep a cow.

THE FRIEND OF THE POETS.

James Whitcomb Riley and Eugene Field were among America's best-loved poets. And they were both intimate and devoted friends of Eugene Debs. On their lecturing and recital trips they often went to Deb's town, Terre Haute, Ind., and while there they always made their headquarters at his home. They both wrote beautiful and touching poems addressed to Debs. Once when Riley was sick Debs sent him a basket of roses, and Riley immortalized the roses and their sender in a poem that you will find in every scrap book in the land. On one occasion Eugene Fields sent this note to Debs: "Dear 'Gene:—I hear that you are to be arrested. When that day comes you will need a friend. I want to be that friend." And he was. Debs kept up a regular correspondence with Riley and Field as long as they lived, as well as with a great many other well-known poets. No less than forty American poets have written poems about Debs, and they have all considered him one of the cleanest and tenderest and truest men that ever lived.

And so that's the kind of a man that Woodrow Wilson and his "patriotic" boot-lickers are keeping in jail. Harding and Cox have both been appealed to for an opinion on the subject, and they are both in favor of keeping Debs behind the bars. Will you vote for the American Kaisers who acknowledge no god but Gold, or will you vote for the friend of the poets?

CLUB RATES

IN CLUBS OF FOUR OR MORE, 25 CENTS A YEAR

The price of single subs to The Fool-Killer is FORTY CENTS a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of Four or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 25 cents a year each.

At the very low price we make, it is impossible to give premiums to club-raisers, but thousands of people enjoy getting up clubs for the fun of it and to help out a good cause. You will enjoy it, too, and you are hereby invited to become a regular club-raiser. If you can distribute some samples into good hands, all they will cost you is to ask for them.

The Fool-Killer is now nearly ten years old. It has a large circulation in every state in the Union, and it also goes to several foreign countries. It has long ago passed the experimental stage and has become an established institution. Over 40,000 people are eagerly waiting for its arrival each month.

Send remittance by registered letter, express or postoffice money order, and make all orders payable to:

The Fool-Killer, Boomer, N. C.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow that works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and to keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is nearly ten years old, and getting older every month.

It preaches the truth so straight that each issue brings hundreds of old moss-backs and blind leaders of the blind to the mourner's bench in a trot.

It "gits 'em goin' an' comin'."

It retails at 40 cents a year, or 25 cents in clubs of four or more, and circulates all over the Benighted States.

If you don't like it, there is no law to make you take it.

If you do like it, you are hereby invited to subscribe and get up a club.

I want 50,000 new subscribers to this paper inside of the next six months, and so I do.

The Fool-Killer don't crawl behind a tree to talk.

It don't bust its crupper holding back to see what somebody else is going to say.

It is written with a red-hot poker dipped in razor-soup.

It rides the devil a-straddle without a saddle, and spurs him at every lope.

It is death to fools, rascals and hypocrites.

The Fool-Killer always tries to make a man laugh right big, and then cram a truth down him while his mouth is open.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

Tote this paper around in your pocket—when you go to church, the postoffice, the store, the mill, or where-ever you go—and show it to everybody you see.

Ask them if they would like to sop their mental flap-jacks in my editorial molasses for awhile.

Be a missionary for this good cause.

If you can use a few sample copies, just send a wireless postal card.

Set a resolution to send in one club every month, at least.

I want 1,000 agents who will agree to do that much.

THE FOOL-KILLER, BOOMER, N. C.

"ANYBODY HERE SEEN KELLY?"

Arab, Ala., RFD 3.

Mr Pearson Dear Sir I want to ask you a question on the scripture containing about Hell you repersent it a though it Was Just like a chafe and People would be Just burnt up and that Would be the last of them I want you to explain up in your paper about the Scripture St. Luke 16 chapter commencing at Verse 19 and going down to chapter 17 the rich man and Lazarus both died and Lazarus was carried right then in to Abraham bosom by the angels and the Rich man also died and Was buried and in Hell he lifted up his eyes he dident wait unto the day of Judgement to go to hell he must a Went right on to hell Just as soon as he died and it semed like he had his right mind and it dont seem like he burnt up all at once so I want you to explain all of this scripture to us they are 4 or 5 subscribers right around hear that dont understand it so do this thing in your next paper yours Truly

M. L. KELLY Arab Ala R3

(Pearson's Answer.)

Dear Mr. Kelly:

Wasn't Abraham a human being? And didn't he have a body like other men? And didn't his body die? Wasn't his bosom a part of his body? And when the rest of his body died didn't his bosom die too? And wasn't his bosom buried along with the rest of his dead body?

If these things were all so (and I think they were) then how could Abraham's literal bosom have been up in heaven? Can you figger that out?. I warn you right on the start that if you are going to make part of this story literal you have got to make it ALL literal. You can't mix it. The first job you have got to tackle is to get Abraham's literal body up there is heaven, and it looks to me like you have tackled a man's job, because the Bible says that Abraham DIED and was BURIED in the cave of Machpelah. It does not say a word about any part of Abraham remaining alive or going to heaven. Then how are you going to make it big enough to hold all the saved people? If Lazarus was carried and put into Abraham's bosom, the plain inference is that all other saved people are put there too. Consequently Abraham's bosom would have to be as big as the side of a mountain in order to hold all of them. Just sweat over that a while and see how you can get it fixed.

Next we will see about Lazarus?

What part of Lazarus was it that died? If it was his body that died, then it must have been his dead body that was carried to Uncle Abe's bosom, because the thing that DIED was the same thing that was CARRIED. You will notice that it doesn't say a word about any part of Lazarus being buried. The thing that DIED was CARRIED. On the other hand, if it was Lazarus's soul that was carried to heaven, then it must have been his soul that DIED. You can't get around it. The language is too plain. And yet you people say that the soul does not die. What are you going to do about it? And what would be the advantage of having a dead soul in heaven, anyhow? But we see by reading on that Lazarus had a FINGER along with him! Wasn't his finger a part of his body? And if his body died, didn't his finger die too? Has a soul got a finger that could be stuck in water? If so, how much literal water do you think would stick to a soul's finger? Remember, you have insisted on making this whole thing LITERAL, and that's what I am trying to do, but it looks to me like we are getting things into an awful mess. However, we will go on with the LITERAL idea and see whre it leads to.

Now for the Rich Man.

Did the rich man die? Or did just a PART of him die? The Book says that He died. Notice that word HE. What does it mean? Does it mean the rich man as a complete individual, or does it mean just a part of him? Let's see. HE died; HE was buried; HE lifted up his eyes. The same complete man all the way through—not two separate parts of the same man. The same HE that died and was buried was the identical same HE that lifted up his eyes in torment. Now if the rich man was a literal human being, were not his eyes a part of his body? And if his body was buried, were not his eyes buried too? Can the dead eyes of a literal dead man see anything? Can the dead tongue of a literal dead man suffer with heat and thirst and need water put on it to cool it? But if you say it was a soul's eyes, and a soul's tongue, and a soul's finger, then what kind of water was it? Does anybody know?

Remember, we started out to have this thing LITERAL, didn't we? And we can't do that unless we have it ALL LITERAL. The word soul does not occur in the whole story, and we have no right to put it in. If you are so anxious to take it literally, then why don't you do it? Why do you have to drag in something that isn't mentioned? And even after you get it fixed the way you think you want it, there still isn't any sense to it, because you make it contradict itself at every turn.

I have gone over all this, and asked questions, just to show you that it cannot be taken as a literal statement of fact. If you try to answer these questions you will get yourself tangled wusser than a cow hobbled in a grapevine. It just can't be done.

Well, so much for that.

Now let me tell you just in a few words what this scripture DOES mean, and how to get some sense out of it. Instead of being a literal history of two literal men, this story is a Parable, and its object is to teach a dispensational lesson about the Jews and the Gentiles. The rich man represents the Jewish people, and Lazarus represents the Gentiles . If you will go at it from that angle and study it out you will see some sense in it.

I have explained the parable of the Rich Man and Lazarus in this paper two or three different times, and it seems unnecessary to repeat so much. So I will send you some back numbers containing these articles, and that will save taking up the space for the same explanations again.

CORRESPONDENCE.

S. H. Slagle, Harrietta, Mich.—I am very much pleased with you paper. I read and laugh, and then I hollow for the women folks to come and listen to me read and laugh some more. I carry it with me. Some of my neighbors take it, I see. It is surely dipped in razor soup, and spurs the devil at every lope. If I had a few copies I would distribute them for you. Am trying to get up a list, and think I will succeed before long.

Bessie L. Anderson, Springville, Miss.—I am enclosing money order for one dollar to pay for four subs. You have carried our office force solid, as both carriers and postmaster are subscribing for your paper. Yours is the most interesting paper I ever read, being the only one I have read through without laying it down.

S. W. Stewart, R9, Bx 228, Charlotte, N. C.—I am sending you another club of four and will send more later. Received the sample copies you sent yesterday. Hope you will mail copies at once to all subscribers I send you. You certainly skin the false teachers ofthe Bible. Let the good work go on.

Albert Wazenegger, Mt. Lebanon, Pa.—Enclosed find $1.25 for a club of five. Please start these with October number if possible. It is so very good. Wish you success in your endeavors to break down the strongholds of er- [illegible]

Robert Jenkins, Kings Mountain, N. C.—I am sending you a club of 24 subs, with money order for $6.00 to pay for them. Please send The Fool-Killer to the enclosed list of 24 names. I am anxious for them to get it. (Thank you, Friend Jenkins. Do that another gin. And let everybody else do likewise.—Editor.)

Mrs. Mollie Halbert, Cortez, Fla.—Have just been handed a copy of The Fool-Killer, and am fool enough to like it fine. I am an Adventist Socialist, so it strikes me just right. The only objection I have is that it don't come often enough. Once a week or every day would suit me better. No, don't use the space only for your own fool gab, as you say. I am sending a club of five at my own expense. Send me some samples and I will send more subs later on.

J. J. Leverette, R5, Bowdon, Ga.—For the first time in life I have been able to find a "fool-killer" that is bigger than I am. I took your paper and killed seven in ten minutes. Please send me a few more samples and I will see how many more I can kill. You will find enclosed in this letter a list of seven subs and remittance of $1.75 to cover.

E. B. Day, Vance, Wash.—Enclosed find a club of four and $1.00 to pay for them. Just came out this morning and got the September number and showed it to what people I ran into, and the result was a club of four. Will continue to pick up all the subs I can, as I expect to use what talent I have, also my voting power, in helping to set up the New Kingdom. I sent in a club of seven a few days ago which has probably reached you by this time. I think when the October number reaches these subscribers you will begin to get results.

Lee Gill, 1304 4th St., Wichita Falls, Tex.—I am sending you my renewal sub. I am a little late, but I have been so busy lately that I haven't had time to cuss a cat. But I got cut yesterday and grabbed eight names which you will find enclosed with mine, and a money order to pay for same. So feed them on your gospel dope and political peppermint for the next twelve months.

Daniel E. Willington, 124 Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Enclosed find one dollar for a club of four. The first copy of The Fool-Killer that I ever saw came to my hand just a few days ago, and I think it is the "killingest fool thing" I have ever read. I made up my mind to subscribe and help the good work along. Your idea of politics and commercialized religion is much the same as mine. I wish you much success with your publication.

Mrs. M. E. Denson, Lincoln, Ala.—I am sending you nine subs (names and addresses on separate sheet) and money order for $2.25. I believe you are one of God's chosen few who are speaking the truth fearlessly and boldly, which is "meat in due season," and that you are a defender of dear Brother Russell, one of the grandest men that ever lived on the earth. He taught me everything I ever knew about the Bible, and of course I naturally love any one who believes and teaches the Truth. I wish you Godspeed, and am working for you. Received the sample copies you sent, and haven't enjoyed anything so much in years. Could use a lot more.

J. T. Dean, R1, Milburn, Okla.—I am sending you $7.50 and 30 names. Have previously sent 25, which makes 55 in all. These sore-heads sure do squirm. One P. M. said it should not go in his house. Seventeen of the 55 are handled by him. Would like to increase it to 50. Some say it is a clear case of infidelity. Others say we will not get Socialism till we quit fighting the Bible. We are against Churchanity, and are spending our time trying to establish Christianity. Shoot it to them, for it is an eye-opener. (Say, partner, you're the stuff that heroes and saints are made of. If my right arm was two thousand miles long I'd certainly shake hands with you. Anyhow, you can just IMAGINE that old Pearson has got hold of your tater-grabbler, and that will help some. I have several others like you who are sending in big clubs right along, but I want more and more of them. Just let the sore-heads squirm. It will be good for them. Some day they will thank you and me for what we have done for them. As you say, we are NOT fighting against the Bible and Christianity—we are only fighting against devilized churchanity and mammonized politics. And we are going to gain the victory some of these days.—Pearson.)

The Fool=Killer

Volume X. Boomer, North Carolina, December, 1920. Number 10.

WE AIN'T A-GOIN' TO HAVE NO WAR.

We're a-goin' ahead, so the papers say,
An' buildin' a boat in the U. S. A.
That never has had its match;
It's a-goin' to be longer than ever before,
An' wider an' deeper an' faster an' more
Exceedingly hard to catch.
It's a-goin' to have bigger an' heavier guns
Than any yet known to the terrible Huns,
With the thunderin' voice of Thor.
It's a-goin' to have armor a foot or two thick,
An' an army of fighters that nothing can lick,
But we ain't a-goin' to have no war.

We're a-goin' to have armies as good as the best,
An' a little bit better, when put to the test,
An' a little bit bigger as well;
We'll resort to conscription or any old plan
When we need a machine in the shape of a man
To be trained in the science of hell
We're a-goin' to make "Freedom" our slogan, an' then
We're a-goin' to make "patriots" of all the young men;
A "pacifist" is what we abhor;
We're a-goin' to teach fightin' in all of the schools
To the young generation of workin'-class fools,
But we ain't a-goin' to have no war.

We're a-goin' to have laws that will bridle free speech;
We're a-goin' to put liberty plum out of reach
Of the average women an' men;
If anyone opens his mouth to protest,
He'll find himself suddenly under arrest
An' carefully locked in the pen.
Now of course it's a crime for a feller like me
To question the acts of the powers that be;
But what is my think-tank for?
An' what is the use an' what is the sense
Of war preparations so immense,
If we ain't a-goin' to have no war?

—James Larkin Pearson.

Maybe it was the cigarette smokers who elected Harding. Probably they thought one of their kind in the White House would sorter make the habit respectable.

I am sometimes accused of being a knocker. Well, I admit it. I do knock the things that I think need knocking, and so does the other fellow. The people who knock me for being a knocker are just as much knockers as I am.

UNCLE SAM'S HIRED MEN.

Once upon a time I had an uncle named Sam.

And Uncle Sam needed a hired man to look after his affairs.

There were two men in the neighborhood who made a practice of hiring out for wages. One of these men was named Bill Republican and the other was named Tom Democrat.

Tom Democrat was older than Bill Republican, but they both seemed to be strong, able-bodied men, and it was sometimes a hard matter for Uncle Sam to decide which one he wanted to hire. My recollection is that he hired Tom Democrat first—possibly before he had ever heard of Bill Republican. Tom did very well for a while, but later he got to drinking and staying out at night, and soon began to neglect his duties.

Of course Uncle Sam didn't like for his hired man to do that way, and so when Bill Republican came along Uncle Sam turned Tom off and hired Bill. That made Tom Democrat as mad as a wet hen, and he went off and sulked a while.

Now Bill Republican was a fine looking young feller. He was tall and straight and well built, and could reel off a purty good line of gab when he applied for a job. He made all sorts of fair promises, and he lived up to them very well for the first year or two, and then he began to go just like Tom Democrat had gone. He got so he couldn't be depended on to do anything right. It was a common thing for my uncle to go out in the field and find Bill asleep in the fence corner, and maybe half-a-dozen cows in the corn. At feeding time he was always careful to feed the big fat hogs, but the weak little ones and poor ones never got anything. Bill said the little old runts ought not starve, anyhow, and get out of the way of the big hogs.

Well, Uncle Sam got purty tired of Bill before his time was out, and by that time Tom Democrat had got over his pouting spell and come back to see if he could get the job again. Tom was all dressed up in a new suit of clothes and looked fairly respectable. He told my uncle that he had reformed and was living a different life now. He said he wouldn't get drunk any more, and he would give special attention to feeding the little runty pigs so as to give them a fair chance with the big hogs, and he wouldn't leave the doors unlocked at night as he used to do. Then he went on and told a whole mess of bad tales on Bill Republican. He had been hiding in a brush-pile and watching Bill, and it was just awful how bad Bill was doing. Honest to goodness, Bill was getting so low down that he wasn't fit to sleep in a white man's barn any more. Now Bill really was doing mighty bad, and Uncle Sam believed every word Tom said about it.

So when Bill came in from his work that night Uncle Sam cussed him out and told him to highball and not show his carcass around that ranch any more Then he turned around and hired Tom Democrat again.

Well, honey, I know you'll be sorry to hear it, but the fact is that Tom didn't do a doggon bit better than he did the first time. Wusser, if any odds. He got drunk the very first night, and next morning they couldn't find him anywhere. When they finally did find him he was standing in front of the mail box waving both arms and preaching to it. Uncle Sam heard him say to the mail box: "Repent, I say! Gol-durn ye, repent! If you don't change your ways you ll go to hell certain."

After that he got drunk about once a week, and it took him two weeks each time to get sober. He very often poured the milk in the slop bucket and ran the dishwater through the cream separator. And cuss? My stars alive! You have heard of men who could cuss a tune. Well, Tom could cuss about four tunes at once. Then on top of all the rest, he got to stealing everything he could get his hands on. It wasn't safe to leave the house and barn out of doors, for Tom was liable to steal the whole works.

Finally Tom Democrat's time was out, and Uncle Sam was mighty glad of it. And what do you think? There stood Bill Republican wearing a smile that wrapped clean around his head three times and enough of it left to tie under his chin.

"Well, what do you want now?" asked Uncle Sam sorter cross-like, for he wasn't in much of a good humor.

"I've come to get my job back," says Bill Republican, drawing himself up and pounding his chest with both hands. "I heard you was tired of Tom Democrat, and of course you will want to hire me again. I don't suppose you remember anything about how sorry I used to be, and besides that, I have reformed. I got religion six times last year, sent my character to the laundry twice, and was operated on for dishonesty several times. So you can rest assured that I am perfectly all right now. If you'll put me in charge of your affairs I'll clean up the mess that old Tom Democrat has made, and I'll soon have everything running like a huckleberry watch."

So Bill Republican got the job. No sooner was the job safe than the promises were forgotten, and Bill Republican fell back into his old habits, even doing a good deal worse than he ever had done before. He made all of his previous records look like the tracks of baby angels in the sands of time.

And so—
Out went Bill again.
In went Tom again.
And then—
Out went Tom again.
In went Bill again.

And every time he changed men, my poor old fool uncle actually believed that he had bettered himself. He seemed to forget all about how rotten they had both been on previous occasions, or else he had great faith in their lying promises to do better. I never could quite decide which it was—faith or foolishness. My last guess is that it was both.

The question that has always puzzled me is this:

Why did Uncle Sam have to limit his choice to those two measly sons-of-guns, when there were plenty of good honest, reliable men who would have been glad of the job? Why didn't he politely kick both of the lying scoundrels into the middle of last century and hire somebody else?

But look!

Dog my cats!

Uncle Sam has just hired Bill Republican again!

I just want you to hush, as Tom Watts says.

"COMPLETE PUNISHMENT."

The preachers are all afraid of me. I hardly ever get a chance to talk with one. But I did manage not long ago to get one to stand a few minutes.

The first question I put to him was this:

"Do you believe that the wicked in hell will get the full and complete measure of punishment that is due them for their sins in this world?"

He bit like a trout:

"Yes sir, I certainly do."

The next question was:

"Can a job be complete without being finished?"

"No, I guess not," he replied, beginning to look uneasy.

"Well, then," says I, "Ain't you got sense enough to know that when a job is finished it STOPS?"

The poor fellow looked like he could have crawled into gimlet hole.

Wilson said the election was going to be a "solemn referendum," but the voters misunderstood that big word. They thought it was "forever end 'em."

The Fool-Killer

A Monthly Mustard-Plaster for the Blood-Boils of Society, Church and State.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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STATEMENT

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Owner: J. L. Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

(Signed) J. L. PEARSON,
Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1920.

W. R. HUBBARD
Notary Public.
(My commission expires in 1922.)

" SPIRITUAL DEATH."

The orthodox preachers talk a great deal about "spiritual death." And I have often tried to get them to tell me what spiritual death is, but they can't do it.

I ask:

"What is bodily death?"

And they say:

"The death of the body."

All right. Now if bodily death is the death of the body, wouldn't spiritual death be the death of the spirit? And if a man's body and spirit are both dead, what other part of him would there be to remain alive? It looks to me like such a man would be just about as dead as anything could get.

But they begin to wiggle and twist like a worm on a hot rock and they say.

"Oh, we don't mean that. Spiritual death does not really kill the spirit. It is still alive. What we mean is that—that—that—oh, we don't know hardly what we do mean."

And sure enough they don't.

Before we can beat our swords into plowshares we will have to beat our war jingoes into unconsciousness.

WHAT'S THE USE?

Oh, the lies are all told and the votes are all cast,
And the bosses' sham-battle is finished;
The Republican rooster is crowing at last,
But our troubles will not be diminished.

When I think of the years that the Demmies have lied,
And the way that the poor have been treated,
I rejoice that old Wilson must soon step aside,
And I'm glad that his gang was defeated.

But thunder and lightning! Why should we be glad?
And how will our burdens be lesser?
We're only exchanging the chains we have had
For the chains of a different oppressor.

We've been mighty hungry and hopeless and blue,
But from the Republican grafter
We'll get a few rags and a meat-skin or two,
And the promise of heaven hereafter.

Now heaven, no doubt is a good place to go
When the battles of life are all finished;
But it's hell for the poor man that lives here below,
Where our troubles are never diminished.

James Larkin Pearson.

THE DEBS VOTE.

Eugene Debs was not elected.

Nobody expected him to be.

But it was generally expected that he would get a big vote. Even his enemies conceded that he might get three or four million.

Well, the election is over.

The votes of the other candidates have been given out and publishd.

But the Debs vote has never been given out.

It has never been published.

Nobody knows what it it.

Even the Socialist papers can't get it.

Why so much secrecy about the Debs vote.

Huh?

Looks sorter suspicious.

It must be so big that the plutes are afraid to publish it.

One thing is certain:

At least half the votes that were cast for Debs were thrown away. If he finally gets credit for two million, you can bank on it that at least four million were cast for him.

The old party bosses think they are gaining something by such dishonest methods, but they are not. They are simply disgusting the honest people and making more Socialist sympathizers every day.

In several places where we happened to get the figures, Debs ran ahead of Cox two to one. In some places he ran ahead of both Cox and Harding.

But oh, what a loud silence!

Four dollar shoes are now being marked down from $20 to $17.98.

IDIOTORIALS

Well, we did escape Cox's Army, anyhow.

It was also a victory for the coffin nail.

It won't be long now till everything will be just like it is.

We dodged a cricket and got run over by a grasshopper.

After this, no party will ever want the support of Gompers.

Everybody knows it but the Democrats. They are too dead to know anything.

Did I hear somebody say "Hurrah for Cox"? Well, he needs it.

Wilson was the Jonah, and they wouldn't throw him out. That's why the old ship sunk.

Just the thought of getting rid of Palmer and Burleson is some satisfaction.

The long and terrible silence hath been broken. Bryan hath spoken.

If anybody in the world knows how Poppy Cox feels it is probably Alton B. Parker.

Don't tell me any more about your "self-determination." Tell it to San Domingo.

Poppy Cox is said to be a great lover of horses. Well, he would make a good saddle-blanket now.

Of course I am just as glad as I would be that it was the measles instead of leprosy that had got me.

On the Republican side it was Hardidge and Cooling, but on the Democratic side it was just hard and cool.

The Repubs will have to create a new cabinet office now. Harding will need a Secretary of Ambear.

The trade-mark of the next administration should be a cigarette, a twist of tobacco and a spittoon.

Count Dernstuff has come out for the League of Nations. That's one more good reason for opposing it.

Jules Verne writ a book called "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea." So this isn't the first League that was ever buried.

If the Democrats had put out their "nigger" circular a little earlier they wouldn't have got enough votes to make a mouse's nest.

I see they have started another search for the Missing Link. Ain't it strange how that Missing Link has disappeared? It must have voted the [illegible] ticket and felt so ashamed of itself that it just went off and hid.

ALL ABOUT ADVERTISING.

Burleson's Bat-Roost up at Washington has passed a new "ruling" on the mailing privileges of The Fool-Killer.

Ever since the Postoffice Department was turned into an insane asylum a few years ago, all publishers who printed advertisements have been compelled to "zone" their papers and pay an increased postage rate on the far-away zones.

Papers not carrying ads in excess of five per cent of their space were not required to do this.

So in order to avoid that extra trouble and expense, I decided to let The Fool-Killer knock along without any ads.

But what is an advertisement?

I always thought that an advertisement, within the meaning of the law, was some announcement, commercial or otherwise, which the publisher inserted for an outsider and got pay for.

But now the Highmuckalerums of the Postoffice Department have ruled that my own little standing announcement of "Club Rates" is advertising.

Not only that, but the column or so of letters from subscribers and club-senders is advertising.

Who ever heard the beat of that?

And now I can't print a letter from any of you folks, and I can't even print my usual Club-Rate announcement, unless I go through all that mess of red tape and "zone" the mailing list, paying a graduated postage tax on the distant zones.

"BLUETS AND BUTTERCUPS"

A Little Book of Verses by Cora Wallace Pearson.

Cora Wallace Pearson is the wife of James Larkin Pearson, editor of The Fool-Killer. From time to time I have told the readers of this paper something of my wife's affliction, but she always objects to having anything said in the paper about her sickness. However, I just mention it here to remind you that you ought to have her little collection of poems, just issued under the title of "Bluets and Buttercups." The booklet contains about twenty poems, a few written before she got sick, but most of them later, during the days of her affliction. Besides showing a good deal of the true poet's touch, these poems breathe the spirit of a heart heroic in suffering. Every reader of The Fool-Killer ought to have a copy of Cora's book. Beautifully printed and tastefully bound, with portrait of author. She will send you one postpaid for 25 cents, and she will also throw in for good measure another little book entitled "An Autobiographical Sketch of James Larkin Pearson," giving a complete history of The Fool-Killer and its editor. This history booklet will be of special interest to all you folks who enjoy reading the paper. Both books together for 25 cents. Order today—right now. Address:

Mrs. Cora Wallace Pearson,
Boomer, N. C.

THAT JEWISH "PLOT."

Some of the big papers and magazines are making a considerable fuss over an alleged Jewish "plot" to dominate the world. Henry Ford's Dearborn Independent has taken a leading part in spreading the alarm. Many prominent Jews in different parts of the world are vehemently denying the existence of any such plot.

And so it goes. Some people ridicule the notion, while others take it seriously, and none of them seem to have much comprehension of what they are talking about.

But the very fact that such an excitement could get started at a time like this makes it worthy of more than a passing thought.

Why should there be any suspicion that the Jews COULD dominate the world? They are so few in number as compared to the rest of the world's population that the idea seems ridiculous. At the beginning of the Great War the Jews of the world numbered no more than thirteen millions. They have been harder hit by the war and the conditions that followed the war than any other people. Hence their number is bound to be much smaller now than it was six years ago. I would suppose that ten millions would get them. And of that ten millions, probably two or three millions ar right now dying of starvation.

Why should it be feared that such a small scattered race, living under such trying conditions, could ever become masters of earth's teeming millions?

From any possible human standpoint it looks like utter foolishness. Might as well expect the Eskimos or the American Indians to dominate the world.

But there is another side to it. The prophecies of the Bible tell us very plainly that the Jews (probably united with the lost Israelites) WILL dominate and rule the world in the near future, impossible as it looks today, and the Gentile world is already beginning to scent the danger and give the alarm. The Jews themselves do not realize that such a thing could be. They have not formed any "plot." And yet there are several peculiar facts to be noted in connection with this people. They have retained their racial identity for 2,500 years under conditions that would have destroyed any other race. They have scattered everywhere and speak every language on earth. A big per cent of them live in direct poverty and suffering. But some of them are extremely rich. And right there is the big idea. It is admitted by the best financial experts that the rich Jews of the world can right now absolutely control the world's finances. The Rothschilds are now planning to make Jerusalem the banking center of the world, and they can do it.

On the other hand, most of the great labor leaders are Jews, and they can control labor. Thus with capital and labor both in their hands, don't you see how easy it will be for them to dominate the world?

Only the student of prophecy can understand what this strange excitement means. We have seen the national re-birth of Israel just at the appointed time. We have seen the dead Hebrew language revived and a great Hebrew University started at Jerusalem. We have seen a Hebrew daily paper published in the City of David in 1920 A. D. We have seen the whole land of Palestine suddenly begin to blossom as the rose. If you want to know what it means, read Isaiah, Ezekiel, Micah, Amos, Joel, Hosea, Daniel, and the rest of the prophets.

RUN HERE WITH A HOSS-BLANKET!

Je-e-e-e-rusalem! What are we going to do about this? For, lo and behold, it is being noised abroad that "high sawsiety" is in danger of becoming extinct. I have been of the opinion for a long time that it stinked, and if it become ex-stinked I don't suppose anybody will care much.

But here's what's the matter. They say that the upper crust and the high-flyers are not getting married like they useter did. And the cause has been tracked right down to the seashore and the public bath. It is said that the men and women who put on six inches of bathing suit and go in swimming together in the ocean's briny surf are getting so disgusted with each other's scrawny shanks and protruding ribs that they are just not getting married any more.

And it isn't much wonder. Now you take a working man, who does something to develop his muscles and build up a normal body, and he might sorter pass muster as a public imitation of Adam before fig-leaves were invented. But these-here society swells who have never done anything but eat and dress and strut—I bet they DO look like honeys with their fine duds off and the salt waves rippling around their ankles. I imagine they are every bit as graceful and captivating as a lot of fish-baskets hung up on gig-poles. No wonder the wimmen get enough of such sights and decide to let somebody else do the marrying.

Now, mind ye, I'm not saying a word about what the feminine bathers look like. I never saw one of the critters. They may every one be just as physically prfect as Venus, and maybe the male bathers don't get tired of looking at them. But it takes two to get married, and it looks like the sea-shore has mighty-nigh ruint the business.

The Dems now claim that they didn't have any campaign manager. Yes, and more than that, they didn't have any candidate, either.

Jever see one of these-here meteor things what they call falling stars? Well, they are just like our falling prices—they always fall at some other place.

CLUB RATES

IN CLUBS OF FOUR OR MORE, 25 CENTS A YEAR

The price of single subs to The Fool-Killer is FORTY CENTS a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of Four or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 25 cents a year each.

At the very low price we make, it is impossible to give premiums to club-raisers, but thousands of people enjoy getting up clubs for the fun of it and to help out a good cause. You will enjoy it, too, and you are hereby invited to become a regular club-raiser. If you can distribute some samples into good hands, all they will cost you is to ask for them.

The Fool-Killer is now nearly ten years old. It has a large circulation in every state in the Union, and it also goes to several foreign countries. It has long ago passed the experimental stage and has become an established institution. Over 40,000 people are eagerly waiting for its arrival each month.

Send remittance by registered letter, express or postoffice money order, and make all orders payable to:

The Fool-Killer, Boomer, N. C.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow that works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and to keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is nearly ten years old, and getting older every month.

It preaches the truth so straight that each issue brings hundreds of old moss-backs and blind leaders of the blind to the mourner's bench in a trot.

It "gits 'em goin' an' comin'."

It retails at 40 cents a year, or 25 cents in clubs of four or more, and circulates all over the Benighted States.

If you don't like it, there is no law to make you take it.

If you do like it, you are hereby invited to subscribe and get up a club.

I want 50,000 new subscribers to this paper inside of the next six months, and so I do.

The Fool-Killer don't crawl behind a tree to talk.

It don't bust its crupper holding back to see what somebody else is going to say.

It is written with a red-hot poker dipped in razor-soup.

It rides the devil a-straddle without a saddle, and spurs him at every lope.

It is death to fools, rascals and hypocrites.

The Fool-Killer always tries to make a man laugh right big, and then cram a truth down him while his mouth is open.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

Tote this paper around in your pocket—when you go to church, the postoffice, the store, the mill, or wherever you go—and show it to everybody you see.

Ask them if they would like to sop their mental flap-jacks in my editorial molasses for awhile.

Be a missionary for this good cause.

If you can use a few sample copies, just send a wireless postal card.

Set a resolution to send in one club every month, at least.

I want 1,000 agents who will agree to do that much.

THE FOOL-KILLER, BOOMER, N. C.

'Nuther Argyment

New Site, Miss.,
7-10-1920.

Mr. James Larkin Pearson,
Boomer, N. C.

My Dear Bro. Pearson:

I am a subscriber to your paper, and from time to time I have been pleased to see the great searchlight of Truth blaze along your path, enabling you to discern, with fairly clear vision, the now-opening scroll of God's plan of the ages. And becoming considerably pleased at your straight-from the shoulder blows at traditional errors, my admiration for you has grown over-night, until now I feel to be quite an intimate friend of yours.

And now, my dear sir, please don't think that I am angling for a "Big Dose," but my admiration for you and my interest in your religious attitude inclines me to complain—with my hat off to your whole-souled honesty—that your "Big Dose for the Doctor" does you an injustice. Being a stranger to you, and having read, I believe, only one of your papers, he is quite apt to mis-judge your sense of fairness, as well as your power of reasoning.

The conclusion of your "Big Dose" gives me to think that you and I are not far apart in our opinion as to the part Socialists will play in the Golden Age. I find myself in sympathy with them in many of their efforts to resent the rank tyranny of the powers that be. Indeed, I see in this party the manifestation of the groaning creation feeling "For something better than they had known;" but, like you, I believe they will mess things with their man-made millennium. Nor do I believe their didoes will hasten the Lord one moment in setting up His kingdom. I think, however, that the honest members of this party, who are actually suffering on account of their sympathy for the poor down-trodden of humanity will be graciously blessed and by reason of this quality of heart, will readily grasp the glorious truths that will shortly blaze forth from the Son of Righteousness. But the Socialist Party can never give to the world that balm for which our hearts pant. So it is unwise to waste time with politics when we perceive that the Lord's ways are so infinitely above ours. Let's take Brother Crenshaw's caution and stay out of politics.

Now, before I go, let me explain why I think your reply to the Doctor was an injustice to you. In the first place, I think you were unkind in your treatment of his mis-information. Had he read all that you—or even I—have read on the other side of the question, I think his opinions of the Socialists would have been greatly modified. At any rate, I think this man is perfectly honest and is therefore entitled to a small sip of the sweet milk which should ever flow from an editor to his subscribers.

You seem to under-value the idea of this man "heartily accepting your religious views." Now, if your religious views are correct, and if, indeed, the Socialists are in for a great big failure, then your religious ideas should out-weigh what "for old time's sake" sympathy you may yet retain for this party. And had you not cooled off slightly in your religious views and warmed up a bit in your old time political affiliations, it seems to me that you would not have left the Doctor—who holds with you religiously—to wait with only a tater, while you shovel political food to the fifty thousand (elect) who are hungering for this political dope.

In your defense of the Socialists you mention some modern prophets. Possibly your fifty thousand elect company would be interested with a lengthy quotation from Upton Sinclair, Jack London, Bernard Shaw, or any Socialist leader, as to their ideas of religion. Indeed, Tennyson sung of a "far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves." But Tennyson was not a Socialist. He was not singing of the "evolved generation of giants" that Sinclair writes about. He was singing of a golden age of peace ushered in by the glorious Son of Righteousness.

Looking back to the last column of your "Big Dose" I read: "The Socialists have always made one mistake. They have entirely ignored God." Now looky here! If the Socialists have always entirely ignored God, it's just plum certain that they have played—always played—their little piece on the stage of human progress without faith in God and without the smile of God's approval.

Again you say, "The fact is, they have been following God's plan without knowing it." Well, I don't wish to dispute your word, but that's not clear to me. If they can follow God and at the same time entirely ignore Him, then faith must cut very little odds when it comes to keeping in the footsteps of the Master.

I look again where you say, "they are trying to do the right thing in the wrong way." Now if they are following God—knowledge or no knowledge—faith or no faith—and doing things in the wrong way, who would they be following should they catch a gleam of that light by which they may strike on to the right way? Huh?

Now, in conclusion, let me ask you not to misjudge my criticism of your letter to the Doctor. I am just sparring with you in order to keep you in prime. I am perfectly willing for you to deluge me with a broadside of your wit and sarcasm, and I will read every word with a good hearty laugh, and will keep right on reading and searching The Fool-Killer for rare morsels of rarely-expressed truths, as I used to do.

Yours for a good laugh,
A. E. Sparks.

REPLY

The above interesting letter was received away back in July, and I am just now getting room to print it and reply to it. The letter, as you will observe, refers to my controversy with Dr. Crenshaw on the subject of Socialism and the part it is likely to play in bringing about the New Age conditions. And I see that I will have to do a little more "explaining" in order to make my position clear.

The idea seems to prevail among some of the good religious folks that I show too much sympathy for the Socialist movement, while at the same time I freely admit that the said movement cannot of itself bring the Golden Age.

In the first place, my friend Sparks seems to think that I am sorter "warming up" to Socialism again. But that is a mistake. Since I first began to take an interest in the great world-movement known as Socialism I have never lost any of that interest. I have neither "cooled off" nor "warmed up." I have simply come by gradual degrees to see the whole world situation in what I believe to be its true relations. And because I believe Soscialism is destined to play a leading part in the great upheaval that will usher in the New Age, I cannot leave it out of my calculations.

Dr. Crenshaw said in his letter that he agreed with my religious and theological views, but did not agree with my political views. The very fact that he could make such a statement is proof that he did not grasp and understand my views on either subject. For the fact is that they are one and the same, and they cannot be separated. You cannot accept part of it and reject part of it, any more than you can ride part of a horse and not ride the other part.

My religious or theological belief is that God is going to overthrow the governemnts of this world and set up His own kingdom here pretty soon. But that belief calls for something else. HOW is God going to do that thing? There must be some means used. The governments will not just fall of their own accord. And God will not appear visibly on earth and literally kick them over with His foot. Then how is it to be done? Evidently by or through some human agency. All right. But what sort of a human agency? Could it be one upon which the existing governments would look with favor? You know the present governments all CLAIM to be good governments. You never heard tell of a nation that boasted of being a bad nation. No, they really seem to think that they are awful good, and that they are working hand in hand with God for the uplift of humanity. And so I ask again—what sort of a human movement will it take to destroy these governments? None of the popular patriotic movements will answer, because they "stand in" with the rulers. None of the orthodox religions will answer, because they also have the sanction and approval of the governments. They will all fight like killing snakes to PRESERVE the nations as they are. Then it is a clear case that God will have to use some unpopular movement—some outlaw agency—which does not "stand in" with the ruling powers. It has got to be something that the nations will look upon as an evil thing, something that they will denounce and fight against with all their power.

Well, now, let's see. Is there any great movement in the world that would fill the bill? Sure, Mike! What is it? The great under-tow of humanity spoken of in general terms as "social unrest." In some places it is Socialism. In other places it gets a little ranker and becomes Bolshevism. But always it represents some phase of the struggle between capital and labor—between the oppressor and the oppressed.

But somebody will say, "Oh, that 'unrest' that you talk so much about is only a psychological condition. It will all pass off in a year or so, and the world will get normal again."

Don't you fool yourself. It will not pass off so easy as all that. This tidal wave of unrest is going to stay right on the job until all capitalistic forms of government are swept away.

Every nation on earth is roosting on a volcano, and most of them know it. But they don't know what to do about it. The rich flock together with their money and try to keep the workers subdued. The governments resort to deportation and imprisonment, but all that only adds fuel to the fire.

So there is the agency that God is going to use to overthrow the nations. You may call it social unrest, labor trouble, Socialism, Bolshevism, or whatever you please. But there the thing is, and all you slick-tongued "patriotic" orators and writers can't explain it away.

And I say that God can and will use this restless, under-dog element of society to work out His plans, even though the people who are being used do not know that God is using them. Strange as it may seem to some of you, this very same rag-tag army of discontent is God's army. Many of the leaders of this army are atheists and infidels who have no knowledge of God and who speak bitterly against all religion. But still they are a part of God's great conquering army, and He will use them to work out His will among the nations.

The reason God can use this great mixed-up radical army is because of the fact that in its own blind way it is trying to do the very thing that God proposes shall be done. God wants a complete turn-over of the world's affairs and a new deal all around. So do the radicals. Therefore God and the radicals are together on that point. Of course God understands very well that these Socialist and Bolshevik radicals have bit off more than they can chew. He knows that they cannot bring the Milliennium nor change the earth into a paradise. But He has a feeling of friendliness and sympathy for them, anyhow, simply because they have had the courage to TRY. He proposes to let them go ahead with it as far as they can, and then He will finish the job. About the only thing this army of the oppressed will succeed in getting done will be to tear the old structures down and clean up the patch. But that job has to be done before God can set up His kingdom here.

Now can't you see why my sympathies are with the radicals? If this isn't enough explanation to suit you, I am liable to flinder away and write a book on the subject.